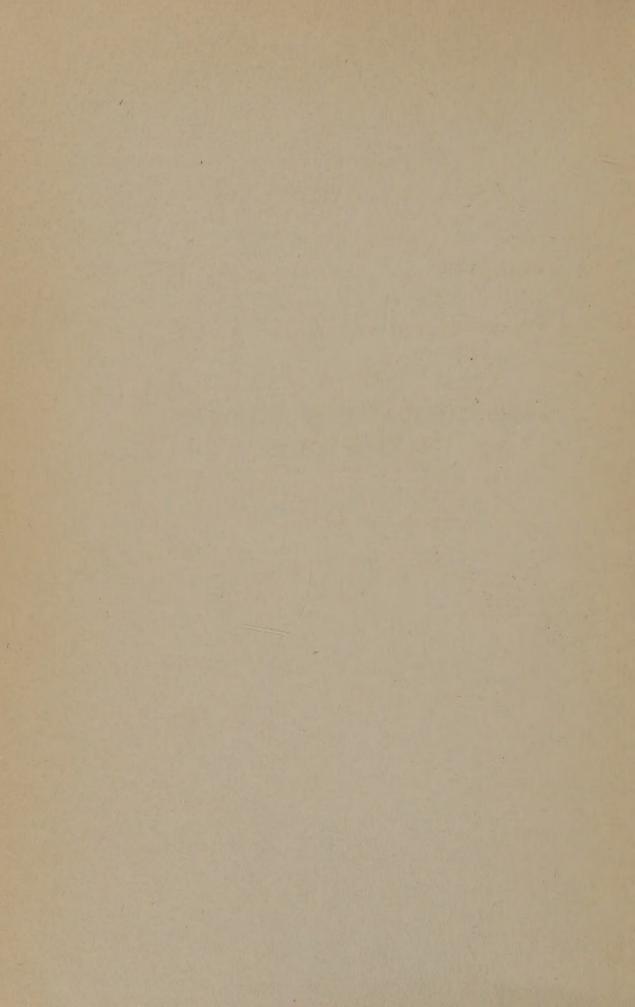








THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA



Books by BELLAMY PARTRIDGE

BIOGRAPHY

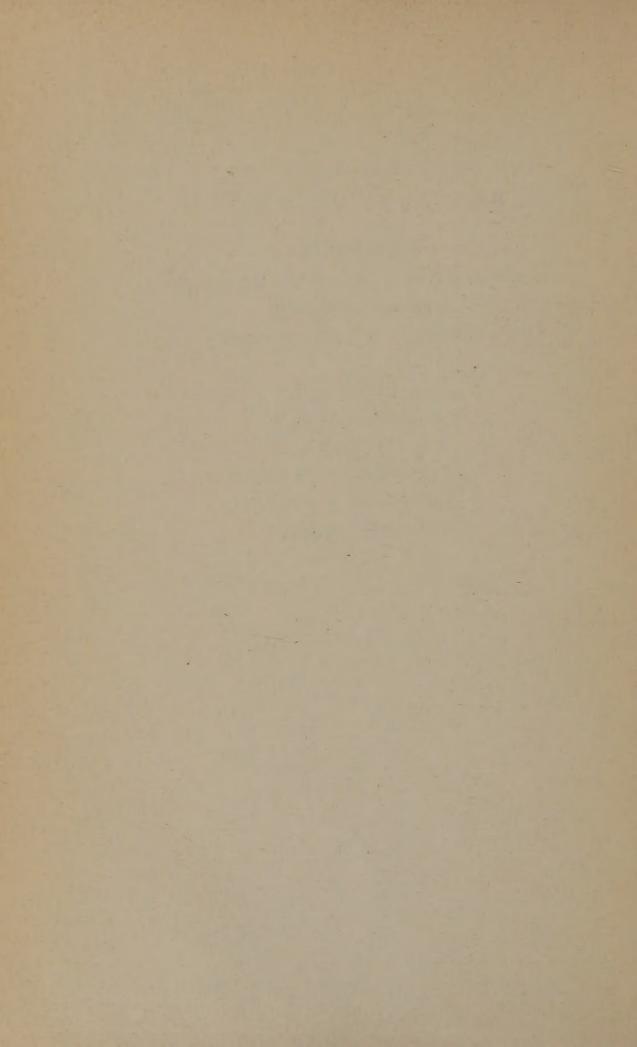
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THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA

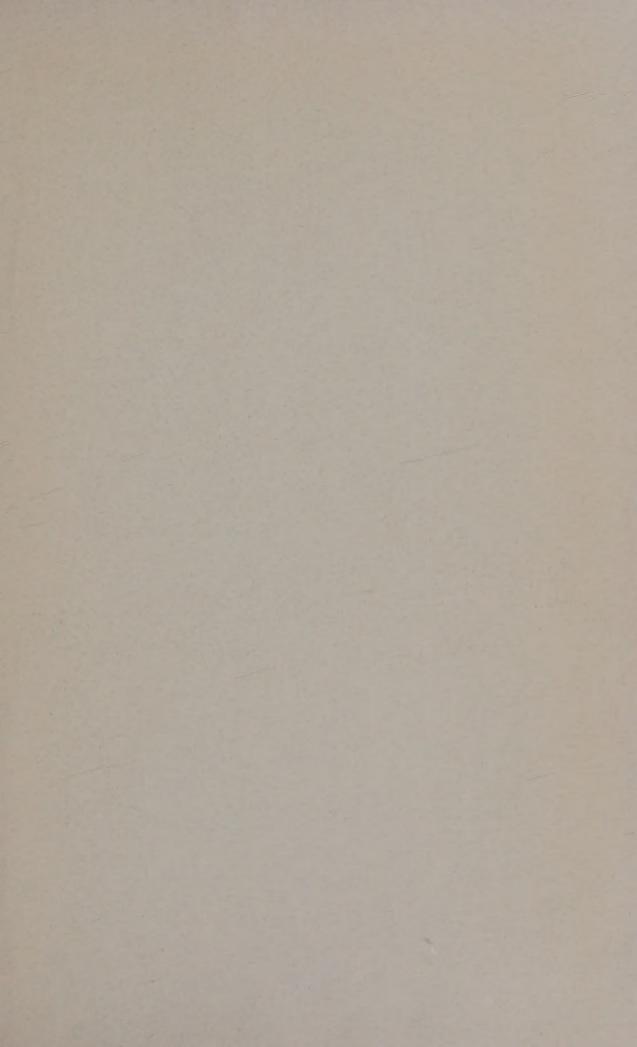
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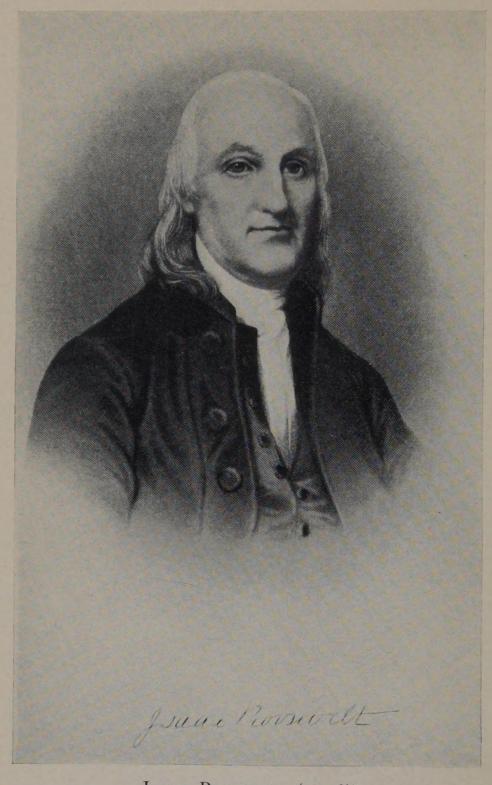
SUBE CANE

COUSINS

A PRETTY PICKLE
PURE AND SIMPLE
THUNDER SHOWER







ISAAC ROOSEVELT (1726)
Great-Great-Grandfather of Franklin Roosevelt

AN IMPERIAL SAGA

THE
ROOSEVELT
FAMILY
IN AMERICA

By BELLAMY PARTRIDGE

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FOR

JOHN BAKELESS, A.B., A.M., PH.D.,

to whom the author is delighted to acknowledge his indebtedness for much needed advice and many helpful suggestions.



Foreword

* * * * * * * * * * *

This is a biography of a family. Not an entire family of course. That would be physically and mathematically impossible. Ten generations of Roosevelts have been born in America, and the ramifications of the family run well into the millions. The present volume is confined to that branch of the family which includes Theodore, 26th President, and Franklin, 32nd President, with all their heirs and the direct line of descent back to old Nicholas, the fur trader who was their common ancestor.

On the genealogical chart of this remarkable family we find the name of Washington, Grant, Adams, Lee, and other distinguished families including in all a total of twelve Presidents of the United States, thus rivaling the great families of Europe in the number of rulers it has placed in power, and constituting a virtual dynasty in the government of the country.

The aim of this book is more towards the interpretation of facts already known than towards the unearthing of new information, though some of the material is so little known as to constitute a virtual discovery. My purpose is to bring together in a single study the significant facts concerning

that branch of the family related to both Franklin and Theodore.

Though facts have been gleaned here and there from the voluminous literature bearing on the life of Theodore Roosevelt I have drawn most heavily on the biography by Henry F. Pringle to which I am indebted for much of the substance of which the story of Theodore Roosevelt is composed. Mr. Pringle's life of Theodore Roosevelt is a mine of information definitive and comprehensive. Until the Roosevelt correspondence subsequent to 1909 is released by the family little remains to be said on that subject. Indebtedness is also acknowledged to Ernest K. Lindley for material bearing on the senatorial and gubernatorial career of Franklin Roosevelt.

Acknowledgment is also made to Helena Huntington Smith for the use of her keen and colorful observations of Eleanor Roosevelt; and to Fortune Magazine, Time, News-Week, and especially to the New York Times and the Herald Tribune from the files of which most of the contemporary data were obtained. Special indebtedness is also acknowledged to the Roosevelt Memorial Association for its cordial co-operation and resourcefulness, to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., and to Don Wharton for permission to reprint from his Roosevelt Omnibus the genealogical chart of The Royal Family. The appreciation of the author is also acknowledged to Mr. Stephen Early, who after the passing of Louis McHenry Howe, answered the author's queries with patience and promptness.

BELLAMY PARTRIDGE.

New York City July, 1936

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THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA



THE ROYAL FAMILY

* * * * * * * * * *

It is not entirely in jest that the Roosevelts have been called The Royal Family of America. If we may rely on the expert testimony of the genealogists, they are indeed our ruling house. In the dynasty, root, branch, and collateral, we are told, are no less than twelve rulers, popularly known as Presidents.

This compares favorably with the House of Hanover, present incumbent of the British throne, which can muster in its succession only nine rulers to date. The House of Stuart numbered but six, and the bloody Tudors were finished as a dynasty when they had placed five rulers on the throne.

The first of the Roosevelt Succession, as plotted by the genealogists, is none other than the illustrious Father of his Country, George Washington. The connection is rather remote. The hard-working family-tree surgeons puzzled long over their charts before they finally bridged the gap through the Delanos, the Lymans, and the Sheldons, and established relationship with the Lees of Virginia. Once they had reached the Lees, however, they had plain sailing; for Robert E. Lee married a Custis. And to work from Custis back to our first President was child's play—for genealogist. But this was only the beginning, for almost

every limb of the Lee family tree has borne a President or two. Robert E. Lee's mother was a second cousin of William Henry Harrison, 9th President. So Old Tippecanoe and his grandson, too, Benjamin Harrison, 23rd President, were quickly added to the cherished list. From another limb came James Madison, 4th President, and Zachary Taylor, 12th President. It was through Zachary Taylor that the Dynasty hung on the family tree the first and only President of the Confederate States of America; for Zachary was the father-in-law of Jefferson Davis, whose very name will suggest to some another kind of tree.

A further ramification of the Lee family brought William Howard Taft, 27th President, into the picture. This required some skillful backtracking through the Hinsdales and the Cheneys. But once the Cheneys had married into the Taft family the line descended through five generations of Tafts to the genial Bwana Tumbo.

Up to this point the Roosevelt Dynasty has been largely the product of genealogical prestidigitation. The so-called succession has been drawn from the conjurer's hat, and has come in its entirety from the Delano collaterals. No collateral co-operation is necessary, however, to bring into the Delano line the name of Ulysses Simpson Grant, 18th President. In this instance the relationship is a matter of direct descent from old Noah Grant who, four generations back, married Susannah Delano and thereby brought about a state of affairs that made General Grant as close a relative of Franklin Roosevelt as was Franklin's distinguished cousin Theodore.

And James Roosevelt, Franklin's father, was not without some Presidential infiltrations of his own. For in addition to being the father of our 32nd President, he could trace back directly through the Aspinwalls and the Smiths to one Thomas Shepard who was the grandfather of John Quincy, an ancestor of John Adams, 2nd President, and John Quincy Adams, 6th President of the United States.

On the Hoffman, Benson, Van Deursen side the an-

cestors of James Roosevelt run into the Van Buren line and trace down to Martin Van Buren, 8th President, But it must not be forgotten that James Roosevelt was also related to Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President, though that is a matter with which we shall deal at greater length a little later. It is interesting to note that Theodore Roosevelt's connection with most of this illustrious greatness is much more remote than that of his presidential cousin Franklin. Indeed, Theodore, genealogically speaking, is out on a limb all by himself. To get into the succession at all he is compelled to go back six generations to Nicholas, and then forward five to James. Theodore's relationship even to Martin Van Buren and the two Adamses is in fact about as remote as the relationship of Franklin Roosevelt to President Washington. Fortunately, however, Theodore was not compelled to rely on his genealogy to make his way in the world. He had, as we shall see, other resources in abundance.

Taken with a much-needed grain of salt the Roosevelt Dynasty as presented to us by the genealogists is a decidedly impressive list.

- 1. George Washington (1st President)
- 2. John Adams (2nd President)
- 3. James Madison (4th President)
- 4. John Quincy Adams (6th President)
- 5. Martin Van Buren (8th President)
- 6. William H. Harrison (9th President)
- 7. Zachary Taylor (12th President)
- 8. Ulysses S. Grant (18th President)
- 9. Benjamin Harrison (23rd President)
- 10. Theodore Roosevelt (26th President)
- II. William H. Taft (27th President)
- 12. Franklin D. Roosevelt (32nd President)
- 13. Jefferson Davis (1st President C. S. A.)

Thus it is to the genealogists rather than to the historians that we are indebted for the rather startling sta-

tistic that during the first 150 years of our existence as a republic more than one-third of our Presidents have come from the House of Roosevelt.

The relationship between Theodore and Franklin was befogged by the Roosevelts themselves during the campaign of 1920. It was not a very inspiring campaign, with one ticket headed by a black horse named James M. Cox, and the other by a compromise candidate named Harding. But Franklin Roosevelt, who was Cox's running-mate, made a speaking trip through the West where he aroused some interest on account of his name. The West had always been strong for Teddy Roosevelt and many of the denizens thought Franklin must be Teddy's brother, or even his son. The misunderstanding was so general that Theodore, Ir., was sent out that way by the Republicans to undo some of the harm. Widely billed as the son of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt he denounced Franklin as a "mayerick" and went so far as to tell one audience that Franklin "doesn't have the brand of our family!"

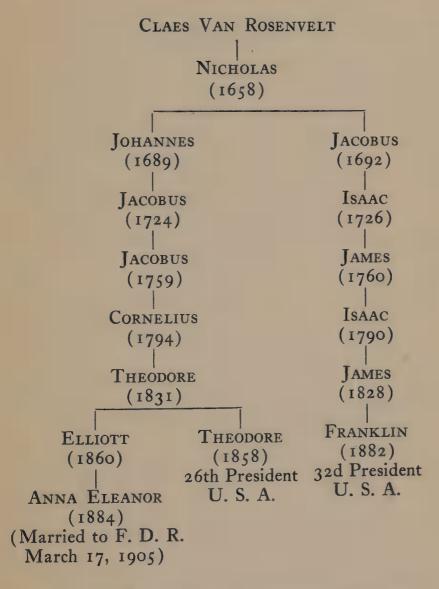
Young Mr. Roosevelt may have thought that he was speaking the truth; but the fact is that Franklin and Theodore have a common ancestor only five grandfathers back, "a very common ancestor," President Theodore used to call him in his lighter moments.

This common ancestor was one Nicholas Roosevelt, a fur-trader born on the island of Manhattan in 1658.

Claes Van Rosenvelt, the father of Nicholas, had emigrated from Holland in 1644. Just why Nicholas dropped the Van and changed the spelling of his name from Rosenvelt to Roosevelt is something that history has not yet disclosed. He may have had his reasons. And on the other hand he may have been an indifferent speller. Fur-trading with the Indians, being conducted largely by grunts and the sign-language, made no heavy demands on literacy, though Nicholas while still in his early thirties gave up fur-trading and went into business and politics. He married a good Dutch wife named Heiltje Kunst, and begat nine children.

Of the nine, however, only the two sons, Johannes and Jacobus, are concerned with the succession.

The direct descent of the Dynasty from immigrant to White House can perhaps best be shown by a genealogical chart.



Measured by generations Theodore and Franklin are the same distance down from their common ancestor. But Theodore was born when his father was only 27 years old, whereas Franklin's father was past 54 when little THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA Franklin came into the world, a fact which gave Theodore a head start of 24 years on his distant cousin, the "mayerick."

There had been a settlement on the island of Mannahatin since 1613 when a Dutch trader named Adrian Block was marooned there with his crew. He had finished his bartering with the Indians and was about to set sail for home when his heavily laden vessel caught fire and burned to the water's edge. Winter was coming on. The other traders had already gone. Block and his crew found themselves in an unpleasant predicament, but somehow they managed to salvage from the wreck enough tools to build a few huts and a flimsy stockade for protection against the Indians. They survived the winter, and were rescued the following year by other traders.

This was before the Pilgrim Fathers had landed at Plymouth Rock, though for six years there had been a tiny settlement at Jamestown, Virginia.

Block and his men had jokingly called their camp New Amsterdam, and the name clung. It was, however, no more than a temporary trading stop until some ten years later when the Dutch West India Company sent over the first boatload of colonists. These early adventurers threw up a snug little fort near the tip of the island, and built warehouse for their furs. But the Indians did not resist the encroachment, and soon valuable cargoes of furs began to reach the home port with such regularity that other settlers were attracted. The shares of the company went skyrocketing up so handsomely that the management decided further development would not be amiss. So it dispatched one of the directors, Peter Minuit, as general manager of the entire New Amsterdam grant, with powers little short of those of an emperor. Peter came sailing pompously into port on the Sea Mew and took possession of the magnificent territory discovered by Henry Hudson, an English-born navigator in the employ of the Company. The Dutch West India Company had received a grant of the lands from the Crown. But Peter Minuit was a prudent man, and after he had installed himself with fitting ceremonies he called in the local tribe of Indians and told them that of course he expected to pay for Manna-hatin Island, and inquired what they were asking for it.

A long pow-wow ensued, and at length Peter Minuit opened up his cargo and began to lay out bright pieces of cloth, gaily colored beads, and trinkets of various kinds. No doubt a little fire-water entered into the transaction. The redskins were inordinately fond of it and the Dutch usually had a good supply with them wherever they went. After some bickering and bartering a bargain was struck and the Indians, a small tribe known as Canarsies, went away satisfied.

After the redskins had gone Peter Minuit reckoned up and found that the sum total of the goods he had given them came to 60 guilders—some \$24. It was a pretty stiff price for 22 square miles of rough barbarian forest land, but he thought that the property might in time be worth what he had paid for it.

The Indians were delighted with their bargain—and well they may have been. The palefaces did not make a practice of paying for the land they took from the Indians. The early colonists were queer about that. They were willing to pay the red man for his furs, for his birchbark canoes, his moccasins, his venison, in fact for anything portable. But

they would not pay for his land.

No doubt Peter Minuit felt very virtuous to think that he had actually paid for the land he had taken. But whether or no, he hauled the Sea Mew up close to shore and began to unload. He erected a flagpole and ran up the Dutch flag. He next gave official recognition to the name New Amsterdam. Then he ordered the fields to be cleared of brush and timber and started the erection of some little Dutch houses for his people to live in.

The story is told that the Canarsie Indians sent word to some friends encamped on upper Manna-hatin that they

had just sold to the new-comers something very like pold brick, whereupon the Harlem Indians put on their war-paint and came down to demand their rights. How much Peter may have paid these uptown Indians to sign off does not appear. Doubtless it was less than the Canarsies received. But however much it was we may be sure that the Dutch were not substantially cheated.

Some 18 years passed before the arrival of the first of the Roosevelts. The exact date is a little vague though the year was 1644. Groups and families had been drifting into the new land for some time before Claes Martinsson Van Rosenvelt and his fat wife Jannetje emigrated from Zeeland in the Netherlands to make their home in New Amsterdam. They found the place already overcrowded with a population of 800 inhabitants.

Little Nicholas was born here in 1658. He wore knickerbockers and wooden shoes, and learned to bowl on the green at the foot of Broadway. He was only six years old when great excitement was caused in the town by the arrival of a fleet of English ships. Peter Stuyvesant, who at this time was Governor, felt sure that they had come for no good purpose. And when they sent word to surrender in the name of the King and haul down the Dutch flag, he flew into a rage. He stamped the floor (with his wooden leg inlaid with silver) and declared that he would not strike the flag for the whole English Navy. He summoned his villagers into the little fort and ordered his men to stand by the guns. But eventually wiser counsels prevailed, and though England and Holland were not at war and he considered the attack an act of piracy, the gallant Peter sorrowfully yielded and the Dutch flag came fluttering down.

The English promptly took possession and ran up their own flag. They changed the name of the place to New York and decreed that thenceforth English should be the official language. It has been ever since, with certain local limitations, of course. The Dutch reclaimed the city some ten years

later when the two countries actually were at war, but were out-negotiated at the peace conference and lost it again.

As a young man Nicholas opened a trading station at Esopus on the west bank of the river and went into the business of bartering with the Indians for their furs. And doubtless he bootlegged furs from the Patroons who could not legally deal in pelfry. Like all the Roosevelts he was a successful trader, and like John Jacob Astor who came after him he made a snug fortune out of the fur business. He married at 24 and eight years later shed his moccasins and his fringed leather garments, and moved his family to New York where he opened a drygoods store.

The New York of 1690 was still confined to the tip of the island. Each house had its own lawn and garden, its fruit trees and currant bushes. Broadway was only two blocks long, and Wall Street which marked the northern boundary of the city, was bordered by a high stonewall extending completely across the island from east to west. Only one highway came down to the city wall, a winding woodroad lined with trees and known as the "Bouerie." This highway which was a favorite retreat for young lovers,

joined Broadway just outside of the city gate.

Nicholas was the first of the Roosevelts to go into politics. He served several terms as Alderman and soon came to be regarded as a substantial citizen and a successful merchant, though real fame was somewhat tardy in coming to him. Little did the drowsy burghers dream as they watched the aging Nicholas measure off the yards of calico for them, or saw him herding his nine children into the kirk of a Sunday morning, that they were looking upon the only man of whom it would be said that he was the great-great-great-grandfather of two Presidents of the United States. But all that was to come some 250 years later.

Seven of the nine children of Nicholas led quite undistinguished lives; but the two boys, Johannes and Jacobus, were to stand out as the only two brothers ever to land

lineal descendant in the White House. The line of Jacobus was to descend to Franklin, 32nd President. And Johannes was to do even better; for not only was the issue of his body to descend in an unbroken line to Theodore, 26th President, but also to Anna Eleanor, First Lady to the 32nd President.

The succession from Johannes down to Theodore is made up of a line of well-to-do, substantial, landed gentry and businessmen who occasionally dabbled in politics, though usually not until after they had made their money. Johannes himself was born in the little backwoods trading-post at Esopus in 1689, thereby giving to the family the log-cabin background so essential to real presidential timber. But little Johannes roughed it at Esopus for only a year before his family moved to New York. Here he grew up and in due time became an assistant Alderman, doubtless acting as clerk to his father who was at the time one of the City Fathers. Upon his admission as a freeman—for the colonists were little more than serfs—Johannes was himself elected Alderman for four consecutive terms. He married at 19 and like Nicholas before him was the father of nine children.

Jacobus, next in the succession, was born in 1724. He married at 22 and again at 50 and was the father of 12 children. Jacobus, Junior, next in the succession, was born in 1759. He was a successful hardware merchant in New York. He was a liberal donor to the Revolutionary cause, and served in the war. With Jacobus, Junior, the fecundity of the line falters, for he gave to the world only seven children. Cornelius who came after him had but six. Cornelius, too, was a merchant and was for his time a very rich man. He was one of the founders of the Chemical National Bank, and was the first of the Roosevelts to die in Oyster Bay. One of his sons was named Theodore, the first-time appearance of this name in the Roosevelt line. This Theodore was the father of the 26th President of the United States.

Theodore I was born in New York in 1831. He was born to wealth and soon won distinction in trade as America's largest-selling and fastest-growing importer of glass-

ware. He died when he was only 47, but he had amassed a fortune that was rapidly approaching the million-dollar stage in a day when millionaires were exceedingly rare. He was strongly Federal when the Southern states seceded, and was a prominent figure in the organization of the Union League Club. He was among the founders of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the American Museum of Natural History. And he must have done his bit in politics as he was rewarded with the appointment as Collector of the Port of New York under President Hayes, a President to whom he did not happen to be related.

With Theodore I the family fecundity touched bottom, for he was the father of only four children. Otherwise he seems to have been a very estimable man and a distinguished citizen. His second child, a boy born October 27, 1858, was christened Theodore. And Theodore is the name that is carved on his gravestone at Oyster Bay, though it is to be said that during most of his life he was known and loved—

or hated—as "Teddy."

The line of descent from Jacobus (1692) down to Franklin is so similar as to suggest repetitiousness. Landed gentry, prosperous merchants, substantial citizens, though there seems to have been a little more elegance and a little less fecundity in this strain than in the line of brother

Johannes.

This first Jacobus married one of the Hudson Valley Hardenbrooks and became a wealthy landowner. In 1726 he begat a son named Isaac. But it happened that Isaac had little love for the broad acres of his father, and at the first opportunity he went off to the city to engage in trade. Isaac became a big sugar man. He built and operated the first sugar refinery in America, and a yellowing advertisement still calls the attention of all concerned to his "double middling" and "single refined" and makes a special mention of his "clarified muscavado" and other kinds of molasses. His refinery was far downtown on Pearl Street.

Had this first Isaac occurred in the Johannes line much of the erratic temperament and dynamic force of "Teddy" would have been ascribed to him, for the two had much in common. After he had made his fortune in sugar he became a rabid revolutionary. At the outbreak of the war he was sent to the Continental Congress, and though he does not seem to have attained any great prominence there he was afterwards made a member of the Council of War. When General Howe took New York Isaac fled with his family and found refuge with relatives in Dutchess County. There he promptly joined the militia.

He was with Washington's army when the British evacuated New York, and was one of the invited guests at the state dinner given for Washington at Fraunces' Tavern two days later. And he was a member of the Constitutional Convention and worked shoulder to shoulder with Hamilton all through the fight for ratification. Isaac's wife died soon after Washington was inaugurated as President, and Washington received an invitation to the funeral. He sent his regrets, not because he did not wish to attend this particular funeral, but because the President could not attend all the funerals of his constituency, much as he might like to, and if he started the custom here he might find it difficult to discriminate in the future. Wise Mr. Washington-ever alert to avoid entangling alliances. When a commission was appointed to draft a state constitution Isaac was a member. He was the first of the Roosevelts ever to go to the legislature, and was state Senator for six terms.

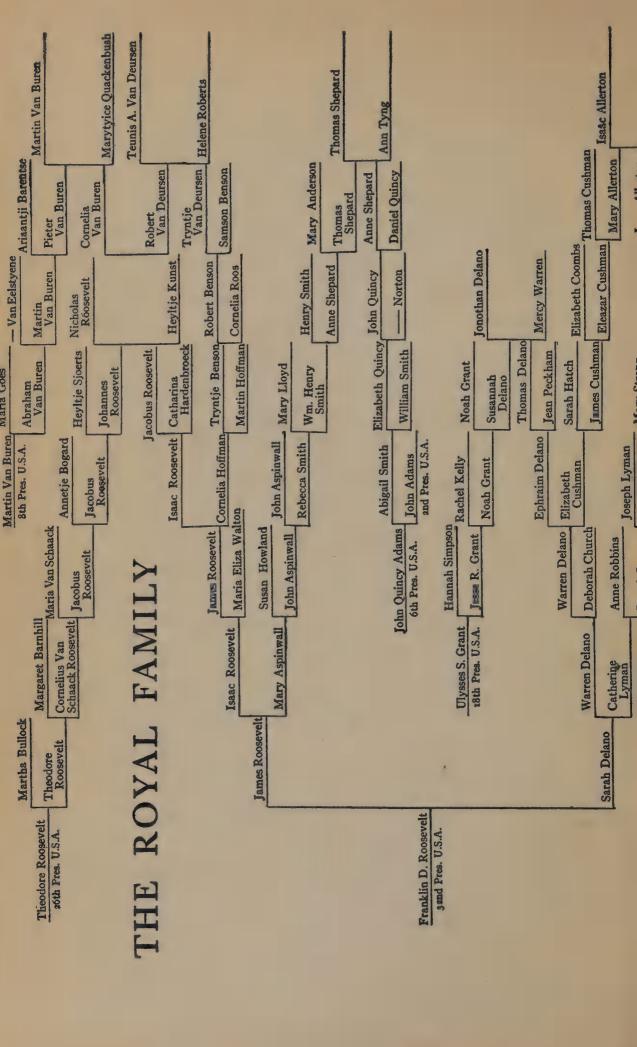
With all his other activities Isaac was not too busy to rear a family and was the father of ten children. Of the ten only one can receive more than passing mention in this chronicle, and that one is James, the great-grandfather of Franklin. This first James in the line was born in New York in 1760. He was immensely successful in carrying on the business ventures of his father, who, by the way, was one of the first presidents of the Bank of New York. The Roosevelt National Bank would have been much better

name, but nobody seems to have thought of it. In spite of all his political and financial success James was at heart a rustic and a husbandman. He loved to breed cattle and to watch the crops grow. To this end he bought a 150 acre farm within driving distance of the city. It was near a little village called Haarlem, or as we would describe the location today, it lay just north of 110th Street, on the east side of Fifth Avenue and extended all the way over to East River. The northerly boundary was 125th Street. It was a bonny bit of ground, that is, where the rocks did not jut up to the surface. James married Eliza Walton, and when a son came to them in 1790 the little fellow was named Isaac. This second Isaac was the grandfather of Franklin.

Here for the first time in the Roosevelt line the study of a profession obtrudes. Isaac II wanted to be a doctor. He went to Princeton and in due time was admitted to practice; but his interest in medicine proved to be more academic than practical. Dr. Roosevelt never put it to any professional use. Instead he married Rebecca Aspinwall and retired to a large farm near Poughkeepsie. Dr. Roosevelt's farming also leaned toward the academic. Instead of guiding the handles of a plow he spent most of his time in his library. By the year 1828 he had moved farther up the river to Hyde Park and had bought a much larger farm. It was here that James, the father of Franklin, was born.

James II grew up at Hyde Park. He attended Union College at Schenectady and afterwards studied law at Harvard and was admitted to the bar. He married Rebecca Howland for his first wife. Rebecca bore him only one child, a son who was given the name of James Roosevelt Roosevelt. The Hyde Park house burned in 1866 and Franklin's father bought a tract of land at Crum Elbow on which stood a fine old colonial farmhouse. The place is still intact, 500 rolling acres commanding a fine view of the river, with a splendid stand of virgin timber.

Here on a clear day James could look up the river to Esopus where his hardy ancestor, Nicholas, in fringed



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hunting-shirt and moccasins, was wont in the sixteen eighties to squat on the ground as he pow-wowed with the Indians over a bale of beaver skins or a silver fox. James, in spite of his large corporate holdings, was landed gentry with vengeance. In dress he followed the best traditions of the English squire. And he went in for horses, fast horses. Here he bred Gloster, the first horse to trot a mile in less than 2:20.

Seven years after the death of Rebecca in 1873 James remarried. His second wife was Sarah Delano, daughter of Warren Delano. Warren was also landed gentry, with a huge domain on the west side of the river. Sarah was a great beauty and the toast of the entire Hudson valley. James was now 52 though his new wife was only 26. As there had been a single child of the first marriage there was also single child of the second. It was a boy born January 30, 1882. He was named Franklin Delano for one of his uncles over across the river.

This then was the situation at the end of January 1882: Little Franklin was crying lustily in his cradle at Hyde Park, and young Theodore—he had not become Teddy—was sitting nervously on the edge of his chair at his first term in the state Assembly. There was nothing to warn the contemporary world of momentous events in the making—but the Roosevelt Dynasty was on its way.

SCHOOLDAYS OF A ROOSEVELT

* * * * * * * * * *

The Roosevelts have never been given to sending their children to public school. Neither Theodore nor Franklin ever saw the inside of a public school until after going into politics. Theodore's schooling was administered almost entirely by governesses and tutors until he entered Harvard. Franklin escaped this individual tyranny at fourteen when he entered Groton—a change that was hardly calculated to submit the youth to any of the perils that might be inherent in the democracy of education.

Theodore in his memoirs boasts with satisfaction that his children were sent to public school both at Oyster Bay and at Washington, but he was careful to see to it that this public schooling was not carried to excess. The succession of young Roosevelts at Groton clearly reflects the attitude of the family on the public school in spite of Theodore's somewhat pious boasts and the publicity that invariably attended his annual gift of a Christmas tree to the Cove School in Oyster Bay.

Theodore Roosevelt was that rarest of all rare birds a real New Yorker. He was born at 28 East Twentieth Street in a house that has since been converted into a Roosevelt shrine. It was a typical upper-class home with haircloth furniture to scratch the bare legs of the children, and a parlor

that was open for general use only on Sunday evenings or when there were parties. The library was a room of gloomy respectability in the middle of the house, without windows and available only at night, a stage property to be seen and not used, such as was to be found in the homes of many successful merchants then as now.

His grandfather Roosevelt lived just around the corner in a big house on Fourteenth Street and Broadway. New York was little and slow-moving in those days. Most of the passenger traffic of the city was carried in horse-drawn stages and omnibuses, though Eighth and Ninth Avenues were rejoicing over the installation of newfangled street cars that ran on rails though drawn by horses.

Little Theodore was not a lusty infant. He was croupy and asthmatic. The story that he was born with a full set of teeth has been vehemently denied by the family. And Morris K. Jesup, who saw him within a day or two after birth, does not recall having noticed any, though he distinctly remembered that the future President as he lay in his bassinet was making a good deal of "fuss and noise" for a youngster of his age. Mr. Jesup happened to be recalling this visit to the Twentieth Street house while speaking in the presence of the President before an assemblage at Williamstown, Massachustts, in 1905.

"Your father, however, lifted you out and asked me to hold you," he said.

"Was he hard to hold?" asked Elihu Root who happened to be seated near by.

The inquiry provoked a hearty laugh, for the Teddy of 1905 was decidedly hard to hold. It was at this period of his career that he was kicking over all the traces that he could find. The traditional bull in the china shop must have seemed calm and restful in comparison with the exuberant young occupant of the White House. And Mr. Root in voicing his quip must have said what was in the mind of all the Elder Statesmen present.

But as it happened, the tiny Theodore was in all prob-

ability very easy to hold. He had delicate lungs and a delicate throat, and among his early recollections were dim memories of being carried up and down the room in his father's arms, of sitting up in bed wheezing and gasping while his distracted parents hung over him trying to give him relief.

In spite of his poor start little Theodore proved to be of durable stuff. He went through with his measles and mumps and chickenpox and came to the end of his first decade as a frail-looking little fellow with thin legs, knobby knees, and a thatch of fair hair that resisted all efforts of brush and comb to keep it in place. It would have been impossible to call such a wisp of a boy by so lusty-sounding a name as Teddy; which is probably the reason why the family hit upon "Teedie" as a nickname. And Teedie he was until he went to Harvard, where he was never popular enough to be called anything more than a mere "Roosevelt." In his early days in the West he was dubbed "Four-Eyes." At first this name was applied more in scorn than affection. But the cowboys soon learned to respect the young Easterner who turned out to have very little of the foppishness of the dude about him, in spite of the carnival clothes he wore while in the land where the elk and the antelope roam. The "Teddy" was to come later.

Little Teedie was the second of four children. Anna was four years older, Elliott two years younger, and Corinne two years younger than Elliott. All through the childhood days Elliott was the leader. Theodore took part in their games up to a certain point, but he had neither the vitality nor the interest to stay with them as long as the others. And either he would desert the play for an easy-chair and a book or else he would fall into conversation with a grown up—usually on some question of natural history. He would ask a thousand and one questions as long as he could find anybody to answer them. Or he would offer gratuitous information of his own—as often wrong as right—if he could find nobody he thought worthy of interrogation.

He had made up his mind to be a naturalist by the time he was seven, and from that time until he entered college the tang of preservatives and the odor of long-decayed frogs, fish, worms and other available fauna clung to him night and day. Even after he was in Harvard his interest in bugs, snakes, birds and small animals continued, and he had added taxidermy to his list of useful recreations.

As soon as Teedie was old enough to go around with other boys he began to find out how puny he really was. Being a naturalist did not require any great amount of strength or endurance. Coping with butterflies or even with fieldmice and squirrels was quite within his powers. But when he came up against normal boys of his own age he found that they could handle him with ease. Usually Elliott, who though younger, was much more robust, was on hand to help Teedie fight his battles.

But once when he was on his way, alone, to Moosehead Lake he was put upon by some other lads of his own age who tormented him until he lost his temper completely and hurled himself upon them all ready for a fight. But the boys did not take him seriously. They easily held him at arm's length and continued with their teasing. This bit of patronizing wounded the youthful Teedie more deeply than a black eye or a good pummeling would have done. And not long after that he began to take boxing lessons. He became very skillful with the gloves, but his career as a boxer was always hampered by his poor eyesight.

His nearsightedness was not discovered by the family until he was thirteen. He had been given a gun but turned out to be so poor a marksman that he was missing the target entirely where other boys were getting bull's-eyes. Then it developed that the others could read distant lettering where Teedie could scarcely distinguish the billboard on which the letters appeared. His father was told about this, and soon Teedie had put on the glasses that were to stay with him through life. With them his vision was close to normal for a number of years, though while he was President his left

eye began to fail, and in 1908 became totally blind. He was, however, so sensitive about it that not half a dozen people outside the immediate family ever knew about it.

In addition to his career as a naturalist he embarked on his writing career at an early age. The earliest of his writings to be published was the diary of his first trip abroad, kept in 1869 before Teedie had reached his eleventh birthday. The object of the trip was to provide a change of climate for the youthful Teedie who was suffering severely at this time with his asthma. The family had taken him to the Catskills the previous summer in the hope that the higher altitude might effect a cure. But the result had been disappointing. And the effects of the European trip were little better.

To begin with, Teedie did not want to go. What did he care for dim cathedrals, musty art galleries and crumbling ruins while the fascinating fauna of the Hudson Valley where he had been the summer before was going to waste? He makes some grudging notes in his diary as to the magnificence of the Vatican and the beauty of a few of the paintings and sculptures, though his comments on the most sublime works of art are usually limited to a single word. He is more generous with the works of nature and quite rhapsodizes over a visit to a villa near Rome where he found the evening air "so soft and balmy" and heard the singing of a nightingale. Just how the young naturalist happened to call this bird a mere "nightingale" instead of Luscinia philomela remains a mystery. Doubtless an oversight. And such an oversight as he seldom repeats until his college days. Only a year or so later we find him telling in his diary of a trip to the Adirondacks during which he "picked up a salamander (Diemictylus irridescens)." He saw a mouse which he judged to be a "harvester mouse (Hesperomys myoides)," and a "bald-headed eagle (Halietus leucocephalus)." There were also notes made on "(canis accidentalis)" and "(ursus Americanus)" which might have been more briefly 40 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA mentioned as wolves and bears, had simplicity been the keynote.

In the diary of the first European trip is an entry to the effect that the three younger children had read fifty novels while away from home. Almost anybody but Theodore reading this in later years would have added in the margin "Obviously a whopper." But Theodore let it pass without a comment.

There was a second European trip when he was thirteen. At the start the children had little enthusiasm for the journey. The memories of being dragged from hotel to hotel and from art gallery to cathedral were still too fresh in their minds. But this time it was quite different, for it provided a winter trip up the Nile on an ancient windjammer, during the course of which Teedie enjoyed himself tremendously splashing around in the mud and the marshes in quest of specimens and spouting Latin names. But this was not the worst. He had taken some lessons in taxidermy before leaving home and here was a god-given opportunity to put into practice some of the things he had learned.

But the journey was not confined to Egypt alone. In time the family visited the Holy Land, and Theodore, now a lad of fifteen and a seasoned traveler as well as a scientist attempts to introduce some elegance into his writing, perhaps in imitation of the travel folders. He tells how old Egypt was when Rome was still "bright" and Babylon was "in its glory," and when "Troy was taken." Still under the spell he adds, "It was a sight to awaken a thousand thoughts and it did." Then comes a confession such as the writer was never again to make. "I felt a great deal but I said nothing..."

Upon Theodore's return from this second European journey his father decided that he should go to Harvard. Fathers used to decide such things in those days. Nowhere is there the slightest evidence that the choice was due to any youthful enthusiasm on the part of Theodore. He showed no great love for the institution during his under-



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Father of the 26th President



JAMES ROOSEVELT
Father of the 32nd President

graduate days and entertained no particular cordiality towards the college or the gentlemen in charge during his later life. But to Harvard he must go.

Up to this time Teedie's education had been a hit and miss affair. "I went very little to school," he says in his memoirs. "I never went to public school." For a few months he had attended Professor McMullen's school in Twentieth Street near the house where he was born, but most of the time he had tutors. When he was very small he was taught by his aunt, and at one period there had been a French governess in the household.

There was no more dawdling, however, after the decision that he should go to Harvard. Skilled tutors were called in and intensive cramming was started forthwith. At the end of three years of this he passed his entrance examinations and entered Harvard in the fall of 1876.

Franklin never attended school at all until he was old enough to enter Groton. His early days were spent in the lordly isolation of Hyde Park. The silver spoon had fairly clanked in little Franklin's mouth when he was born. His father, James Roosevelt, had come into a nice fortune on the death of Isaac, and had added to it substantially through railroad manipulations and other enterprises. And Franklin's mother was an heir to the Delano fortune which was to net her some three-quarters of a million a little later on.

His mother remembers him as being "plump, pink, and nice." She used to love to bathe and dress him, although she took the responsibility of lifting and turning him rather seriously, and was in constant fear of dropping him. His first picture, taken in 1882, shows him as a particularly homely baby in the arms of a particularly beautiful young mother. Two pictures taken in the following year give little promise of the handsome youth and distinguished looking man to come.

James Roosevelt was a man who was accustomed to go to Europe annually for the baths or for some other

44 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA equally good reason, but he forbore taking little Franklin across until the child had reached the age of two and a half years. It was on this first crossing that the baby gave his mother a fright by biting a "large chunk of glass out of the side of a tumbler." As his mother tells the story she "lost no time in hustling him out of the room" after which she "fished about in terror" for the dangerous mouthful. Nowadays it would be hard to find a mother who would leave a jagged piece of glass in the mouth of her infant while she removed him from the dining-hall to a place of privacy before poking a finger into his mouth. But perhaps the niceties of the Victorian eighties were more demanding than those of the post-War thirties. Be that as it may, the jagged piece of glass was found and thrown into the sea. And if we were another Weems we should point a moral and adorn a tale by adding that in this way little Franklin learned that it was bad manners to bite chunks out of water glasses while sitting at table with his elders.

Another tale of the early life of Franklin of which good Parson Weems might well have been proud has to do with his yearning for freedom. His mother tells it thus:

"We never tried, you see, his father and I, to influence him against his own tastes and inclinations or to shape his life. At least we made every effort not to and thought we were succeeding pretty well until one day, when Franklin was only about five, we noticed that he seemed much depressed and bound, do what we would to amuse him, not to be distracted from his melancholy. Finally, a little alarmed, I asked him whether he was unhappy. He did not answer at once and then said very seriously:

"'Yes. I am unhappy."

"When I asked him why, he was again silent for a moment or two. Then with a curious little gesture that combined entreaty with a suggestion of impatience, he clasped his hands in front of him and exclaimed:

"'Oh, for freedom!""

His mother was shocked, but for all that he was such

a child, his voice had a "desperate note" that made her realize how seriously he meant it. That night she talked it over with his father and they agreed that perhaps they had been regulating his life too closely. So they told him the next morning that he might do whatever he pleased that day. "He need obey no former rules nor report at any given intervals, and he was allowed to roam at will. We paid no attention to him, and, I must say, he proved his desire for freedom by completely ignoring us. That evening, however, a very dirty, tired youngster came dragging in. He was hungry and ready for bed, but we did not ask him where he had been or what he had been doing.... The next day, quite of his own accord, he went contentedly back to his routine."

These recollections culled from his mother's book My Boy Franklin, give the impression of a very lonely little boy, fed up on the grandeur of a big house and sick of the everpresent superintendence of his elders. There were, however, brighter days ahead. As he grew older he was to have a pony, and a little later a Texas "three-quarter bred" cayuse, and in time he was going to become enough of a horseman to ride at the Dutchess County Fair to the "amused admiration" of the countryside.

It can hardly be a coincidence that soon after he had reached the age of ten Franklin began to go in for natural history in a big way. He did not confine himself to bugs and mice and snakes, as had his distinguished cousin Theodore, but started the ambitious project of a collection of all the birds native to Dutchess County. Not live birds to be confined in an aviary, but stuffed birds that would serve as ornaments in the house. It was not that Franklin had any idea of becoming a naturalist. He collected his birds for an entirely different reason. He wanted a collection. Nor is there anything illogical about this. His collection of stamps was made because he wanted the stamps, not because he intended to be a postmaster—or the political bedfellow of a Postmaster General who could furnish them to him by

the sheet. He did eventually complete his collection of Dutchess County birds, though he did not stuff them all himself. It was easy enough for him to master the art of taxidermy, but after he had proved to his own satisfaction that his stomach was sufficiently strong to permit him to skin and mount a specimen—he was only too glad to turn over to a regular taxidermist the specimens brought down by his fowling piece—some 300 specimens—which are still scattered about the big house where he can see and enjoy them every time he returns to Hyde Park. As a very special

reward for having completed the collection of birds his grandfather Delano presented him with a life membership in the Museum of Natural History which the father of

Theodore Roosevelt had helped to found.

At the time of her marriage Franklin's mother was a strikingly beautiful woman of 26. James, 26 years her senior, was a stern-visaged man with side-whiskers and a long upperlip. Even at the age of seventy he was as straight as a reed, and in true Victorian style he always wore his coat closely buttoned up to the neck. Charles Dickens would have approved of this. But for all his stern appearance he was jolly, and his widow remembers him as being a very gay companion for little Franklin. He was an enthusiastic horseman and a breeder of fine cattle, the descendants of which still graze in the velvety pastures at Hyde Park. Like all the Roosevelts he went in for heavy gold watch chains, and in one picture he is shown wearing two gold rings.

James was a man of substance, a citizen of distinction and a lifelong Democrat. Indeed, all the Roosevelts—down to Theodore's day—had been Democrats. Even during the upheaval of the Civil War they had grimly clung to the party as Union Democrats, almost as difficult a feat as being a Wilson Republican in 1916. James was one of the most influential residents of Dutchess County and a man of power in the Democratic councils of the state. He was an intimate friend of Grover Cleveland, and soon after

Cleveland had been elected President for the first time James had occasion to call on him at the White House and took little Franklin with him. Franklin was five years old, and pictures of him taken at this age show him with straight wiry blond hair, closely cropped, and parted in the middle.

Just what the purpose of the call was does not appear. It may have been purely social, and it may have had something to do with obtaining an appointment for young Theodore Roosevelt who was at this time out of a job and earning a precarious income by writing. But the story is told that as James rose to go the walrus-like Cleveland beamed down on Franklin with tired eyes and said:

"I'm making a strange wish for you, little man. A wish no one else would be likely to make. I hope you'll never be President of the United States."

Before Franklin was fourteen he had made eight trips abroad. He had pedaled through parts of Germany and Switzerland on a bicycle—accompanied by a tutor, of course; for from the time he was nine years old he had never been out of the sight of a tutor until he entered Groton.

Up to this time Franklin had really intended to be a seafaring man. His favorite books had always been books of the sea and the lives of those who went down to it in ships. As a lad he had built any number of rafts and sailboats, and once he and a chum flooded a field and started the construction of a yacht club. After he had learned to swim the family permitted him to have sailboats and allowed him no small latitude in sailing them when and where he wished. To this day he has always kept a keen interest in the sea and in all things nautical. But after he went to Groton he never said anything more about becoming a seafaring man. Perhaps he found that it was not done.

Franklin entered Groton in the fall of 1896. He was fourteen years old. It was the first time that the boy had ever been away by himself, and in spite of the school routine and restrictions it must have been a great relief to him.

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The accounts of the period have already taken on a Weems flavor, and in another decade doubtless the myth will be firmly entrenched. In one book we are told that while most of the boys looked upon their lessons as compulsory tasks, Franklin "studied for the sheer enjoyment of learning."

During his first year he tried for both football and baseball but failed to make either team. About the only school activity for which he qualified that year was the choir. Here he sang tenor. At the end of the year he received no prizes for scholarship in spite of his "sheer enjoyment of learning." Not even so much as an honorable mention came his way. The best he could do was to draw down the annual prize for punctuality.

The next year he did better. Part of the time he played on the scrub football team. He pulled an oar on the school crew, but though he supposed himself a good tennis player he was eliminated in the preliminaries of the school championship by the decisive score of 2-6, 7-5, 4-6. He did score one major triumph, however. He broke the school record for the high kick. And to his discomfiture he won the Punctuality Prize again. That alone was enough to ruin him with his fellows. Once might have been an accident. But to win the unsavory award a second time! Is it any wonder that instead of putting him on second base they made him manager of the team?

Franklin took a great interest in debating all through his school course. Theodore on the contrary would have none of it. He could see little use in having a man sustain with the utmost ardor a view in which he did not believe. At this time Franklin's manner was awkward and self-conscious on the platform, though his strategy and choice of words was said to be fair. One of the resolutions that he supported with all his power was, "That the United States promise the Filipinos independence as soon as they were fit to receive it." And that was more than 35 years before he signed as President the bill granting Philippine independence.

The Spanish-American war broke out while Franklin was in Groton. The boys were closely watched as they were regarded as too young for suitable cannon fodder. For Franklin, however, the call of his country was much more personal than that of his mates. The papers were full of the exploits and propaganda of Cousin Theodore. At last Franklin could restrain himself no longer. He was so completely hypnotized by his patriotic fervor that he determined to run away and enlist under an assumed name. With one of his mates he planned to make a getaway in the covered wagon of a trusted pieman who used to call at the school kitchen in the early hours of the morning. The two young patriots would probably have made good their escape but for one mischance. The night before their projected break for liberty they both came down with measles. So instead of charging up Kettle Hill behind his distant cousin, or helping our navy to sink Cervera's fleet, Franklin lay in the infirmary at Groton and drank hot lemonade.

It was during Franklin's final year at Groton that Cousin Theodore, then Governor of New York State, came to speak before the school. This must have been a red-letter day for Franklin who loved to bask in the effulgence of his distant kinsman's greatness, though he must have been put to it more than once to account for their difference in politics, for to schoolboys such things seem important. Later in the year, after Franklin had entered Harvard and Theodore was running for Vice-president on the Republican ticket, the question of politics was put up to Franklin with embarrassing directness. He was asked whether, if he had a vote, he would cast it for McKinley and Roosevelt, or for the Democratic ticket headed by Bryan. Franklin replied without hesitation that he would vote for Bryan. The question was purely academic, however, since Franklin was not old enough to vote.

THE HARVARD IMPRINT

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Young Theodore arrived at Harvard while the ground thereabouts was still quaking from a change in the presidency. The new incumbent, a youngish man by the name of Charles W. Eliot, was shaking the ancient institution to its foundations. As Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Medical Department put it in writing to a friend, he "turned the whole university over like a flap-jack." Nothing extraordinary or revolutionary in all this pother; just the customary periodic shake-up in which complacency is rooted out of its easy-chair by progress. Dr. Eliot had been at his uprooting job for some five or six years before the appearance of young Theodore, and he went right on with his work just as if a future President of the United States had not enrolled in his school. In fact, he took no notice of young Mr. Roosevelt. Probably did not even know that the precocious youngster was haunting the historic halls and tramping in the pre-eminent footsteps of Adamses and Cabots and the Lowells.

Nor did Theodore conceive any great admiration for young Mr. Eliot. On the contrary he rather negligibly joined in the general dislike of the whipper-snapper president, and went on about his business of "getting through" as if the young upstart had been somewhere else. This was

the beginning of an antipathy that was to last a lifetime, and cause distress to the friends of both.

Theodore Roosevelt entered with the class of '80. He had by this time developed into a youth of normal size and health for his years. He did not smoke or drink, though that was not an unusual boast for a young man of his day.

He had become something of a dude. The mop of blond hair was no longer windblown. He wore it nicely slicked—and before he had been long in Cambridge he raised a pair of red side-whiskers to go with it. Pictures of the period show him as thin, almost emaciated looking. There is no promise in his appearance of the thick-bodied, short-necked Teddy of the presidential days. The teeth are there, but there is little hint of the prognathous jaw that came with the years.

His ego had begun to develop before he reached Harvard, though it was there that it came into full flower. He was not popular at Harvard, either with his fellows or with the faculty. To William Roscoe Thayer who was in the class behind him Theodore was "active and enthusiastic and that was all." His college mates could see none of the charm that he was to develop later in life. "He was," Thayer adds, "a good deal of a joke."

The penchant for asking questions which had made him such a nuisance in childhood was still with him, only in a more aggravated form. It was not at all unusual for him to take issue with the professors, and on one occasion he is reported to have told the professor that the subject under discussion had not been clearly presented. He was particularly obnoxious in the science classes where he considered himself as very much of an authority, and on one occasion it is recalled that Professor Shaler came back at him angrily after one of his interruptions with:

"See here, Roosevelt, let me talk. I'm running this course."

He was unpopular, but he was, after all, a member of the wealthy and socially prominent Roosevelt family and so could not be overlooked. He made all the proper clubs, Porcellian, Hasty Pudding, Dickey, and O.K. He was also taken into Alpha Delta Phi, but when he came up as a candidate for class marshal in his senior year he was defeated.

In February of his sophomore year his father died, and his sister Anna notes that after this time his letters "cease to be those of a boy." As a student Theodore was not particularly brilliant. In a class of over 100 he stood 25th. As an athlete he amounted to very little. Indeed, in only one branch of athletics did he attain any prominence at all, and that was boxing. The lessons he had taken the summer he went to Moosehead had given him the idea that he knew something about boxing—an idea of which he was never completely disabused. So he went in for the college lightweight championship. At the matches in 1879 he weighed in at 135 pounds, and though he was able to win one of his eliminating trials over a red-headed contestant named Coolidge, he was beaten decisively by one C. S. Hanks, a battler who punished him severely, according to a contemporary account in the New York Times.

This, however, did not prevent the defeated contestant from stating in a biographical sketch written by him only five years later that while at Harvard he had been very fond of boxing and was at one time "lightweight champion."

This little incident was typical of the man all through life. It was never very hard for him to make himself believe what he wanted to believe, regardless of real facts. First and last it led him into endless disputes and controversies and caused bitter enmities to arise and smite him at times when he had no wish to be smitten. Theodore later acquired a great gift for making friends, but he could also make enemies at a rate that might have been disastrous to one born under a less beneficent star.

Theodore may not have been popular, but as an upperclassman and a member of some of the exclusive clubs he became very much a gentleman of fashion. He wrote home for a silk hat and from time to time regaled his family with wordy accounts of teas and opera parties. And once he mentioned the fact that with a party of six he was taking a four-in-hand to drive up to Frank Codman's farm to spend the day "shooting glass balls, etc."

During his college years Theodore taught a Sunday-school class at Christ Church in Cambridge. And even as a Sunday-school teacher he was turbulent. In the first place he was severely criticized because he commended one of his boys for fighting. He even went so far as to give the youth a dollar because while walking in the street he had resented the familiarity of a neighborhood bully towards his sister. This tempest blew over in time. But when the rector of Christ Church learned that young Mr. Roosevelt was not an Episcopalian he raised his eyebrows as only a man of the cloth can, and asked Theodore to resign.

Theodore's first love affair occurred while he was at Harvard. It was a case of love at first sight for Theodore. The girl was Alice Lee. He met her at the beginning of his junior year after he had begun to affect great fastidiousness about his clothes and was on the way to being as much of a fop as any man can be who collects bugs and mice and practices taxidermy in the privacy of his apartment. From this time on the mention of her name is made in his letters with recurring frequency.

She was seventeen when they met, a wisp of a girl so sweet, so ethereal that she hardly seemed real to the earthy young Theodore.

He courted the gentle Alice by telling her interesting details about the live snakes and lizards and other fauna he kept in his room. There were times when she eluded him or perhaps even discouraged him in his suit, and drove him to the depths of despair. But he persisted, and eventually the engagement was announced. The courtship completely eclipsed the academic aspects of his last two years in college. He wandered around like a man in a dream, but he

54 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA managed to pass his final examinations and was graduated in June, 1880.

And in the fall they were married.

To what extent Harvard still remembered the college days of Theodore when Franklin entered in the fall of 1900 would be hard to say. Although Theodore had not been conspicuous in college he had since developed into the best headline material in the world. With all the front-page printer's ink proclaiming the name of Roosevelt to the skies Franklin must have been a marked man from the moment of his matriculation.

It was a vastly different Harvard from that of Theodore's day. The college was at the peak of President Eliot's reign. The broadening and liberalizing policy which had thrown the whole of Cambridge into such turmoil when Eliot first assumed charge had completed its leavening process. Indeed the flap-jack was pretty thoroughly browned on both sides.

Franklin had been graduated at Groton among the first six in his class, though the greatest honor he had been able to win, aside from his record for the high kick, was the All-School Latin Prize. But at least it was something to take him up on the platform before all the beaming friends and relatives.

He was not conspicuous for his scholarship at Harvard any more than Theodore had been. Neither was he the queer fish that Theodore had been. He did not keep live snakes and lizards in his room. Never did he rise up in classes and tell the professors how to handle their courses. Nor did he go in for side-whiskers and flashy clothes. He wore as his distinguished cousin before him had worn, a heavy gold watchchain across his vest though he never was seen as Theodore often was wearing a five-dollar goldpiece mounted as a stickpin.

Quite naturally he was taken into a number of the best clubs. Being a Roosevelt would have attended to that even without the reflected glory that must have beamed down effulgently on him from his illustrious relative who assumed the presidential ermine while Franklin was still in Harvard.

Strange as it may seem, however, Franklin's interest during undergraduate days was far more democratic than snobbish. He had no quarrel with the high-toned clubs, but what he was really interested in was the running of the *Crimson*, the college newspaper.

He was known to fellow students as a man with radical leanings, and though he was inclined to be argumentative he was a much better mixer than Theodore had been during his college days. In his sophomore year he started a movement to help the Boers, but he soon found that South Africa was too far away to appeal to any considerable number of Harvard undergraduates.

He played on the freshman football team and pulled an oar on the freshman crew, though he was never able to make any of the varsity teams. He had attained his full height of six feet one and a half inches, but he lacked the weight necessary for a successful football player or crew man. He never weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds during his college days.

It was in his freshman year that the break came which gave him a permanent place on the Crimson and eventually led to his becoming an editor. Franklin and his cousin, Theodore Douglas Robinson, who was a classmate, read in the paper that Theodore, then the Vice-president, was in Cambridge visiting Professor Lowell and at once telephoned and said they would like to see him. Theodore suggested that they come to Lowell's class in Government where he was to lecture the next morning. They did. But Franklin's first move was to dash for the offices of the Crimson with the news. The next morning his story was spread over the first four columns of the front page of the Crimson. And the next year Franklin Roosevelt was appointed to the board of editors.

Franklin's father died while he was in college, just as

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Theodore's had, and the next summer Franklin spent traveling in Europe with his mother. He finished his undergraduate work at the end of his junior year and could have entered the law school had he so desired. But he preferred to continue his academic work for a fourth year—largely, no doubt, because he had been elected president of the Crimson.

His work on the Crimson during his entire course had been notable more for its perseverance than for its brilliancy. As president not only was he largely instrumental in determining the policy of the paper, but he wrote all the editorials himself. They were, however, nothing to brag about. He instituted a demand for better cheering at the games, and fumed over the defeat of the freshman football team by Andover with a score of 51-0. And he followed the course of the college team through a season of defeats, criticizing and encouraging until the aggregation went down to a final defeat in the Yale game. But one of the most amusing of his editorials in the light of present day developments, suggested the reservation of a special section for ladies so that they would not be "asphyxiated" by the smoking of the men in the audience.

After the football season was over the editorials deteriorated into a campaign for better fire protection of the dormitories, and wider boardwalks on the paths of the Yard, though there was one hearty blast for honest Class Day elections free from the usual combinations among the clubs and societies of a log-rolling nature. Whether this had any effect on the election or not would be hard to say, for when the votes were counted Franklin found himself elected as permanent chairman of the class committee of three, nosing out a field of six competitors.

Nearly all the clubs made by Franklin were those previously made by Theodore, with one notable exception. Porcellian, the social pinnacle of them all, turned Franklin down.

Porcellian has been repenting at leisure ever since.

After Franklin's father had finished at the Harvard Law School in the early fifties the college had been without a Roosevelt on its rolls until 1862 when Charles Roosevelt entered. Theodore came next in 1876. Franklin's halfbother, James Roosevelt Roosevelt was there in the nineties. Franklin enrolled in 1900 in the same class with Theodore's nephew, Theodore Douglas Robinson, and received his A.B. in June, 1904. (Harvard raised this to an honorary LL.D. in 1929.) Teddy, Jr., entered in the fall of 1905. The year he was graduating his brother Kermit entered, and as Kermit was on the way out he met his brother Archibald on his way in. Two years later Quentin was entering. The sons of Theodore were with a short interim succeeded by the sons of Franklin, who were soon joined by the sons of Theodore, Jr., and of Archibald, and of Kermit, together with a steady trickle of Roosevelts from the collateral lines.

To date the rolls at Harvard contain the names of twenty-four Roosevelts who have studied there since Theodore's day. Many members of the family descended from the female lines and bearing other names are doubtless scattered through the college records. A year ago six members of the family, all bearing the Roosevelt name, were on the rolls simultaneously, with an even larger number in the offing—mainly at Groton—preparing for future entrance.

And during the fifty-five years since Theodore went to Harvard not a single Roosevelt has been enrolled at Yale, a family solidarity not quite so evident in matters of a political nature.

CHOOSING A CAREER

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Theodore never returned to his science. From the time he left college the bugs and mice were safe as far as he was concerned. He did no more collecting and his practice of the art of taxidermy languished. He never entirely lost his interest in the furred and feathered creatures. If he heard a bird-call he usually knew what it was, and if he did not know he took the trouble to find out. His letters to his children are full of observations on the bird-life wherever he happened to be. And once while hunting deer in the West he came upon a rattlesnake as he was stalking a buck. He kept right on with his stalking, but as soon as he had brought down the buck he went back to study the rattler.

For a short time after leaving college he was at loose ends. He hated to give up science, but at last decided to study law. He filed a clerkship in the office of his uncle Robert and entered the Columbia Law School. From time to time he did a little writing on a work of history that he had begun while in college. He called it The Naval War of 1812. He postponed his honeymoon so as not to delay his preparation for the bar. But after a year or so the legal grind began to pall on him and he gave the law a rest while he took his young wife on a honeymoon to Europe. He had intended to do some work on his book while abroad, but

found that a honeymoon was not especially conducive to writing. "I have plenty of information," he wrote to his sister, "but I can't get it into words." And he was wondering in his discouragement if he wouldn't find everything in life too big for his abilities.

They returned in the fall, and before Theodore had time to become very deeply involved in either his law or his historical writings he suddenly plunged into politics and became a candidate for the Assembly. He did subsequently finish the book, but he never went back to the law. Instead he went to Albany as Member of Assembly for the Twenty-first District of New York.

He did not go after this nomination. But the way the nomination went after him seems to indicate that he was a real child of destiny. He had joined the district Republican Club in 1880 on the theory that if the government of the country was ever to be improved the better element must take a more prominent part in politics.

The club had for its meeting place a room over a saloon on the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, a site now occupied by the Savoy-Plaza Hotel. The district leader was a German named Jake Hess. Hess took no particular interest in young Roosevelt. In fact, he rather resented the interference of the "better element" who mixed in politics only as a form of amusement. One of the district captains, however, a shrewd Irishman named Joe Murray saw possibilities in the young aristocrat. The Twenty-first District was at the time represented in the Assembly by a conspicuously undistinguished member named Trimble who took his orders directly from Hess. And when Hess undertook to jam Trimble through for renomination Murray saw his opportunity to make a drive at Jake Hess. He first obtained Roosevelt's consent to the plan, and then silently pledged enough supporters to insure his nomination. That part was easy. And since the Twenty-first was a normally Republican district young Mr. Roosevelt came through with flying colors and carried the election by 1,511 votes.

The red side-whiskers which had disappeared during the upper-class years at Harvard reappeared at Albany. Perhaps the young Assemblyman thought that anything that would bolster up his dignity should not be overlooked. He had not been elected on any particular platform. He had no program. He stood for nothing in particular and was backed by nobody in particular. His chance of becoming anything more than just another vote was extremely slight. To the older members the slim New Yorker with the blond hair and the eyeglasses on the end of a black silk cord, with the prominent teeth and the perfectly-fitting clothes, was something of a joke. He was even more of a joke after his Harvard-Manhattan accent had been heard from the floor of the lower house.

Assemblyman Roosevelt's first speech was made on January 24, 1882, and then the young man's high-pitched but penetrating voice was heard on a subject of no greater importance than that of choosing a Speaker. The Tammany and anti-Tammany elements could not agree on a candidate and a proposal was made that the independents should throw their weight with the Republicans. But Roosevelt's initial speech was against such a course. It was not much of a speech and received only slight attention in the press, and humorous mention at that. But it was a beginning.

Exactly one week after Theodore's maiden speech in the Assembly Franklin was born. Not long afterwards the little fellow was christened at St. James Episcopal Church of Hyde Park, a tiny stone edifice facing the Albany Post Road. Elliott Roosevelt, Theodore's brother, happened to be visiting Hyde Park at the time and was invited to stand up as god-father.

Elliott was 24 years old and not yet married. Little did he dream as he stood before the font and saw the drops of water sprinkled on the fuzzy dome of little Franklin Delano... that he was looking at his future son-in-law.

Franklin's study of law was a little less casual than Theodore's though his practice of the profession was at



THEODORE ROOSEVELT at 1 year, 1860



Franklin Roosevelt at 1 year. 1883



Franklin Roosevelt at 7 years. 1889



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
at 7 years. 1865

best desultory. Franklin had already made up his mind before finishing Harvard to enter Columbia Law School, so even now he was starting to follow in the footsteps of Cousin Theodore. Just how intentional this emulation of his distinguished cousin was at this early time is problematical, but the impulse was destined to grow. Again Franklin followed Theodore's example when he interrupted his legal education for a honeymoon in Europe, though unlike Theodore, Franklin actually was admitted to the bar.

Franklin failed in his final examinations at the Law School and was therefore denied the privilege of ascending the rostrum on graduation day to obtain a diploma neatly tied with a bit of blue ribbon. But this did not stop him from taking the bar examinations which he passed at the first attempt. However, the fact that Theodore had never tried the bar examinations did not prevent his stating in an interview, while in the Assembly, that he was a lawyer. The misrepresentation is not in itself important, and is mentioned only as an illustration of the man's amazing ability to hypnotize himself into believing anything he wanted to believe. And Franklin is not without his share of the family weakness

for self-hypnosis.

Franklin was admitted to the bar in 1907 and entered the law office of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn as a clerk. It was one of the finest law firms in New York and would have been a great opportunity for him had he really entertained any serious ambition of going on with the law. He remained with the firm for three years, finally becoming managing clerk of municipal court cases. And though he resigned to become a member of the firm of Marvin, Hooker & Roosevelt, his heart was not in the law. The paint on the shingle of the new firm had hardly become dry before Franklin had leaped into the arena as a candidate for the State Senate from the 26th Senatorial District, and after that he never seriously returned to law. For it was politics and not the law that was his first, last and only love.

When Franklin was offered the nomination, it was pretty

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generally conceded to be a forlorn hope in the strongly Republican 26th District which comprised the counties of Columbia, Dutchess and Putnam. Franklin would have preferred the nomination to the Assembly as there was some slight chance that a Democrat might be elected to the lower house. But Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler was in line for the Assembly and wisely refused to be lured astray by the offer of a chance at the Senate.

Some members of Franklin's family thought that the young man had better wait until a more propitious moment before making his first plunge in politics, but Franklin was anxious to make the attempt and so advised the county committee of his willingness to run. They were glad to have a Roosevelt on their ticket and asked the young man to come over to Poughkeepsie for a conference.

Franklin came, but he did not come at all as they expected he would. The opportunity for a bit of his natural-born showmanship was too great to be overlooked. So instead of appearing in the role of a successful young lawyer from New York Franklin chose to get himself up as a country squire, a gentleman farmer. He came bareheaded, dressed in riding-togs, with a crop in his hand.

The leaders liked the tall earnest young man. But they were, after all, practical politicians, and as he was about to go, State Committeeman Edward E. Perkins, then a congressman, called after him, "You'll have to take off those yellow shoes—and put on some regular pants." And Franklin knew that his showmanship had won; they would never forget him to their dying day. The next thing was to think of some way of approaching those Republican farmers so they would not forget him on Election Day.

His speech of acceptance had a familiar ring to it. "As you know," he orated at a dinner given for the nominees, "I accept the nomination with absolute independence. I am pledged to no man; I am influenced by no specific interest; and so I shall remain. If elected I will give my entire time to serving the people of this district."

So spoke the young lawyer who had just hung out his shingle in New York. But his law practice was over almost before it had begun. After his nomination for Senator the halls of justice knew him no more. The sheepskin on his lawbooks dried out with disuse and began to peel. And when, some years later as Governor he undertook to cross-examine Mayor James J. Walker on charges preferred by the Seabury investigation, the form his questions took showed how rusty he had become on legal procedure.

In that same speech of acceptance the young man added a rare Rooseveltian touch when he promised that in the coming month they were going to have a very "strenuous" campaign. So here was the young Franklin launching himself into politics in the very words of his distinguished cousin who had by that time served out nearly two full terms as President and had just returned from a hunting trip to Africa and a triumphal tour of Europe, and was at the moment trying to cram Henry L. Stimson down the gubernatorial throat of New York State.

It was as Franklin had intimated a strenuous campaign. And the gift for showmanship gave him a brilliant idea for bringing himself and his candidacy into conspicuous public view. It was the same idea in a little different form that he applied when in 1932 he hopped into a plane and flew to Chicago to announce his acceptance to the Democratic National Convention before it should have time to adjourn. Only this time a plane was impractical for the purpose, so he did an unheard of thing and conducted his entire campaign from an automobile.

With Richard E. Connell who was running for Congress—and had been running for some ten years without success—young Franklin got into his red Maxwell car and pretty completely covered the district. Indeed, one day the two wandered out of the district and across the state line, and urged the farmers of Connecticut to support them on Election Day. The Yankees accepted their cigars and prom-

ised their votes—and then the two campaigners came to a signboard which showed them where they were.

The Republicans in the district laughed loudly when they heard about the automobile campaign. Even the Democrats could not help being amused by it, for they thought it one of the surest ways to arouse the antagonism of the rural voters. Just why they should have thought this is a little hard to see.

The Ford car had been in quantity production for several years and thousands of the early models were in the hands of farmers by this time. The good roads program was getting under way. General Motors had already been formed and had taken over Buick, Oldsmobile, Oakland, and Cadillac. Buick was just bringing out its first six cylinder car. Barney Oldfield had driven a mile in 40.53 seconds. Motors had taken the place of the horse on the Fifth Avenue busses three years since. The Glidden Tours had served their purpose and after five years of pioneering in making cars more roadworthy were to be abandoned the following year. Metered taxis had long since driven the hansom-cabs and four-wheelers off the streets of New York. Gus Edwards' song, In My Merry Oldsmobile was already five years old. And Alice Roosevelt had been driving a car of her own for upwards of eight years.

As it turned out the farmers were not offended at all. They took a liking to the tall young man who came driving into their dooryards with his red Maxwell and urged them to support his platform of "Down With Boss Rule." The story of bribery and graft and corruption that he brought to them could not have aroused them to any great extent. And if it had, what could the tall earnest youth do about it single-handed?

But they did remember him and his red car on Election Day. He won by a plurality of 1,140 out of some 30,000 votes cast in the district. And Connell, who had ridden around with him in the Maxwell took Representative Ham-

ilton Fish into camp with a plurality of 517—though he died before his term had expired.

The entire state election was an upset. Dix, the Democratic nominee for Governor, defeated Stimson by a slender majority, and the Democrats carried all the other state offices and captured both houses of the legislature for the first time in eighteen years. Dix's plurality in the 26th Senatorial District was only 663, which leaves young Mr. Roosevelt running ahead of his ticket by 477 votes in his first race for electoral preferment. It was a good precedent to establish, and one that he has since followed in practically all his elections.

There is a legend that when "Big Tim" Sullivan, then boss of Tammany Hall, heard of the result in the 26th District, he shook his head dubiously and remarked that if young Roosevelt was going to run true to form, and do to the Democratic party what Teddy had done to the Republicans, it might be a good thing to take the new Senator down and "drop him off the dock."

And as things turned out for Tammany Hall—it might not have been such a bad idea.

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YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

THE parallel continues. And now it ventures on holy ground. Theodore and Franklin both married young. Both fell in love while in college. Both married the girl—the first girl. Though surprisingly enough it was Theodore who had the quiet inconspicuous wedding in a New England suburb, while the nuptials of Franklin occupied the center of the public stage amid the blaring of bands and the cheering of multitudes, with police lines holding back the overcurious.

Theodore first saw Alice Hathaway Lee on October 18, 1878. Even the date is a matter of record. Franklin had not yet been born. Theodore was at the beginning of his junior year. He met the fair Alice at the home of Richard Saltonstall, one of his classmates and a fellow-member of Porcellian. Within a month he was writing his sister Corinne that with Minot Weld he was planning to drive over to Saltonstall's "where we shall go out walking with Miss Rose Saltonstall and Miss Alice Lee, and drive home by moonlight after tea."

Not long afterward young Theodore was strolling with Alice in the Harvard Yard where he shattered all precedent by taking her into the Porcellian Club for lunch. So far as is known no woman had ever before passed within the sacred portals of Porcellian, and the chances are that the venturesome swain was soundly rebuked for his indiscretion. He never mentioned the incident in any of his letters or later writings. He must have known that such a thing was forbidden, though he probably did not realize the enormity of the offense. But he could no more have helped snatching this bit of limelight than he could have helped breathing.

Alice Lee had light brown hair which she wore in tiny curls drawn down over her rather high forehead. She was tall and as straight as an arrow. Her nose was up-tilted, and her mouth was small and "peculiarly charming." She was the daughter of George C. Lee of Chestnut Hill, a family that was related to the Cabots and the Higginsons.

Theodore went after Alice Lee as he went after everything else he wanted all through life. "See that girl?" he said to Mrs. Robert Bacon, then a girl of sixteen, at a function of the Hasty Pudding. He pointed across the room at Alice. "I am going to marry her. She won't have me, but I

am going to have her!" Thus goes the legend.

He pursued his impetuous courtship through the winter and spring. There must have been letters between them during the summer, though not one has ever been found. Perhaps a precious packet of them tied with a pink ribbon and long since forgotten is today reposing in an old trunk in the attic of some venerable New England homestead. And it is possible that Theodore, in the depths of the grief that all but overwhelmed him at the time of her untimely death, may have taken the letters and put a match to them. This is by no means beyond probability, for in his autobiography written in 1913 he makes no mention of her name. So far as the autobiography goes it is as if Alice Lee had never existed.

The courtship continued with the utmost ardor during Theodore's senior year. Rumors of the romance were wafted over the Yard and even inside the class rooms, and the Dickey show made pointed comments on his courtship as well as his elegance which was by this time in full bloom.

Even after Alice had promised to be his wife Theodore was madly jealous of her and he even went to the trouble of importing a pair of French dueling pistols—a bit of showmanship that went for naught as he never could manage to rake up enough of a grievance against any of his erstwhile rivals to warrant a challenge. The senior year slipped rapidly by. Bluebirds (Sialia sialis) came and built their nests, but he did not see them; nut hatches (Sitta carolinensis) hopped about in the budding shrubbery, but he did not note them in his bird book; vireos (Vireosylva olivacea) and thrushes (Hylocichia mustelina) warbled their sweetest songs of springtime, but he did not hear them. Bugs and mice and other small fauna came out of their holes or cocoons or nests, but he was quite unconscious of them. The young man's fancy had so exclusively turned to thoughts of love that Theodore did not know whether he was afoot or in the smart dog-cart which he was affecting at this time, dog-carts being quite the rage.

By fair means or foul he managed to slip through his examinations to so good an effect that his final standing was just within the first tenth of his class if he remembered rightly, although he was not quite sure whether this meant the tenth of the whole number that entered or of those that graduated. "I was given a Phi Beta Kappa 'Key," he adds modestly. "When I entered college...my ambition was to be a scientific man of the Audubon, or Wilson, or Baird, or Coues type... I fully intended to make science my life work. I did not, for the simple reason that at that time Harvard, and I suppose other colleges, utterly ignored the possibilities of a faunal naturalist... and observer of nature."

There is a great deal more along the same line in his autobiography. But the probability is that the budding young naturalist was dissuaded from science by the exigencies of his all absorbing love affair with Alice Lee. Indeed, he admits as much in a letter written to Harry Minot February 13, 1880 in which he says:

I have been in love with her for nearly two years now; and have made everything subordinate to winning her; so you can perhaps understand a change in my ideas as regards science, etc.

He was graduated June 30, 1880 though he seems to have taken no prominent part in the commencement exercises.

By this time the wedding date had been set for the latter part of October, and in August Theodore went for a hunting trip with his brother Elliott to Iowa and Minnesota. When Theodore returned he went straight to Chestnut Hill. The marriage took place at Brookline on Theodore's birthday, October 27, 1880.

The young couple—Theodore was just 22 and Alice not yet 20—did not set up housekeeping for themselves at once, but went to live with Theodore's mother at 6 West Fifty-seventh Street. Here the entire Roosevelt family lived together. The location was thought to be pretty far uptown at that time, which was before the coming of rapid transit when most of the city's passengers were still carried by horse car or bus.

As the summer approached after his first year with the study of law Theodore gave his career a rest and departed with his young wife for a somewhat extended tour of Europe. They returned in late September, but Theodore did not go back to his law. Almost immediately he was up to his ears in the campaign for Member of Assembly. When he went to Albany for the opening of the session at the beginning of 1882 Alice went with him.

The next summer they went to Oyster Bay. Whether Alice was in Albany for the second term is not clear, though it is probable that if she went there at all, it was only for some event of special importance. She was not there for the third term, however, for by that time she was well on the way to becoming a mother.

Before the opening of the campaign in the fall of 1883

Theodore ran off to the Bad Lands of Dakota for a bit of buffalo hunting, riding, and outdoor recreation, and had a wonderful time. So wonderful a time, indeed, that he invested \$14,000 in a cattle ranch at Chimney Butte, some seven or eight miles away from a hamlet called Little Missouri. He subsequently bought a larger ranch down the river which he called the Elkhorn. This ranch which was bought as an investment and with little idea that he would ever live on it, proved to be a port in the storm that was even then gathering though Theodore could not have known it.

Theodore had been easily elected for the third term, and by now he was something of a power in the legislature. He was still an independent, though elected on the Republican ticket, and was regarded as a pillar of the reform element in the State. He was independent, but he was still a conservative.

Theodore and Alice had by this time taken a house as their own on West Forty-fifth Street, but with the expectant father in Albany as her time drew near it was thought best for her to stay at the Roosevelt family home on West Fifty-seventh Street. So an apartment was fitted up for her lying-in on the third floor. Theodore used to hurry home for the week-end immediately after adjournment on Fridays. Corinne, Theodore's sister who though recently married was spending much of her time at her mother's house would hear Alice hurry to the door to welcome the young Assemblyman, and soon would come the call, "Corinne! Teddy's here. Come and share him."

The blessed event was expected about the middle of February but as the time approached Theodore's mother took to her bed with what appeared to be a mild indisposition, that turned out to be a severe attack of typhoid fever. Corinne had gone for a visit to Baltimore and was not at first called back. She and her husband were just about to take the train for home on February 12th when a telegram arrived announcing the birth of a baby girl and saying that the mother had come through well.

When they reached the house in the early evening her brother Elliott met them at the door. "There is a curse on this house!" he said. "Mother is dying, and Alice is dying, too."

An hour later Theodore came stamping in. He had heard only the good news at Albany and had rushed home the first moment that he could get away. He was hushed at the door by the terrible news and found his wife scarcely able to recognize him. All that night he sat beside the bed with his arms around her. In the early hours of the morning his mother died, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, February 14, 1884 Alice breathed her last. The baby girl who survived was named Alice for her mother.

Two days later on February 16, a double funeral was held at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street. Two hearses moved slowly side by side from the home on Fifty-seventh Street, and drew up before the church. The two caskets were carried inside. After the burial service had been read the two caskets were carried out again and rolled into the hearses still standing side by side. The two hearse doors were slammed. There was a great clacking of horses' iron-shod hoofs on the pavements. And the double line moved off until the clacking of hoofs had died in the distance. Side by side they were buried at Greenwood Cemetery.

Four days later Theodore Roosevelt was back at his post in Albany. The records show that he was moving a reform bill to passage. He stayed with his job until the end of the session. Then he departed for the Republican National Convention in Chicago. He had been chosen a delegate-at-large at the Utica convention in April. The gathering at Utica had been somewhat acrimonious. The one at Chicago was even more so. Theodore had made a vigorous opposition to the nomination of James G. Blaine. But the opposition had failed. Blaine was nominated. And Theodore retired to the seclusion of his ranch in the Bad Lands to lick his wounds.

"He hiked away to the wilderness," says Assemblyman Hunt, "to get away from the world...a broken hearted man."

There was a sentimental side to Theodore. He extracted a grim satisfaction out of regarding himself as a broken hearted man. And a year after the loss of his wife and mother he could still evoke the grief to compose for each a written memorial. Compositions of that peculiar Victorian kind were more prevalent then than now, though today maudlin outbursts of sentimental grief, largely exhibitionism, are to be found in the obituary columns of the metropolitan papers where they are printed at so much a line.

The Roosevelt memorial was privately printed in a limited edition and presented to relatives and close friends.

As to Alice Lee it reads:

She was born at Chestnut Hill, Massachusets, on July 29, 1861; I first saw her on October 18, 1878, and loved her as soon as I saw her sweet, fair young face; we were betrothed on January 25, 1880, and married on October 27th, of the same year; we spent three years of happiness such as rarely comes to man or woman; on February 12, 1884, her baby girl was born; she kissed it, and seemed perfectly well; some hours afterward she, not knowing that she was in the slightest danger, but thinking only that she was falling into a sleep, became insensible, and died at two o'clock on Thursday afternoon, February 14, 1884, at 6 West Fifty-seventh Street, in New York; she was buried two days afterward in Greenwood Cemetery.

She was beautiful in face and form, and lovelier still in spirit; as a flower she grew, and as a fair young flower she died. Her life had been always in the sunshine; there had never come to her a single great sorrow; and none ever knew her who did not love and revere her for her bright, sunny temper and her saintly unselfishness. Fair, pure, and joyous as a maiden; loving, tender, and happy as a young wife; when she had just become a mother.

when her life seemed to be just begun, and when the years seemed so bright before her—then, by a strange and terrible fate, death came to her.

And when my heart's dearest died, the light went out of my life forever.

Not quite forever. For as it turned out, within two years after he had penned this very moving memorial to Alice Lee, Theodore Roosevelt was married again. The second wife was Edith Carow who had been his friend and playmate since his earliest recollection. That there was a "child-hood affair behind all this," as suggested by Pringle, seems almost indubitable. Theodore seems to have had Edith on his mind long before he ever laid eyes on Alice Lee. When as a little boy he was being dragged around Europe by his family he noted in his diary that he missed his playmate, Edith Carow. The entry was made one evening after his mother had shown him a picture of Edith, and he wrote down in his little book, "Her face stirred up in me homesickness and longing for the past which will come never again, alack never."

It is quite likely that Edith adored Teedie from the beginning, but Teedie, though he liked Edith a great deal and enjoyed her as a friend never thought of her "in that way." She was more like a sister to him. It is not an unusual

situation.

After the Chicago convention Theodore Roosevelt hung around in his Bad Lands retreat until July before he could get cooled down enough to come out for Blaine. He declined renomination for a fourth term in the Assembly and two separate offers of a nomination for Congress. He campaigned for Blaine, but as soon as election was over he returned to the Bad Lands for a few weeks and then came East and took up his pen with great earnestness writing short pieces for the magazines on hunting and politics.

But he was restless and at loose ends, and in April, 1885, he returned to his ranch and threw himself into the

task of becoming a gentleman cowhand. He remained in the West until October before coming East again, but he spent a good part of the following winter in the Bad Lands where he had been elevated to the post of deputy sheriff of Billings County, an appointment which he valued more for the honor than the monetary compensation.

During the winter of 1886-7 most of his stock on the ranch were frozen to death. It was a terrific winter, but he was not there to face the disaster. He was on a second honeymoon abroad; for on December 2, 1886 at St. George's Church in Hanover Square he had been married to Edith Carow. He had run for Mayor of New York against Henry George and A. S. Hewitt and had been soundly beaten in the fall of 1886.

Just when he had done his courting is not very clear. While at the ranch during 1886 he wrote letters to his sister Anna on bear-hunting, branding steers, cattle-raising, catching thieves, books he is reading, campaign expenses and election reform, but the only mention of Edith Carow is in a brief postscript in which he says, "I enclose a card to send with the flowers to Edith when she starts off."

There were doubtless other letters, for Anna seems to have been in on the secret, and when, after election, he started for London, she went with him. The best man was Cecil Spring Rice. He and Theodore, though they had met only a short time before, formed a warm friendship which lasted through many years. "Characteristically," Roosevelt is quoted as saying, "he had me married in bright orange gloves, which I accepted with a calm wholly unwarranted."

Theodore gave his age as 28, and his profession as a ranchman. His father's rank or profession he put down as "gentleman." Edith gave her age as 25. The ceremony was performed by Charles E. Camidge, Canon of York, according to the yellowed marriage certificate in Roosevelt House.

In January, 1887 Theodore was writing his sister from Florence. He is very happy in his newly married life, but is worried over his inability to reduce his personal tax in

New York without perjury. He is also worried over the bad reports from the ranch. And his belief in himself as a statesman has suffered a severe setback. "I have not the slightest belief in my having any political future," he writes, showing what a bad prophet even a shrewd politician may be. He is also worried about some photographs he had left to be developed and asks whether his "goat heads" had arrived from the West.

In February he writes her on a variety of subjects from Milan. He is still worried over reports from the ranch, but is having a good time. March 12, 1887 there is a letter from Wroxton Abbey. The bride and groom are having great fun with some foxhunting friends and are meeting the "very nicest" people they could possibly meet. But they sailed for home March 19.

It had been a delightful interlude for young Mr. Roosevelt. He had met Bryce, the historian, later to become a viscount, and he had formed a friendship with Sir George Trevelyan with whom he carried on a correspondence concerning historical subjects for many years. There were a host of others, some members of the nobility and some high in the political councils of the Empire. He was taken to the Athenæum Club, the Reform Club, the Bohemian Club, and the famous Savage Club. He greatly enjoyed meeting these important figures of English politics and society—but the disaster on the ranch was not growing any less and in time he had to return to face the music.

Throughout all the rest of Theodore Roosevelt's life he was to feel the steadying hand of Edith Carow. Always he was to have the benefit of her cool head and her sane judgment. She put up with his impulsiveness and she made it easier for others to put up with it. She straightened out the social tangles into which he was forever getting himself involved. She saw to his personal belongings and his playthings just as she saw to the personal belongings and playthings of the innumerable children she bore him. If she ever complained nobody knew about it. She was an ideal wife

for him in every way. Whether Theodore Roosevelt appreciated what a jewel he had found in Edith Carow only Edith Carow knows. But in any event he did not mention Alice Lee in the autobiography, though he did set down among the memoirs of his exceedingly strenuous life that the "greatest privilege and greatest duty for any man is to be happily married."

That Alice Lee was beautiful and amiable all accounts agree. That she was gentle, almost self-effacing is likewise quite evident. Whether she ever asserted herself nobody seems to know. Whether she had enough positiveness of character, enough poise, enough social presence to go along with Theodore through Executive Mansion and White House—there seems no way of knowing. At this distance the faint memory of this frail and flowerlike creature reminds one of Dora in *David Copperfield*. Whether she ever held Theodore's pens for him—who can say?

Franklin Roosevelt's first meeting with his future wife occurred when he was four years old. Elliott Roosevelt, who, it will be remembered, had been godfather at Franklin's christening, came to Hyde Park for a visit and brought with him his little daughter, Anna Eleanor, then only eighteen months old. Franklin seems to have been a husky lad for his age since his mother recalls seeing him trundling little Eleanor about the nursery on his back. She is perhaps confusing the date of the visit with some subsequent occasion, for it is something of a strain to imagine four years trundling one and a half years around "piggy back." The date, however, is unimportant. It is a delightful memory in any event and should be treasured as such. Franklin declares that he remembers the occasion clearly, but he smiles when he says it.

It would appear, however, that, auspicious as the friendship between these two distant cousins was at its inception, it had little to nurture it during the ensuing years although much of the time little Anna Eleanor lived at Tivoli, a small town on the river only thirty miles away. Her parents both died while she was small and she spent much of her girlhood with two elderly aunts.

Eleanor does not deny the "piggy back" story. She merely says she does not remember. Her first recollection of Franklin dates back to a party for all the little Roosevelt cousins given by Mrs. Douglas Robinson in New York. Eleanor was thirteen at the time. She was, she says, "extremely miserable" because her aunts thought that "gawky, long-legged girls" were smartly dressed in skirts well above their knees. But apparently Franklin thought so, too, for he singled her out for a "great deal of attention" and she was very grateful to him and thought him "very handsome and quite nice." Franklin may have had a fellow feeling for his little cousin, for he also was gawky and long-legged. He was in Groton at the time and was sixteen years old.

After this there was another hiatus while Eleanor went off to Europe to put the finishing touches to her education and Franklin went to Harvard. But after she had returned and had been formally presented to society the two seem to have begun to see each other with some regularity. There are those who remember that Franklin had Eleanor at Harvard for so many proms and football games that she was regarded as his "regular girl."

Franklin's mother was not one of these. Indeed, Franklin's devotion to Eleanor came to her with so much of a shock in Franklin's senior year that immediately after his graduation she enticed him off on a cruise of the West Indies, taking Franklin's roommate, Lathrop Brown, along as a blind.

There is still a touch of surprise, perhaps a little hurt, possibly a suspicion of bitterness in her mention of the discovery in My Boy Franklin. "Franklin, unknown to any of us," she says, "had become engaged to his distant cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, a delightful child of nineteen whom I had known and loved since babyhood.... I suppose one should not have thought it unusual that Franklin, with-

out so much as an intimation to any one, had fallen in love. It probably surprised us because he had never been in any sense a ladies' man. I don't believe I remember ever hearing him talk about girls or even a girl except on that memorable occasion when he had taken a young lady driving in a dog-cart on Long Island and found to his consternation that she had fainted."

If the Caribbean cruise was taken to make Franklin forget, it must be considered as a failure. But if the purpose was to give him an interval in which to make up his mind, it was a complete success. Franklin returned with his mind all made up.

In the fall Franklin entered Columbia Law School and lived in New York. He divided his time about equally between his law and his courtship. Formal announcement of the engagement was made in December. The wedding was set for some time in the spring though the exact date was to remain a little uncertain until Eleanor's Uncle Theodore had consulted his engagement book. The reason for this was that since Eleanor had neither father nor mother living it was quite natural that she should want to be given away by Uncle Theodore who was her father's only brother and her godfather. Uncle Theodore, being President of the United States, was a busy man, and the date for the wedding had to depend on his other engagements.

In a letter to his son Kermit dated at the White House March 20, 1905 Theodore Roosevelt wrote:

I paid a scuttling visit to New York on Friday to give away Eleanor at her marriage, and to make two speeches —one to the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and one to the Sons of the American Revolution.

That is all he has to say about it. The remainder of the letter is taken up by telling of the birds he had been observing in the garden of the White House. He speaks of song-sparrows and wrens, mentions having seen purple

finches and tufted titmice, and mentions the fact that he and Mother had been waked up one morning by the loud singing of a cardinal in the magnolia tree just outside the window, but had nothing more to add about the nuptials that now seem among the most important social events of the season of 1905. Scuttling visit, indeed!

St. Patrick's Day was bright and clear, if a little chilly. The wedding was to take place at the home of Eleanor's cousin, Mrs. Henry Parish, Jr., who with her mother, Mrs. E. Livingston Ludlow, occupied joint houses at Numbers 6 and 8 East Seventy-sixth Street. The hour was set for three-thirty in the afternoon, and soon after three o'clock carriages began wheeling up to the Seventy-sixth Street houses. Fifth Avenue had been barred off because of the St. Patrick's Day parade, so the carriages came into the block from the Madison Avenue end, deposited their passengers, and went out the same way.

Though this was only thirty years ago there probably was not a single automobile in the stream of vehicles that drew up before the door. There were automobiles around at this time though they were not particularly reliable. And Seventy-sixth Street was pretty far up town to risk getting there for an important social event in a vehicle that was likely to expire with a cough at any moment. So it was the clatter of hoofs on the pavement instead of the clashing of gears and roaring of motors that heralded the coming of the appointed hour—that musical and exciting clatter of hoofs with the passing of which something of the color and romance was lost from the American scene.

But the New York of the wedding day was quite a different New York. Madison Square Garden was still on Madison Square facing Gorham's and the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The principal shopping center was on West Twenty-third Street and spilled over into Sixth Avenue. The Pennsylvania Railroad was still ferrying its passengers across the river. And the damp gray walls of the reservoir gave the

corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street the bleak

aspect of a medieval dungeon.

Lathrop Brown, Franklin's roommate at Groton and Harvard, was to act as best man. There were six ushers: Charles B. Bradley, Nicholas Biddle, Thomas P. Beales of Boston, Lyman Delano, Warren Delano Robbins, and Ogden Winston. As maid of honor Eleanor had chosen the most talked of girl in America at the moment, her cousin Alice, daughter of the President, who was at the time shocking one-half of America as much as she was delighting the other half with her antics in a Washington that was much more conservative than the national capital of today.

The other bridesmaids were: Corinne Douglas Robinson, Ellen Delano, Muriel Delano Robbins, Helene Cutting, and Isabella Selmes. All wore long trains and carried pink

roses.

The wedding party was drawn up in readiness to start when Theodore Roosevelt arrived. Loud cheers sounded from the multitude in the street outside as he drew up before the door in an open landeau. The President, according to a contemporary account in the New York World, "half arose from his seat and waved his silk hat." And the seventy-five policemen assigned to the block had difficulty in keeping the immense crowd in order.

Inside the house which was crowded to the point of suffocation the President was shown to his place in the line. He beamed with a brilliant display of his dental ivory as the tall slim bride took his arm, and said to her genially, "Well, Eleanor, I'm glad that you are keeping the Roose-

velt name in the family."

Any number of listeners noted and remembered this bon mot of the President, but nobody seems to have heard Eleanor's reply, if, indeed, she did reply, which in the light of subsequent events seems more than likely. Thus by careless reporting is history cheated of some of its most delectable flavor.

The distant strains of the wedding march sounded

through the house and the line began to move. In another part of the house Franklin with his best man waited nervously for the cue to enter. Half a hundred times he felt in his vest pocket for the ring—and each time he found it. Lathrop Brown, a bit nervous on his own account, tugged at the buttons of his gloves and repeatedly patted his tie into place as he urged Franklin to buck up. Dr. Peabody, head of the school at Groton, who was to perform the ceremony, seeing the dither into which the two youths were working themselves as they awaited the arrival of the distinguished guest, undertook to calm them by talking of the old days at Groton. And so successful was he that all three failed to hear the musical cue. And thus it was that the old master who had twice presented to Franklin the Punctuality Prize at Groton was himself guilty of so great a tardiness that he had to be summoned in great haste lest the bride and her distinguished sponsor be kept waiting at the altar.

Beside the slender Eleanor the President looked rotund indeed. He was still the fastidious dresser, but the slimness of undergraduate days, and the early days in the Assembly were gone forever. It is to be taken for granted that the President performed the solemn function that was expected of him; that the vows were given and the responses made according to the ritual prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. Whether they actually were or not no person present at the ceremony could say. Scarcely a word of what was said by the high contracting parties before the altar was audible even to the participants; for just as Dr. Peabody began his reading of the marriage office a band of the Ancient Order of Hibernians burst forth with a selection on the Avenue, only two doors away, where the parade had

been temporarily halted.

So Franklin and Eleanor instead of being married to the softly muted strains of *Oh Promise Me* took their hymeneal vows to the somewhat hilarious blaring of *The Wearing of the Green*. But this was not all; for after the band had moved on the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick kept up a con-

tinuous clamor of their genial cheering and shouting until the President, unable to retain his dignity any longer, let out a chuckle and said loud enough to be heard above the din in the street, "This seems to be a double event."

Somehow the nuptial knot was tied, and the guests came crowding around. As Franklin and Eleanor turned to receive the congratulations that they had every reason to believe were coming to them, they saw Vanderbilts and Pells, Hoyts and Chapins, Chanlers and Schiefflins, and Delanos and Roosevelts without number—but they all clustered about Uncle Theodore and shook his hand and tried to say things to him, and hear what he was saying in reply.

According to the President's mother, Franklin and Eleanor "often to this day" laugh over the predicament in which they then found themselves. But they probably did no laughing at the time. It must be a very serious matter—at the moment—to be of secondary importance at one's own wedding.

Franklin was back in his classes at law school the next week. He was too serious about his career to interrupt it even for a honeymoon, just yet at least, so the wedding trip was postponed until summer when the newlyweds took a leisurely trip abroad.

The groom's gift to the bride was a gold chatelaine watch with a heart-shaped pin and a fleur-de-lis—such as is to be found in the bureau drawers of thousands of American homes all over the land along with a collection of discarded cuff-links and watch-fobs and hatpins. But Franklin's gift is not to be found in any bureau drawer. Mrs. Roosevelt is still wearing it, though the kind of time it keeps after thirty-one years of service must be problematical.

"A square deal for every man," Theodore Roosevelt had said at his inauguration a fortnight before the wedding. "A square deal!" The phrase has a familiar ring as we say it aloud today. It is so easily changed into "A new deal!"

Franklin Roosevelt was no more brilliant at Columbia than at Harvard. He attended his classes regularly. He paid attention at lectures, but he never made a nuisance of himself by interrupting classes or asking useless questions. That was not his way. He read the cases assigned, studied his subjects, answered the questions asked him in class if he could, and if he couldn't he put up the best bluff he was able to make on the spur of the moment. He did not stand out as a man who was likely to have an especially brilliant career at the bar. Some of the members of his class did not even know who he was.

Whatever the state of his ego may have been at this time, it was not bent on attracting attention to himself at any cost. He was as serious and earnest about his work as any young married man should have been. He was anxious to get through school work and pass the bar so that he could take his place in the ranks of the practicing lawyers and begin to make his way in the world.

Franklin was still in law school when the babies began to come. The first, a girl, was named Anna Eleanor after her mother. Franklin took the arrival of the little one as a matter of course and went right on with his classes. He passed the bar in June, 1907, and was admitted to practice along with several hundred other successful candidates.

The presiding judge rattled off the oath of office. Each applicant then went into the clerk's office and paid a fee for his certificate of admission, two dollars if the certificate was printed on paper, or ten dollars if on vellum, which the clerk called "sheepskin." Franklin took the "sheepskin."

At the time of his admission to the bar Franklin and Eleanor with their baby were living in a small house on East Thirty-sixth Street. And it was not long before another baby came, a boy born December 23, 1907, and called James after his grandfather. Hyde Park was such a good place for the children that they went there on every possible occasion. Practically the entire summer was spent there, and more and more Franklin became identified with the place. But they were spending much more time in Washington, too. Theodore was still in the White House, and Eleanor's Aunt

Anna, Mrs. Cowles, was living nearby at 1733 N Street, in the house in which "T.R." had lived while waiting for Mrs. McKinley to vacate the White House after the death of her husband.

They also saw the Theodore Roosevelts frequently in New York and at Oyster Bay. Since his marriage to Eleanor Franklin had come much closer to his distinguished cousin. Theodore was one of the closest relatives Eleanor had, and he was in the bargain very fond of her, and after her mar-

riage Franklin was treated like one of the family.

Franklin had, as we have seen, put up with a great deal of good-natured twigging, both in school and college, about belonging to the "Royal Family." There was even more of this after he began to invite Eleanor up to Cambridge for the proms and other festivities. And now Franklin and Eleanor were married, and the two branches of the "Royal Family" merged into one.

THE FAMILY IN THE ASSEMBLY

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT was by no means the first of the family to occupy a seat in the Assembly Chamber. Old James I, born back in the days of Washington, had already received that honor, a century or so before the young Theodore became one of the governing class. And some thirty years were to pass after Theodore's Assembly career before another Roosevelt responded to the roll call, and he answered to the name of Robinson. This was Theodore Douglas, son of Theodore's sister Corinne, who came down from the Mohawk Valley. Then with a break of only seven years Theodore's son, Teddy, Jr., was carrying forward the family tradition from a seat in the vaulted Assembly Chamber.

How distinguished a career James may have had in the lower house does not appear. Any luster he may have shed on the family name is now dimmed by the dust of a century and a half. The more recent careers of Assemblyman Robinson, and Assemblyman Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., are hidden beneath no such beneficent blanket of forgetfulness. The most that can be said for these aspiring young statesmen is that they were punctual in their attendance. Each of them voted yea or nay with great solemnity on the bills introduced by colleagues, and each, as we shall see, introduced a few bills on his own account. It is not too much to say that the legislative career of neither of these young Assemblymen was in any way outstanding or distinguished.

It was on the contrary overwhelmingly average.

Theodore Douglas Robinson represented Herkimer County in the Assembly for a single term. He was elected as a Republican in 1911 and took office in January, 1912. During the session he introduced a total of nine bills, mostly local in character. Only one, a bill fixing the compensation of police officers in Little Falls, became a law. Three of his bills, seeking to improve the highways in his district, eventually reached the desk of the Governor where they

were promptly vetoed. The rest died in committee.

The incumbency of Teddy, Jr., who represented Nassau County during the session of 1920, was even less impressive. Teddy, Jr., introduced only six bills, all of which died in committee or perished by the legislative wayside, except one, an act to enable the village of Oyster Bay to convey a parcel of land of no great value. This marked the end of Teddy, Jr.'s, legislative career, though Cousin Douglas came back for a term in the Senate in 1916, and was later reelected for two succeeding terms while Al Smith was Governor. The tenure of office of Theodore, Sr., in the lower house is important, not because of what he did for the body politic or for his constituents, but because of what he did for himself. For it was here that Theodore Roosevelt the politician was evolved.

It was not by accident that Theodore Roosevelt became one of the "governing class." He was not cut out for the law. Had he gone on with his legal studies he might have made a fiery prosecutor, but never would he have graced the ermine or lent distinction to the bench. He lacked the logical mind, the judicial temperament. He was neither reflective nor studious. Brain power he had, and plenty of it, but it was too explosive, too biased, too partisan for a career at the law.

Looking back, when he came to write his memoirs in

1913 he felt that law as it was taught in the classroom was against justice since it did not "discourage sharp practice as it should." But it must be remembered that this was after he had found the law-making bodies of both state and nation somewhat cold to his ideas of what should be graven on the tablets of the law. Next to being a showman he was a reformer. And to a reformer the slow-grinding mills of the law are never adequate.

It may easily have been that Theodore Roosevelt intended his legal studies to be merely the springboard from which to take off for a career in politics. For he enrolled himself as a member of the Republican club of his district at almost the precise time when he was enrolling at the Columbia Law School. His inquiries at this time showed a much deeper interest in getting along in politics than in building up a legal practice. The prevailing opinion at that time as at this was that the law was as good a steppingstone as any. And there is a certain significance to be attached to the fact that he was much more popular in law school than he had been in college. To be a politician he must be a good mixer, and in Columbia he was. He attracted a good deal of attention to himself by asking questions in class, though he showed little actual zeal for the teachings of Coke, Chitty, and Story.

His family did not take to the idea of Theodore's associating with the kind of people who practiced politics. His

cousin, Emlen Roosevelt, recalls:

"We thought he was, to put it frankly, pretty fresh. We felt that his own father would not have liked it, and would

have been fearful of the outcome."

But Theodore had set his heart on becoming one of the governing class. His hat was in the ring. And when he saw a chance to get himself elected to the Assembly—he threw the law overboard and hurled himself into the hustings.

Some of his early campaign literature has been pre-

served. One letter in particular is of interest.

90 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA NEW YORK, November 1st, 1881.

DEAR SIR,

Having been nominated as a candidate for member of Assembly for this district, I would esteem it a compliment if you would honor me with your vote and personal influence on Election Day.

Very respectfully,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Not a very elegant bit of writing, but quite effective. For he was elected by a plurality of 1501, a shade better than Franklin's 1140 on his initial appearance before the electorate twenty-nine years later.

A letter written by Theodore Roosevelt to his mother while in the Assembly throws an amusing sidelight on the young politician.

ALBANY, Feb. 20th, 1883.

DARLING MOTHERLING,

My speech went off very well; I did not forget a word, nor was I at all embarrassed. But I doubt if it really pays to learn a speech by heart; for I felt just like a schoolboy reciting his piece. Besides I do not speak enough from the chest, so my voice is not as powerful as it ought to be.

Good-by my own dearest little Mother.

Ever Your Fond Son,

THEE.

How delightfully youthful and callow. It sounds almost like Willie Baxter in Booth Tarkington's Seventeen though Theodore was twenty-five at the time. But there is sound observation here. The young Demosthenes feels the hampering effect of the prepared speech neatly folded in his inside pocket. It is difficult for any one who ever sat before the bellowing, gesticulating Teddy of twenty-five years later to think of him as a "schoolboy reciting his piece" before the Assembly in February of 1883. However, he never did

"speak enough from the chest." Nor was his voice in a lifetime of oratory ever as "powerful as it ought to be." The occasion of which Theodore is writing occurred in his second term in the Assembly. Indeed, the second term is half over at the time, and young Mr. Roosevelt is still learning his speeches by heart and reciting them like a schoolboy!

Theodore thought he was not as effective during his second term as during the first. No doubt this was true, but the reason for it is not entirely what Theodore ascribed it to. He afterward said it was because he had lost his sense of proportion and was far less valuable during 1883. There can scarcely be any doubt that with a year's experience his actual ability in 1883 was greater than when he entered the Assembly in 1882. The truth was that he had no such material to work with in his second term as had fallen into his hands in the first term.

Until March of that first year his presence at Albany was hardly felt. If any distinction at all had come to him it was because of his eccentricities. Visitors at the Assembly Chamber hoped that they would see him perform, because the newspapers had poked fun at him.

But suddenly, on the afternoon of March 29, 1882, the name of Theodore Roosevelt suddenly appeared in the headlines. Instead of paying obeisance to the golden calf the young Assemblyman had blasphemed and denied it. He had charged a State Supreme Court judge and an attorney general with graft and corruption and had dragged in the names of Jay Gould, Cyrus W. Field and Russell Sage.

His target was a stock-jobbing scandal for the control of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company. The Elevated was still important in 1882. Roosevelt had read of the scandal in the papers and started an investigation of his own. Henry Lowenthal, then city editor of the Times, gave him such evidence as the paper had collected, and placed in his hands certain letters that the paper had not dared, or at least had not cared, to print. In one of these Judge Westbrook had promised Gould that he would go to

92 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA the "very edge of judicial discretion" to help him put

through the deal.

With this ammunition Theodore enlisted the aid of Isaac L. Hunt and William T. O'Neill, two up-state insurgents, and some of the independents, and a resolution was drafted calling for a legislative inquiry. It was the presentation of this resolution by Assemblyman Roosevelt before an open session of the lower house that blazoned his name across the front pages of the newspapers of the nation.

As Assemblyman Hunt recalled it some years later it was "like the bursting of a bombshell." For a moment the regulars were stunned. But only for a moment. Then several of them were on their feet at once clamoring to have the

resolution tabled without consideration.

But the subject was dynamite and had to be handled with care. And though plans were made by the organization members of both parties to block the investigation, public clamor backed by widespread editorial approbation was too much for them, and on April 12 the resolution was adopted.

It was a foregone conclusion that the Judiciary Committee would administer a merciful coat of whitewash to all concerned. And so it came out. The majority report gave the Gould interests a clean bill of health, which knocked the plans of the young reformer into a cocked hat, and by the same token established his reputation.

No longer was he the social registerite, the dude, the comical fellow from New York, to be pointed out by capitol guides to groups of visitors being shown about the building. He was in a way something of a hero. The New York Evening Post did not hesitate to say that he had accomplished more good than any man of his age and experience had accomplished in years. And there was a dinner in his honor soon after the termination of the session at which Theodore promulgated with great earnestness certain well-worn clichés about "private morality in public life" that were to stand him in good stead in the years to come.

In the fall Theodore had no difficulty about getting the

nomination and was easily reëlected. He found a different situation in Albany when he arrived there for the second time. Cleveland had been swept into the Governor's Mansion in preference to a much more scholarly man, Charles J. Folger, who had formerly seen distinguished service on the Court of Appeals. But a wave of reaction against the Republican party had set in, and this added to internecine strife in the party had started the former sheriff of Erie County on a career that was to lead him to the White House. Then, too, the Tammany delegation had begun to work in greater harmony with the regular Democrats, which placed all the independents in a less advantageous position.

However, when it came to selecting a speaker Theodore Roosevelt was the Republican choice. Of course there was no chance of election against the predominant opposition, still the mere nomination hauled a chestnut out of the fire for Theodore, since it automatically made him minority leader—a signal honor for a man so young with only a

single term in the lower house to his credit.

It was apparent from the beginning of Cleveland's term as Governor that he would be unable to work in harmony with Tammany. This was something of a break for Theodore and he was not long in taking advantage of it. Cartoons of the day would seem to indicate that he stood shoulder to shoulder with the Governor and whipped the independents into line whenever the Governor needed some additional support. This was not, strictly speaking, the case, though Theodore was with the Governor on some of his important measures. He had voted against the Governor on a bill to reduce the Elevated fare in New York City from ten cents to five. But when Cleveland vetoed the measure Theodore reversed himself and declared that on a reconsideration he would support the Governor. He admitted that he had been somewhat influenced by public clamor for the bill and had voted for it because he felt vindictive toward the "infernal thieves and conscienceless swindlers" who controlled the Elevated.

Here speaks the Roosevelt who was later to hurl himself against the ranks of the "malefactors of great wealth." This is one of the earliest exhibitions of the great vituperative power latent in the young Assemblyman from New York.

The second term came to an end without any startling developments, but before the opening of his third term an event of major importance occurred. Cleveland had broken with Tammany and with the resulting demoralization in the Democratic ranks the Republicans had gained control of both houses of the legislature.

To young Mr. Roosevelt this sounded very much like the fabled knocking of opportunity on his door. And without waiting for the legislature to convene he began an active campaign for the speakership. He went into the up-state districts and followed the rural members into their cornfields and potato lots asking them to give him their support. Some of them did, but not enough, for at the Republican caucus on New Year's Eve one of the Old Guard was selected as presiding officer. Not one person in a hundred thousand can remember today the name of the nobody who was to administer to Theodore Roosevelt his first major defeat.

His name was Titus Sheard, and he came from Her-kimer County.

"This will not," remarked the New York Sun, "be a happy New Year to the exquisite Mr. Roosevelt," adding that "time is a kind physician."

In his third and last year in the Assembly Theodore tried to put across another such coup as had brought him into prominence during his first term. He started a legislative investigation of the city government of New York and was himself made chairman of the investigating committee. At the hearings which followed he learned a great deal about the vice conditions in New York and the febrile methods employed by the politically controlled police to combat them. But he was unable to produce any flaming public scandal,

and the investigation came to naught, except that it gave him an insight into the workings of the police department which he was able to turn to account a decade later when he became Police Commissioner.

When, during this third term, he investigated conditions in the New York sweatshops as a member of the City Affairs Committee, he was revolted to see cigars being manufactured amid squalor and disease. He voiced an indignant demand that cigar-making under such working conditions should forthwith be stopped. His concern, however, was not for the sweatshop workers. He was not particularly interested in the conditions under which they lived and worked. He looked at the problem "in terms of public health." In other words, it was the cigar smokers that he was worried about.

Another curious angle of the young Assemblyman's attitude toward labor came to light when a bill to prevent street-car employees from working more than twelve hours a day was up for discussion. The bill, he said, was "purely socialistic." He opposed it on principle. The law of supply and demand, he said, could no more be repealed than could the law of gravitation. It was "un-American" for conductors and motormen to demand such protection.

The State Convention in Utica in April of 1884 was Theodore's initiation into statewide politics. He had, it is true, made a bid on two occasions for speakership of the Assembly, but both times he had failed, and the second time he had received a rather rude jolt from the machine Republicans. It was, however, a rebuff of the sort that Theodore was well able to absorb, and when the convention opened in Utica he was there. With him was a fighting bodyguard of independents with whom he had worked in the Assembly. The Old Guard were all set to support Blaine for President at the coming convention in Chicago. Theodore did not favor Blaine, and made no secret of the fact that he had a strong preference for Senator George F.

Edmunds of Vermont. The regulars tried to keep him off the delegation, but in spite of their dogged opposition he was elected as a delegate-at-large to the national convention. When the result of the vote was announced he stalked over to the seat of U. S. Senator Warner Miller, shook his fist under the irate senator's nose, and shouted:

"There! We beat you for what you did last year!"

He referred to the occasion when the Miller forces defeated him for speaker. But he spoke too soon. For in spite of all that Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge and a number of other ardent anti-Blaine men could do at Chicago, James G. Blaine was nominated on the fourth ballot.

Roosevelt was probably the noisiest delegate at the convention. He left no stone unturned, no delegate unsolicited. He made, says Pringle, a "flaming cause" of the Vermonter's candidacy. But the Old Guard was too strong for him. It had the steam-roller well oiled and it flattened out Senator Edmunds' chances in short order. In fact it passed out the word the night before that Blaine was to be nominated—and he was.

Before the tellers finished tabulating the votes Roose-velt clamped his straw hat down on his head and was striding out of the convention hall "savagely indignant." And he did not stop going until he had reached the privacy of his ranch in the Bad Lands. To a reporter who climbed aboard his train at St. Paul he is reputed to have said that he would support the candidate. "I have been called a reformer," he is quoted as saying, "but I am a Republican."

To New York papers which telegraphed for a confirmation of this report he denied that he had said anything for publication, thereby starting a lifelong habit of denying the reports of interviews if they happened to conflict with his own subsequent feelings.

The Blaine nomination was the cause of many bitter and far-reaching reverberations. It so outraged the New York *Times*, which up to that time had been a staunch Republican paper, that it left the party and never returned.

The New York Herald also bolted the party, though it subsequently returned to the fold. The Boston Transcript, the Springfield Republican, the Chicago News and the Rochester Post-Express also refused to support the candidacy of Blaine.

The Democrats promptly nominated Cleveland. And still nothing came from the Chimney Butte ranch in the Bad Lands save a discreet and dignified silence. It was not until the 19th of July that Theodore Roosevelt formally announced that he would support the Republican ticket. He forgot that he had previously declared that Blaine's record was "decidedly mottled," and was by this time confident that Cleveland, with whom he had worked so effectively shoulder to shoulder in the Assembly, was corrupt. "I can oppose him with a clear conscience," he told Lodge.

In his autobiography Roosevelt says merely that he supported Blaine "because his nomination was won in fair and aboveboard fashion, because the rank and file of the party stood behind him." But he found that many of his staunchest friends were on the other side of the fence.

On his way to the ranch Theodore wrote his sister Anna a letter mailed at St. Paul on June 8th, 1884. He was well aware even then—he had left Chicago the night before—that something of great importance to his political career had happened, and asked his sister to have her husband get him the files of the *Times*, the *Sun* and the *Post* for the

"week ending June 7th."

"The fight has been fought and lost, and moreover our defeat is an overwhelming rout." He is beginning to doubt that "the voice of the people is the voice of God" and suggests that in forty-nine cases out of a hundred it is quite likely to be "the voice of the devil, or what is still worse, the voice of a fool." He also refers to a "short speech" he made which was "listened to very attentively and was very well received..." and adds that it was the first time he ever had the chance of speaking to "ten thousand people assembled together." Unfortunately his sister omitted a

large part of this letter from her book which might have shed additional light on Theodore's real state of mind at the time. In his next letter dated June 17th he is largely concerned with affairs at the ranch though he does state that the interview sent out from St. Paul was "made up out of whole cloth." He also says that as "politics look now" he may stay away over Election Day.

But he changed his mind about that. He also changed his mind about the St. Paul interview and in a letter dated August 12th admits that it was "pretty correct." He adds, "I gave the *Post* a dressing down, which they did not quote." It was in this letter that he first makes the dire prediction, "I think it will be a good many years before I get back into politics."

He came East in October and made a few speeches for Blaine. He was not particularly interested in the issues and confined his remarks largely to criticizing some of the work of Cleveland as Governor of New York. He also took occasion to remark that Cleveland was no man for the Presidency, not only on account of his public career, but for "private reasons as well," thus taking a hand in the questionable business of mudslinging at an old friend. The private reasons he referred to were the reports that some ten years before Cleveland had been involved with a married woman. There had been a child which was kept a deep dark secret until after Cleveland had been nominated, and then a whispering campaign got under way. When Cleveland learned that the secret had leaked out he insisted that the truth should be told. And though his revelations shocked and grieved a large number of Cleveland supporters, it was meat and drink to the pious among his opponents.

But in spite of Mr. Cleveland's unfortunate private life and all the rumors that were being bandied about, the feathers of the "Plumed Knight" were dragging in the dust the day after election and Cleveland was swept into the presidency. Henry Cabot Lodge also went down to defeat as a congressman from Massachusetts. And Roose-

velt went back to the Chimney Butte Ranch to hunt grizzly bear, and elk and antelope and to get things plugged up or battened down for a hard winter in the Bad Lands.

The election left Theodore out of a job and feeling pretty blue. His choice for the nomination had been little more than a joke. And the regular candidate to whom he had eventually thrown his support had gone down to defeat. He had disappointed many of his friends among the independents by remaining regular, and he had offended the regulars by his conduct in stamping out of the convention in a fit of raging temper. But as it turned out the Edmunds fiasco was not entirely lost motion so far as Theodore's political career was concerned. The superb showmanship of the young man had not gone for naught. Even in his ignominious defeat he had attracted an immense amount of attention to himself. And he could have found no surer way to the front pages of the press than by his denial of the St. Paul interview, even though such action might have cost a young reporter his job.

Then, too, he had made the acquaintance of many of the figures of importance in national politics. It so happened that a number of years were to pass before he was to throw down his hat in the national arena. But it is safe to say that nobody who saw young Mr. Roosevelt in action at that Chicago convention would ever be able to forget him

entirely.

And the winter passed, and Theodore stuck to his Bad Lands. He worked industriously at his writing, he hunted, he attended the stockmen's convention, he rode line. It was not until the fall of 1885 that he came back East for more than a brief visit—and then he came to hurl himself with vigor into another lost cause.

He could have had the Assembly nomination for the asking. But he did not care for it. His career in the Assembly was over. His next political venture was to be something quite different. He was to enter the race for Mayor of New York.

COWPUNCHER AND POLICEMAN

* * * * * * * * * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S campaign for Mayor of New York in 1886 took on some of the aspects of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Writing of it in his memoirs some twenty-seven years later he dismisses the subject in twenty-three words. It was trivial, but hardly that trivial. For it was one of the first campaigns in which Labor, as such, had taken a hand, and it was Theodore Roosevelt's first electoral defeat. It was a three-cornered fight with Abram S. Hewitt in the Democratic corner, Theodore Roosevelt for the Republicans, and Henry George running as an independent.

For fifteen years Henry George had been preaching his doctrine of the single-tax. There should be, he said, only one tax—a tax on the land. The poor, who did not own any of the land, thought this a very excellent idea, and though they knew or cared very little about the scholarly doctrines of the great social philosopher, they were ready to line up behind him if by his taxation scheme he could, as he was promising, bring about a redistribution of wealth in such a way that everybody—except the rich, of course—would profit by it.

He was regarded by many as a dangerous theorist and there was consternation in the camps of both major parties when in October, 1886, his candidacy was announced. The Republicans might well have indorsed Hewitt, had they felt any deep-seated fear of George's election. But they thought that the George candidacy would draw most of its strength from the Democratic ranks, and in any event they could see the reformer as no more than a poor third. So they offered the place to Roosevelt.

The offer came at a time when Theodore was thirsting for a job. He had stayed too long in the Bad Lands, and the cattle venture was becoming a little stale. So far he had poured in the money with a liberal hand but had received only very meager returns. The convention was a cut and dried affair. Senator Depew placed the name of Roosevelt before the assemblage and he was nominated by acclamation.

Theodore threw himself into the campaign with great vigor but it was a lost cause. Croker handled the Hewitt campaign with great skill, and when the votes were counted the returns showed that Hewitt had received some 90,000 to 68,000 for Henry George and only 60,000 for Theodore Roosevelt. There were many who believed that the great theorizer had actually won but was counted out. This is possible. And since George had only a shell of an organization behind him with few if any watchers at the polls, and the unprincipled Croker with his matchless organization of vote-stealers against him, his chance of getting a fair count was almost nil.

The vote for Roosevelt ran far behind the normal Republican vote in the city, and while Theodore rightly ascribed his defeat to the "timid good," the voters were really no more afraid of Henry George than they were of Theodore Roosevelt.

It was a bitter pill to swallow. But Theodore took his drubbing with good grace, and, still out of a job, sailed for England to make his second appearance before the altar.

Franklin Roosevelt has no recollection of this diverting campaign. He was only four years old at the time. And while his cousin Theodore was rushing feverishly about the Island

of Manhattan denouncing the scholarly Mr. George as "an utterly cheap reformer" little Franklin was toddling about in the nursery at Hyde Park trundling his little cousin Eleanor "piggy-back"—if we are to believe the early legends.

It was the following spring that the weekly *Puck* published a whimsical political obituary of Theodore that turned out to be one of the poorest prophecies in the long career of the late lamented magazine. "We fear the Party (meaning the G.O.P.) cannot do much for you," it said. "You are not the timber of which Presidents are made."

Whether Theodore ever happened to see this prophecy does not appear. He was honeymooning in Europe at the time. But it was probably the first occasion on which his name ever appeared in print as a possibility for the presidency.

However, only fourteen years later the pulse of the stock market was fluttering at the news that Theodore Roosevelt had just been sworn in as President by Judge Hazel at Buffalo.

There being no political office for him to strive for he devoted most of his time to his literary pursuits. He had tried to keep up with his writing during his stay in Europe though his letters continually complained that his output was small. Who but Theodore Roosevelt would have expected any considerable output of biography and history while on his honeymoon? For a year after his return he kept steadily at his writing, spending much of his time at his new house, Sagamore Hill at Oyster Bay, where he had his dogs and his horses.

Towards the end of the year the rift between President Cleveland and the leaders of the Democratic party brought renewed hope to the sadly disorganized Republicans and convinced them that if they could unite on a suitable candidate they had a good chance to win in 1888.

Theodore did not attend the national convention, which

was held at Cleveland, and which resulted in the nomination of Harrison and Morton, though he was much gratified at the withdrawal of the name of Blaine. He promptly came out for Harrison and Morton and when fall arrived he took to the stump and gave his old friend Cleveland an unmerciful flaying.

Harrison and Morton won after a rather colorless campaign, but it was Harrison's victory, not Roosevelt's. In spite of his gift for showmanship Theodore could not seem to dramatize the situation in such a way as to attract any great amount of attention to himself. The issues did not lend themselves readily to dramatic handling. The fight was mostly on the tariff, and even the showmanship of Theodore Roosevelt was unable to thrill an audience over the schedule on druggets or the tonnage of copra brought to this country in foreign bottoms during the last statistical period.

Blaine became Secretary of State.

This must have been disheartening to Theodore, as he had set his heart upon a place as Assistant Secretary in the State Department, Blaine had not forgotten the little affair at the Chicago convention and he rebuffed all feelers that were put out towards getting Roosevelt a berth in his department. Harrison, however, who was really indebted to Theodore for his help in the campaign, grudgingly yielded to the pressure of Cabot Lodge and Thomas B. Reed and offered the young New Yorker a berth on the Civil Service Commission, Harrison probably did not dream that Roosevelt would accept so humble a post, one that controlled no patronage, conferred no particular honor, and paid only \$3,500 a year. And Lodge must have been apologetic when he brought the news and explained that it was the best he could do. Theodore's eager acceptance undoubtedly electrified them both.

For years the United States Civil Service Commission had been a quiet dropping-off place in a secluded building on side street in Washington. At the time of Theodore

Roosevelt's appointment the office was one in which Caspar Milquetoast might well have been a dominant figure. Charles Lyman, the previous incumbent, had engaged a competent secretary to unlock the door in the morning, tend it during the day, and lock it at night. Personally he did not put in enough time there to interrupt his regular occupation as an elder of the Presbyterian church. He called regularly for his pay, of course, and occasionally dropped in to fill his fountain-pen or sign a few letters. But in the main the life of Mr. Halloran, the secretary, was serene and undisturbed. Then one day in May, 1889, things began to happen.

A hubbub arose in the outer-office. There was a slamming of doors, the sound of excited voices, the tramping of feet. Then suddenly the door was thrown open and Roosevelt came bursting in.

"I am the new Commissioner. Have you a telephone? Call up the Ebbitt House for me. I have an engagement

with Archbishop Ireland—"

Gone was the serenity of the offices on E Street. Gone was the peace, the quietness with which Mr. Halloran had associated his job. Gone was the seclusion, the obscurity, the odor of sanctity that had always hung over the place. The Civil Service Commission had been put on the map.

Theodore Roosevelt may not have been able to dramatize the tariff discussion in the campaign to the point where he could keep an audience awake, but within six weeks of the time when he first took office as a Civil Service Commissioner—he had the merit system in the middle of the stage. From that time on, during his six years as Commissioner, the Civil Service was never again serene, peaceful or obscure. Usually it was as full of action as a three-ring circus, and often it bore all the earmarks of a heavyweight champion-ship prize-fight.

Before the coming of Roosevelt the merit system was something that was discussed and hoped for by a handful of intellectuals, very much as dreamers have discussed and hoped for Utopia; something theoretically sound, but prac-

tically unattainable. To Roosevelt it was no rosy dream; it was a perfectly logical objective—if he could knock down a few ignorant or unprincipled obstructionists who stood in his way. One of the first of these was John Wanamaker, Postmaster General in the new cabinet.

Until he happened to meet with the opposition of Theodore Roosevelt John Wanamaker had always enjoyed a very good reputation. He was a merchant prince who had built up a gigantic establishment founded on a principle closely akin to the so-called Golden Rule. He was a patron of the Sunday School and a very generous supporter of the Republican party. Mr. Wanamaker had gone about as far as he could in the business world. He had amassed more of a fortune than he could ever use and had reached the top in the councils of the godly, so thirsting for still further acclaim, had dipped into politics. There are those who believe, and not without reason, that when Mr. Wanamaker became Postmaster General he accepted the office because he regarded a cabinet post as a logical stepping-stone to the presidency.

This might easily have been the case, had it not been that the Philadelphia Goliath found himself confronted by the young David from Oyster Bay over the highly debatable question as to just how far the spoils of an election do belong—or should belong—to the victor.

This young man who had once aspired to be the light-weight champion of Harvard found his opponent with his guard down; and with a few well-aimed blows he made mincement of the Philadelphian's political aspirations.

Mr. Wanamaker did not take his Golden Rule with him when he went to Washington to enter the cabinet. On the contrary he left it tacked up over his rather dingy desk in the Philadelphia store. And he so far forgot its existence that by the end of his second month in office he had removed nearly 1000 Democratic postmasters "for the good of the service." By November the number had risen to 30,000 and the Civil Service Chronicle, a little house organ inspired by

Mr. Roosevelt, was raking Mr. Wanamaker fore and aft. It accused him of having one set of principles for Sunday School and another for politics. "One day in the week," says the *Chronicle*, "he exhorts a large Sunday School to acts of Christian Charity—and on the next he affords an object lesson on an enormous scale of sly intolerance, cruelty, and meanness that would be shocking to a barbarian."

The gray hairs on the back of Mr. Wanamaker's neck must have bristled at this. But Roosevelt was not yet through. In fact, he was just getting into his stride. John Wanamaker was not the only one the strenuous young commissioner was fighting. Roosevelt, who had long since learned the secret of creating news, was ready to go to the mat with all comers, and no dog that ever passed his way was safe from a nip or two.

But in spite of all the fuss made by Roosevelt the Postmaster General stood his ground. The facts unearthed by the Civil Service Commission, however, made fine ammunition for the Democrats in the next election. They were not necessarily decisive so far as Harrison was concerned, although he failed of reëlection, but they were decisive in the case of John Wanamaker, who went back into private life and stayed there.

Roosevelt's life in Washington during his work on the Civil Service Commission was undoubtedly pleasant, in spite of his small salary and straitened circumstances. He made many worthwhile friends who were afterward to help him on his way. But he was as yet unimportant. So unimportant that during Harrison's entire tenure of office Theodore was never once invited to the White House. His friendship with Lodge continued, and he became an intimate friend of William Howard Taft. Somehow he won his way into the affections of the scintillating Thomas B. Reed. But he did not confine his friendships entirely to job-holders. He still considered himself a literary man, and Rudyard Kipling and Richard Harding Davis were often guests at the small house where he lived near Connecticut Avenue. The Civil

Service job, however, took so much time that Theodore was unable to continue his writing; and though he sadly missed the \$700 or \$800 a year, he neatly avoided a financial dilemma (so he wrote his sister Anna) by turning all his money over to his wife and drawing what he needed from her.

He did eventually resume work on The Winning of the West. "Edith sews," he wrote his sister Anna, "while I make ineffective bolts at my third volume."

And Edith must have had plenty of sewing to do. Little Junior had been born before Roosevelt's appointment to the Civil Service job. Kermit was born soon after. Two years later Ethel put in an appearance. Mrs. Roosevelt returned to Oyster Bay while waiting for Ethel's arrival and left Theodore to keep bachelor's hall. He and Spring Rice moved into the vacant Lodge apartment to keep each other company and apparently spent a very jolly summer. They had Millie, the colored cook, to keep house for them and regaled their guests with California claret for which they paid twenty-five cents a bottle. "None of the guests have died yet," Theodore wrote his sister Anna. (He never could make his subject and predicate agree very well!) But Spring Rice, he said, was inclined to be "querrelous." (He was showing even then some ground for sponsoring a thoraly fonetic speling.)

Harrison was a peculiarly colorless President. The "little gray man" had done nothing to win the esteem or admiration of the people who had elected him. And after four years there was a tremendous swing to the colorful Mr. Cleveland. Both Hill and Croker detested him, but they knew the voice of the people when they heard it. They did what they could to stem the tide—but Cleveland obtained the nomination without any very serious difficulty, and was swept into office by one of those gigantic reversals of American public opinion.

Although Cleveland had been a friend and an ally in the days in the Legislature, Theodore had handled him pretty

roughly in the various campaigns in which he had taken the stump against the Democrats, and had no reason to expect that Cleveland would do anything other than to ignore him when he eventually came around to the matter of appointments. But Cleveland who was really interested in improving the Civil Service, promptly reappointed him. Roosevelt still had plenty of opponents to butt out of his path. By the end of June 1893 he was writing to Anna that he had "complicated matters this week by a lively tussle with the entire Cabinet—from that cool, able, rather timid old copper-head Carlisle to boisterous, strong, shifty Hoke Smith, with his twinkling little green eyes."

This was rather strong language to apply to the Secretary of the Treasury; but Theodore never had been one to mince words, especially when he met with opposition. He realized, however, that the Democratic Administration held little promise for him. "Unfortunately what I am doing leads 'no forrader,' "he wrote to Anna in August, "and I do not see any element of permanence or chance of permanent work for me in the kind of life where I really think I could do most." He added that he intended to turn speedily back to his writing, "though I fear that only a very mild and moderate success awaits me."

Again in January he wrote that he continued "to get on beautifully" with the President, "who is," he added, "really very cordial with me; but I think he has made a fearful mess of the Hawaiian affair." A letter late in February tells of some of their social peregrinations, and after a panegyric on Tom Reed, adds: "I had the usual difficulties in my civil service work this week; our great enemy is that suave, able, timid and quite-lacking-in-principle—"

And there the suave, able, and timid Mrs. Cowles leaves out the name and quite needlessly deprives posterity of a thumbnail sketch to which it is really entitled. Indeed, her needless editing of Theodore's letters has done her brother just such an injustice as was done to George Washington by the editorial indiscretions of the misguided Jared Sparks

back in 1834 when he was preparing his Writings of George Washington for the printer; for many of the documents to which he had access were subsequently lost or destroyed and the only record left is the bowdlerized edition containing what Sparks thought George Washington should have said, and didn't.

In May Theodore writes that he is personally in such a tangle of animosity with Carlisle and Hoke Smith, that he may have to go at any moment. But six months later he felt his position secure enough to warrant the refusal of an offer from Mayor Strong to come to New York and take charge of the Street Cleaning Commission. "I cannot go," he writes his sister, "when another year would put the capstone on my work."

Theodore could hardly have imagined at this time that a school boy bearing his name would in years to come undo much of his work for the Merit System, nor could he have dreamed of the glee with which a certain Mr. Farley would tumble that capstone to earth in the name of politics.

But Mayor Strong was anxious to have the young man on his staff, and when he offered Theodore the position of Police Commissioner some three months afterwards young Mr. Roosevelt felt constrained to accept.

A week later he saw the President and resigned. "We feel very melancholy at leaving here," he wrote, "but I feel very sure I am right in going back to my own city to stay among my own people; and I shall not be disappointed whatever the outcome, for I fully realize the dangers and disagreeable features of the work and the life."

Early in May he moved his family to New York and took up his residence at 689 Madison Avenue. Police head-quarters was then on Mulberry Street. The police board consisted of four members, though it was openly understood that the Mayor expected Roosevelt to be chosen as the president. He was chosen at the first meeting and after that the other members felt free to oppose and obstruct him in every way they could. He had been appointed for a

five-year term, but by the time two years had expired he

was looking for another job.

Naturally the spotlight had been focused on him from the first, and the other three members of the board were human enough to be plagued with envy and jealousy. He slighted them in every possible way, and took unto himself all the credit for any improvement in the department. He was as always fearless and incorruptible and his little trick of roaming the city incognito under cover of darkness had the police uneasy and jumpy from the first. His teeth and his glasses received so much comment in the press that the uniformed patrolman was supposed to shudder whenever he saw a set of false teeth in a dentist's showcase.

The publicity did wonders for Roosevelt. It made his name and his face familiar to every household which was to prove invaluable when he again ran for an elective office.

He had not been long in the police department, however, before he saw that the hostility of the board and the inadequacy of the law were together more than he could cope with. The obstructive tactics of his fellow commissioners was something that he would, no doubt, have battered down if it had been all that stood between him and success. He would probably have derived keen enjoyment from bludgeoning them into a state of submission. But the law was another matter. That tied his hands in a way that could not be met by any amount of aggressive polemics. And when once he had convinced himself of the inadequacy of the law—he knew that his efforts were hopeless.

By this time McKinley had succeeded the harried Cleveland in the White House and Theodore was angling for a position in the Navy department. "I don't think there is much chance of my being made Assistant Secretary," he wrote. "It is possible, but very improbable."

As it turned out, it was not so improbable as he thought. Platt, who had for months been blocking his appointment, finally tired of having Theodore around and concluded that he would be less troublesome in Washington than in New York.

In great glee Roosevelt moved back to Washington. The confirmation passed the Senate April 8, 1897 and the same night Theodore arrived at Washington.

Franklin Roosevelt was at this time rounding out his first year at Groton. During the spring of 1897 he was trying for the baseball team—and not making it. He was doing a little rowing though he did not yet look like timber for the crew. He was playing a little tennis with other first year men and showing little indication of ever reaching championship form. Nor was he any more prominent in his studies; he was just squeezing by. He had not yet broken the school record for the high kick. That was to come the next year.

IN THE STATE SENATE

* * * * * * * * * *

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was one of the most articulate men of his generation. He had ideas about the governing class, and he was not at all hesitant about expressing them. His letters to his sons were full of solemn advice about becoming good citizens, and contained frequent allusions to the duty of the "better element" to take a hand in government. His talk undoubtedly had an immense influence in determining the future career of Franklin. But just why Franklin should have elected to make his initial plunge into politics in his home county, which was solidly Republican, instead of easing himself into the hustings in New York City, which was solidly Democratic, is a question on which commentators have done a deal of speculating.

If he entered Democratic politics through Tammany Hall he would always have the brand of Cain upon him. If, however, he should be launched in his home district he would have behind him the immense prestige of the Roosevelt family. He would stand for the finest in American tradition and background. But would he be elected? The issue, if there was an issue, was predetermined by his past. The answer was built into the young man. It could not have been different.

As a boy Franklin Roosevelt was not the type who

makes things. He was not an originator. Rather he was the type who does things. Give him an idea and turn him loose on it and he was hard to beat. But instead of making himself a pair of stilts he was collecting stamps. Instead of building bobsleds with the idea of scooting past the other boys on the hill he was tramping the woods shooting birds for a collection that he had been encouraged to make by his elders. He has never very greatly depended upon his own powers of intellect. His mind is not creative; rather it is executive. He is not so much concerned with doing the right thing ultimately as he is with getting something done immediately. He is all for action, not cerebration. Let the other fellow do the thinking.

The thinker, the man who depends for guidance on the convolutions of his own brain, is the hardest man in the world to predict. His decision may be limited by his cranial capacity, but it is not likely to be greatly influenced by either heredity or background.

On the other hand, the man of action is seldom unpredictable. He strikes out on no original byways of his own. He is interested only in results. And the way to results is through movement. The man of action runs true to form. What that form is, depends on what the man's past has been.

Franklin Roosevelt's past may be briefly though accurately sketched in three strokes: Hyde Park, Groton, and Harvard. Of the three Hyde Park is by far the most important. It represents family, wealth, establishment, the feeling that comes from belonging to old American stock that has been for generations among the landed gentry. To put it briefly, Hyde Park stands for the finest American tradition. Groton and Harvard have more to do with the embellishment, the finish that has been put upon it. They are like the polish on a fine piano. They look well, but do not improve the tone.

Theodore Roosevelt had substantially the same background, but he was influenced by it hardly at all because he was a thinker, a creator, a man of cerebration. He was not guided by the habits of his mind or the influence of his early environment. His mind had no habits. It was daring, original, creative. It flew this way and that with bewildering rapidity. Theodore's decisions must often have been as much of a surprise to himself as to his bedazzled friends or his befuddled enemies. He was a man of startling vigor and action, but the action came out of his brain-cells, not his background.

"I have not seen much of Mr. Roosevelt since he became President," Woodrow Wilson said of him in 1907, "but I am told that he no sooner thinks than he talks, which is a miracle not wholly in accord with the educational theory of forming an opinion."

Wilson could not have said this of Franklin after he was offered the nomination for the Senate in his home county. For Franklin's mother says that he "cogitated" for twenty-four hours before giving his answer. The family were inclined to be a little discouraging as they thought he was letting himself in for a beating. But even then he was headstrong. Before they knew it he had the bit in his teeth.

Not since the days of old Isaac I had there been a Roosevelt in the Senate. By and large the Roosevelts had been too busy with their own affairs for a century and a quarter to bother with the Senate. Then came Franklin. And though Franklin entered the Senate in high feather and with the greatest enthusiasm for public betterment, he was so thoroughly bored with it all at the end of his third year that he resigned and went into the Navy Department. Only four years elapsed before another member of the Dynasty was seated in the upper house. This time it was Theodore Douglas Robinson.

Young Mr. Robinson had been out of public life since his lone term in the Assembly, and he returned to the legislative halls with an apparent determination to show his constituents what he could do when he really extended himself. During his first session, that of 1917, he introduced 41 bills. Of this number seven were passed and became law. One was vetoed. The other 33 died in committee.

Of the 29 bills introduced by Franklin during his first year as Senator only five became law, but six additional bills that were passed by both houses were vetoed by the Governor. In Franklin's second session he introduced 28 bills, and in his third session 23. The number of bills introduced by Senator Robinson during the six sessions of his incumbency were respectively, 41, 28, 27, 25, 34, and 29. Of the 29 introduced in his final year only three became

law. And of the three two were of local interest only. Senator Robinson possessed a gift for offering oddities in the way of legislation. One of his early proposals was the licensing of cats. Another had to do with the training of hunting-dogs, and still another would have made it a penal offense to use another person's laundry-mark. He proposed an appropriation of \$600,000 for a movable sidewalk between the Senate and Assembly chambers. At another time he presented a flock of bills for raising the salaries of state and county officers. The Governor was included, as well as the Lieutenant Governor and the members of the Senate and Assembly. The county judge of Herkimer County was also to share in the largesse, and even the court stenographer. All these bills failed at passage when presented, though he eventually succeeded in raising the pay of the county judge and his stenographer.

The oddest of Franklin's proposals was for an appropriation of \$225,000 for the extinguishment of some alleged mining rights of the heirs of one Phillip Philipse, situate in Putnam County. The bill was shoved through but fell under the Governor's veto during Franklin's first session. But the following year it was again passed and became a law, thus establishing little Putnam County as the Eldorado

of the East.

When Theodore Roosevelt went into the New York Legislature he went as a commuter. He took the early train up on Monday morning, and came back immediately after

adjournment on Friday afternoon. Albany was no more than a place of business to him. But when Franklin became Senator he took a house in Albany and made it his home. By a curious coincidence it was the occupancy of that house which proved to be the turning point in his life. Without it he would have been unable to block the election of Blue-eyed Billy Sheehan to the United States Senate. And had he not succeeded in stopping Sheehan and in bearding the Tammany Tiger in its legislative lair, he might easily have been just another Senator for a term or two before retiring to the green acres of Crum Elbow and chopping wood, or raising bulbs, or adding an occasional specimen to the collection of Dutchess County stuffed birds.

Franklin had won the election on a little platform of his own. "Down with the bosses!" he had cried to the farmers of his district. "Down with bossism! Down with Lou Payne!" Lou was a member of the Republican State Committee and local boss of the District. He must have laughed when he heard the voice of young Franklin crying in the wilderness of Dutchess and Columbia Counties, and even in the mountain fastnesses of little Putnam.

Lou had heard the cry before. He had no doubt raised it himself in his younger days when he was trying to get a political foothold. And he must have been amused by the automobile campaign that the young squire from Crum Elbow was staging in the District. Everybody was laughing about it. Colorful and all that, but young Roosevelt could not have thought of a better method of annoying the farmers. Lou was one of those who entertained the fallacy of the time that the automobile was destined to be a city plaything instead of a farm necessity.

Franklin could have told him otherwise. He understood that the motor car was destined to be a machine of practical utility. He had bought one of the first Fords and had given it hard usage commuting to the city from Seabright during the second summer he and Eleanor were married. And Eleanor in emulation of her cousin Alice had learned



Franklin Roosevelt at 18. 1900



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
at 18, 1876



N. Y. Herald Tribune

Wide World Photos

SEVERAL POSES OF ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

to drive and had knocked down a gatepost and taken off a corner of the porch. By 1910 Franklin had moved on from the old Ford to the red Maxwell, but being somewhat of a farmer himself he knew the farmer's attitude towards the motor vehicle.

The campaign of 1910 was full of surprises and upsets. The schism in the Republican ranks instead of healing at the approach of Election Day grew more bitter. The Old Guard were quietly sharpening their knives. They had been unable to keep "T.R." from nominating Stimson over their strenuous opposition. But they did not mean to see Stimson seated in the Governor's chair so long as they had their health and a few faithful followers. As the campaign drew to a close it was clear to all observers that the Democratic nominee, Dix, was going to be the next Governor. It was pretty generally conceded, however, that the Republicans would probably save the rest of the state ticket and might easily maintain their hold on both houses of the legislature.

Then suddenly, just before Election Day, a great volume of campaign funds from New York began to flood the upstate Districts where Democratic candidates for the legislature were supposed to have a ghost of a show. The Twenty-sixth Senatorial District did not figure in this distribution of the sinews of war. This was not because of young Mr. Roosevelt's industrious campaign against bossism but because it seemed so useless to the leaders to throw away their money on a District as preponderantly Republican. So it was a surprise to them as well as to the rest of the State to find Mr. Roosevelt so decisively placed in the winning column the day after the election.

The great flood of Democratic money, it afterward came to light, emanated from sources very close to one William F. Sheehan.

Blue-eyed Billy Sheehan had, quite a few years before, come from Buffalo. He was a machine politician of the deepest dye. He had none of the progressive tendencies of Grover Cleveland and had won his spurs fighting Cleveland,

in Buffalo and afterwards in Albany. As Cleveland had faded from the Democratic picture Sheehan had emerged, first as the leader of the Buffalo Democracy, and later as Democratic leader in the legislature. He had been elected Lieutenant-governor, running on the ticket with Roswell P. Flower. He had been on the Democratic National Committee for five years, and for two years had served as State Chairman. At the termination of his service as Lieutenant-governor he had gone to New York where he made a meteoric fortune in the practice of law.

And at the time when young Mr. Roosevelt was taking his seat in the Senate Blue-eyed Billy was in partnership with the late Judge Alton B. Parker, who had resigned from the Court of Appeals in 1904 to run for President, and who, incidentally, had taken a terrific drubbing from Franklin's distinguished uncle-in-law. The legal firm had prospered mightily. It received innumerable fat retainers from rich and none too ethical corporations allied to utilities and traction interests, and Sheehan held a number of fat directorates and was closely allied to what Theodore Roosevelt had described as "malefactors of great wealth."

If money had been all that he wanted Blue-eyed Billy could have lived out his allotted span with the checking-account of a Midas. But mere money was not enough. Sheehan craved the toga of a United States Senator. This was partly but not wholly a personal vanity; the traction group with which he was affiliated needed a man of his stamp in the upper house and had carefully groomed him for the place. He may have had ambitions beyond this, but if so, he said nothing about them when the leaders of New York Democracy came together in Albany during the last expiring days of the year 1910 to distribute the spoils of one of the most overwhelming victories the Democrats had enjoyed in years.

At this time United States Senators were elected by the members of the Legislature instead of by the direct vote of the people. And with the Democrats in full control of both houses of the Legislature it was a foregone conclusion that the next Senator from New York would be a Democrat. The first important business to come before the Legislature would be the election of a Senator to succeed Senator Depew whose term would expire on the 4th of March.

Soon after Election Day the name of Edward M. Shepard, a distinguished Brooklyn lawyer of the highest character, was put forward by important Democrats in various parts of the State. But Charles F. Murphy, then the head of Tammany, did not want a distinguished lawyer of high character as United States Senator. He wanted Blue-eyed Billy Sheehan. However, with customary Murphy indirectness he did not say so at the time. He did admit his opposition to Shepard, but further than this he would say nothing more than, "The Legislature will decide."

Murphy, of course, had no idea when he said this that the Legislature actually would decide. He fully believed that the matter had already been decided by himself and certain other gentlemen of wealth and political acumen.

The new Governor, Dix, remained neutral or nearly neutral, but he had taken into his cabinet a number of upstate Democrats who were known to be somewhat independent of Tammany Hall.

It soon became quite obvious that Murphy realized he was going to have a fight on his hands, for he was playing his cards with the greatest care, even though he had a few aces up the sleeve of the cloak of respectability that he was conspicuously wearing over his everyday political working-clothes. He realized that if Dix should come out against him the chances of putting through the Sheehan election would be slim indeed; he began to play ball with Dix and at his request sidetracked the fire-eating Thomas F. Grady who had been Democratic leader of the Senate for a decade, and shoved into leadership a reticent youngster of thirty-three named Robert F. Wagner. For the majority leader of the Assembly he chose a young Assemblyman from Manhattan who was then serving his seventh term; an am-

bitious fish-peddler who had come up from the streets of the East Side, and though a man of charm and ability he knew "his master's voice." His name was Alfred E. Smith.

Murphy gave hardly a thought to a new Senator who was occupying a seat that had so long been held by the Republicans that the chair itself was quite generally regarded as the private property of the Republican party. Then by mere chance his eye came to rest on the clean-cut young man sitting in the chair, a tall youth with wide shoulders and a long head, who was paying very close attention to all that was going on.

"Who's that sitting over in Twenty-six?" he asked. "The chap with the glasses pinched on his nose and the corner of a handkerchief peeping out of his breast-pocket."

"The new Senator from Dutchess County."

"What's his name?"

"Roosevelt."

"Roosevelt, eh-? Any relative of Teddy?"

"Cousin or something," he was told.

And this was when "Big Tim" Sullivan made his classic remark about dropping him off the dock. "If we only had," Murphy is said to have remarked long afterward when reminded of the occasion.

The contest for United States Senator quickly simmered down to a race between Shepard and Sheehan. Franklin Roosevelt had come out for Shepard early in December, and when, a few days before the caucus at which the party candidate was to be chosen, Murphy sent out the word that Sheehan was to be the choice, Franklin did not change his mind.

At this time predicting the result of the caucus was like predicting that two and two would make four. To elect Sheehan only 101 votes were needed, a majority of the two houses, and as the Democrats had a combined total of 114 votes the general consensus of opinion was that while there would be some favorite-son fireworks allowed in the caucus Blue-eyed Billy's lead would be so overwhelming that it

would completely smother the caucus, and that when Murphy cracked the whip, there would be a motion to make it unanimous. This would undoubtedly have been the case if the entire 114 Democrats had been present at the caucus, or even 101 of them. For Sheehan's voting strength would have constituted an undeniable majority in the caucus, and by the party rules all those in attendance would be bound to support the candidate named by the caucus.

The situation must have been very much to the liking of the young Senator from Dutchess County. He had been elected to the Senate on an anti-bossism platform—and here on a silver platter was an opportunity to make good on his pre-election promises.

It is very probable, however, that when Senator Roosevelt first came out against Sheehan he had no idea that he would be able to interfere materially with the steam-roller that was all set to smooth out the way for Sheehan's triumphal entry into the historic halls of the United States Senate. At first Roosevelt was simply in favor of Shepard. The next step was to come out with the statement that he would never vote for Sheehan. A ringing declaration to that effect with a few well-aimed jibes at the bosses would have satisfied his obligation to his constituents and might possibly have sent him back to Albany for a second term. But the young Senator was after bigger game. His sense of showmanship, which even at this time was superb, told him that there were dramatic possibilities here. Properly handled he might for a time capture the center of the stage and if a man gets the center of the stage there is always the remote possibility that he may "stop the show."

Franklin had learned from the experience of Cousin Theodore that there was nothing to be gained by running with the pack. To stand out a man must breast the current, he must strike out for himself. Now if, instead of merely refusing to support Sheehan, he could organize those who were for all the other candidates into a compact anti-Sheehan force—there was no telling what might happen.

So Roosevelt went to work. One by one he rounded up the Shepard men and urged them to join his "block Sheehan" program. Some of them agreed. Some were afraid. Others would not say. Then he began to work on the supporters of Alton B. Parker, Herrick, Gerard, Littleton and every other candidate who promised a vote or two.

Word of the revolt was brought to Murphy who only smiled. The green young Senator from the 26th would know better than to stick his fingers into the machinery another time. Murphy had oiled the wheels carefully and no shadow of doubt came to him that when the proper time arrived they would revolve with the customary precision.

The caucus was called for nine o'clock in the evening; but as the hour approached it was observed that quite a number of the legislators were not in their seats. A post-ponement was taken for an hour while messengers sent out by the angry Sheehan forces combed the town for the delinquents, and the usually imperturbable Murphy ground his teeth and cursed with rage.

Meanwhile the Republican caucus met and voted solidly for Depew, though there was little likelihood that the minority candidate's name would be of very great importance in the final vote on the floor of the legislature.

The perspiring messengers returned in most cases empty-handed and at ten o'clock the Democratic caucus was called to order. The names were promptly placed in nomination and a vote taken of which Sheehan received 62, Shepard 22, and D. Cady Herrick 7. Under the party rules all who attended the caucus were now bound to support Sheehan. But a count of noses disclosed that only 91 were present. This was 10 less than a majority of the two houses of the legislature, the number required to insure Sheehan's election.

The spotlight of public opinion now swung quickly around on its pivot and came to rest on a little group of insurgents gathered in a room at the Hotel Hampton. There were eighteen of them in all. They had secretly pledged themselves to stand together until Sheehan's name had been

withdrawn. Some were for Shepard, some were not. Their program was brief: block Sheehan. Senator Roosevelt had won the first round.

That Jove would now hurl his most deadly lightnings the little group of insurgents was quite convinced. The members therefore clung to one another for support and went up the hill in a body the next morning for the opening session of the joint houses at which the balloting for United States Senator was about to begin.

The result of the first ballot was prophetic. Sheehan had 91 votes, Shepard 14, Parker 6, and six votes were scattered among the remaining candidates. The Republicans, of course, voted solidly for Depew—and thoroughly enjoyed the discomfiture of the Sheehan forces.

To the Democratic leaders the situation looked more annoying than dangerous. Murphy could not believe that any young Democrat with political ambitions could afford to fly in his face. He felt quite sure that enough of the insurgents would "listen to reason" to carry the Sheehan banner over the line, and counseled patience to give him time to get in some quiet work. Sheehan, on the other hand, found it hard to be patient. He did not believe that there was any man whose vote could not be bought and he was eager to go gunning for the insurgents with fountain pen and checkbook.

And so the sniping campaign got under way.

When Senator Roosevelt discovered what was in the wind he suggested that the insurgents should move their headquarters from Hotel Hampton to his house on State Street. There was greater privacy there and less opportunity for spies and emissaries to mingle with them and exert pressure or offer bribes in the way of preferment or money. The suggestion was adopted and for ten weeks the little band of rebels occupied the Roosevelt library as their headquarters. It was a large and airy room, but it was filled with the smoke from cheap cigars so many hours in the day that the fumes began to seep through into the nursery on the

second floor of the house, and Mrs. Roosevelt thought it

best to move the children up to the top floor.

Every morning the insurgents would meet at the Roose-velt house and march in a body to the Capitol for the daily session. And after the vote had been taken they would march back again and spend the remainder of the day—and a large part of the night—in the Roosevelt library. But in spite of all the wile of Murphy and the guile of Sheehan the group held out. Not a man deserted. There was no defection. Indeed, after a very short time the insurgents began to make converts from the other side, and the number eventually grew to twenty-one.

More than once they must have been tempted to abandon the whole project and let the Democratic bosses have their way. That they did not, was very largely due to the enthusiasm of Senator Roosevelt. He was right in his ele-

ment and was enjoying himself hugely.

Of course legislation was at a complete standstill. The regular order of business could not be reached until the selection of a United States Senator was out of the way. Important measures were awaiting consideration. Senators and Assemblymen whose business interests demanded their presence at home found themselves chained to the state capital day after day for nothing more than futile balloting to break a deadlock. They began to make caustic criticism of the rebels—but the rebels did not falter.

Then suddenly on March 4th, the day before the expiration of Depew's term, Governor Dix put down his foot and demanded that the name of Sheehan be dropped. The Democrats, he said, must agree upon some man who could unite the party.

For the next three weeks there were endless conferences among the leaders of the party, and finally a new caucus was called for March 27th.

The second caucus was held as arranged, but the cautious insurgents were taking no chances on Murphy's promise that it would be unbossed. They remained away.

When, however, they heard of the results, they had to smile over their unnecessary precaution. The Sheehan vote had shrunk to 28. But in the meantime some 23 additional candidates had come into the arena. The following night the Sheehan supporters fell off even more, but still there was no choice. That night fire broke out in the west wing of the Capitol and completely gutted the halls and business offices of both the Senate and the Assembly.

The next morning the Assembly was called to order in a court room, and the Senate assembled in the City Hall across the street from the Capitol. It seemed as if the time had come to drop personalities and get down to business. The insurgents submitted a list of eleven names, on any one of which they were willing to compromise. There were good names on the list, but Tammany would not agree to it. Murphy insisted that the names of Daniel F. Cohalan and Morgan J. O'Brien must be included.

By this time both factions were becoming very tired, and Barnes, the Republican leader, was threatening to throw the Republican votes in with the insurgents and at least get the satisfaction of having an anti-Tammany Senator at Washington.

Murphy was in New York City when he heard of this threat, and he took the first train for Albany. This happened to be a milk train on the West Shore but he was anxious to get to Albany and he went thundering up the river to the tune of a trainload of cans. He was in the capital before many of the weary legislators were out of bed, and as soon as he could get in touch with Senator Roosevelt he offered for the consideration of the insurgents a new name. It was Justice James A. O'Gorman of the Supreme Court. Roosevelt received the name in silence; he hardly knew who Justice O'Gorman was. Then he asked for twenty-four hours in which to investigate.

The insurgents had fought a good fight, but by this time they were becoming winded. Now that Sheehan had been definitely blocked the pressure on them from all sides

to do something grew to tremendous proportions. Weary beyond the power of words to describe Senator Roosevelt forgot all about his war against bossism, and instead of insisting on a man who was free from political domination he accepted Justice O'Gorman who was a Sachem of Tammany Hall and a creature of bossism.

Thus ended Franklin Roosevelt's first set-to with bossism. To the extent of keeping Sheehan out of the United States Senate he won a notable victory; and for that victory he deserves the fullest credit. But when presented with the equally important question of naming a candidate in Sheehan's stead he was not quite equal to the occasion. He did insist that no name should go through without the stamp of the insurgents' approval. But alas when the name was drawn—it came out of Mr. Murphy's hat.

It was written in the cards and the stars and the tea leaves that Franklin Roosevelt's political career was to be distinguished by frequent battles with bossism—some of them real and some of them purely imaginary. It was also written that in most of his battles with Tammany Hall he was to win the decision—but Tammany was to get away with the gate receipts. There came a time, however—but that was later on. Much later on.

When the Legislature reconvened late in April Senator Roosevelt had so far recovered his breath that he was ready with a resolution urging the congressional delegation from New York to give its support to an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people. The resolution was passed, though the Republicans in both houses voted solidly against it.

Whether the Republicans opposed the amendment in principle or because it was of Democratic origin does not appear. Be that as it may, the question was eventually submitted and met with prompt adoption. It became a law on May 31, 1913. Without doubt the Sheehan fiasco, which had attracted nation-wide attention, was instrumental in

bringing to public notice the dangers latent in having United States Senators elected by politicians instead of by the people.

It is a curious coincidence that since the election of Senators by popular vote the prestige of the Senate has steadily declined, both in quality of its membership and in public esteem, until today a United States Senator is about on a par with a radio crooner or a second-rate movie actor. Indeed, one United States Senator from New York recently worked shoulder to shoulder with the radio crooners for many weeks advertising—of all things—a proprietary laxative.

Sometimes Senator Roosevelt was with the bosses and sometimes he was against them. His record in the Senate was almost as erratic and inconsistent as that of Theodore Roosevelt in the Assembly. He had refused even to consider Daniel F. Cohalan as a candidate for the United States Senate, and still when Murphy a little later put Cohalan forward for appointment as a state Supreme Court justice, Roosevelt obligingly voted for his confirmation. Cohalan then was, and still is, one of the shining lights of Tammany Hall.

Aside from his "block Sheehan" insurgency Franklin's career in the Senate was not particularly impressive. He was independent and followed nothing but his own inclinations in making up his mind whether to support or oppose any legislative program that came up.

Some of his most constructive work in the Senate was performed in connection with the Forest, Fish and Game Committee of which he was chairman. In spite of all the feathery tribe he had skinned and stuffed for his collection of Dutchess County birds he was a good friend of wild life, and was instrumental in consolidating the state departments handling the forest, fish and game, the state water supply, and the forest purchasing, into a single body called the Conservation Commission. He also helped to simplify and codify the fish and game laws of the state.

It had been the boast of the Democratic organization that not one of the insurgents who had backed the anti-Sheehan manifesto would ever be returned to Albany. The Old Guard were relentless, and if they could not block the nomination of an anti-Sheehan insurgent, they would join with the Republicans in defeating him at the polls. It was a disastrous year for the Democrats. Altogether they lost thirty-seven seats in the Assembly, which gave the next legislature a very different complexion. With ninety-eight Republican Assemblymen and only forty-eight Democrats, the probability of putting through any strictly Democratic measures had become slim indeed.

Senator Roosevelt's second session in Albany, like that of his distinguished cousin, was destined not to be as picturesque as the first. Both Murphy and Barnes were determined that the legislative session of 1912 was not to be demoralized by any such spectacular dramatics as had occurred the year before. Murphy need not have felt any great uneasiness on this score, since the Roosevelt insurgents had been completely wiped out, and the only new member of the incoming Assembly who might have been induced to join the Senator in a campaign against the windmills was his cousin, Theodore Douglas Robinson, who was just taking his seat for a completely uneventful term in the lower house.

Early in the second session Senator Roosevelt tried to start something that would bring him into the limelight, but he was not conspicuously successful. And as his term was nearing its end he gladdened the hearts of the Old Guard by saying that he did not care for renomination. The Old Guard, however, showed so much glee over his announced intention to retire, that with some show of irritation he changed his mind and said that on second thought he would accept the nomination.

So he filled the tanks of the old Maxwell and again the pastoral silences of Dutchess and Columbia, and the sylvan dells of Putnam rang with his oratory. As before, the bur-

den of his eloquence was directed against "bossism." He was just getting well-launched on his campaign when he came down with typhoid fever.

This made a bad situation. It was a presidential year and even if the organization Democrats in his district were willing to support him—which was by no means certain—he would still need the support, the pretty general support, of the Republicans in all parts of the district if he was to win. The presidential contest would bring out a heavy vote among the Republican farmers, and unless he was able to snare even more of them than he had on his last campaign—there would be a Republican member in seat Number 26 when the Senate roll was called at the opening of the next session.

It was a depressing outlook when the doctor came out of Franklin's room at Hyde Park shaking his head and saying, "He's running a terrific temperature. Looks to me like typhoid. And if it is—of course he'll have to give up his campaign."

The situation would have been perfectly understandable if the Roosevelts had simply forgotten politics and made doctoring the order of the day. But the Roosevelts do not forget politics, and before the doctor was off the grounds of the estate Eleanor Roosevelt had Louis McHenry Howe on the telephone.

Howe was at this time the Albany correspondent for the old New York Herald. He had found Senator Roosevelt a prolific source of news during the past two years, and the Senator had found it most convenient to have so close a contact with the front page of a big New York daily. The two had begun by being mutually useful, and had ended by becoming firm friends. It was quite natural for the Roosevelts to turn to him in their dilemma, and not at all unexpected to have him jump at the chance of conducting a senatorial campaign according to his own ideas. Indeed, it is a poor newspaperman who does not think he knows

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It so happened that Howe was one of those who did not share the prevailing opinion that none of the insurgents of 1911 would survive another election. He was well aware that not one had been returned up to that time—but he had felt so sure of Roosevelt that he had already bet fifty dollars that he would be reëlected. Just where an Albany correspondent ever obtained possession of so large a sum is problematical—but that is the way the story goes.

In any event, Howe asked his paper for a leave of absence and hurled himself into the campaign. His first move was to devise something that could be used as a battle-cry to the farmers. With the help of William Church Osborn, then a gentleman farmer from Putnam, a colorful program was drafted for protecting the farmer from the commission merchant. In the absence of a suitable spell-binder to present the idea to the agricultural district of Roosevelt's three counties Howe used full-page newspaper advertisements explaining the program and assuring the electorate of Senator Roosevelt's personal pledge to get back of the proposal and do all in his power to have it made a law.

This was the year that the Bull Moose was rampant. Teddy, Taft and Wilson were fighting a confused three-cornered battle. And to make the situation even more confusing the Progressives had nominated a full slate of state and county candidates. With the Republicans so badly divided in state and nation Louis McHenry Howe had little difficulty in winning his bet. In fact, the newspaper campaign was more successful than Franklin Roosevelt's personal campaign in the old Maxwell. He had been elected by a plurality of 1140, but he was reëlected by a plurality of 1701, a gain of more than 50 percent.

It was a muddled campaign. Not only had the Bull Moose butted the Republican machine completely off the road, but it had butted the big Republican majority out of

both Senate and Assembly and had landed in the Governor's chair a picaresque Don Quixote by the name of Bill Sulzer—one of the few state governors ever to be impeached in office.

Senator Roosevelt's mother makes no mention in her book either of Franklin's illness or the part played by Howe in the management of the campaign for reëlection. She says:

Once more he took the stump.... Always a firm believer in the magic of the spoken word, he lost no opportunity of addressing crowds, however slim.

Early in his campaign for reëlection the Senator had addressed a meeting at Pawling. He had afterwards dined at the Dutcher House and then driven home. When he picked up his newspaper the next morning he was, his mother says, astonished to find that the Dutcher House had burned during the night, and that Franklin D. Roosevelt had made himself the hero of the hour by carrying women and children to safety through the flames. "To this day," she says, "Franklin has been trying to discover who impersonated him on this occasion and by his bravery turned him into a local hero."

No doubt Louis McHenry Howe could have told him all about it.

That program of Louis McHenry Howe's for the reform of the commission merchants, together with the split in the Republican ranks, had landed Franklin Roosevelt back in the Senate with the greatest ease. But it was destined to be of little importance. When the bill finally went through it was pruned down to the simple licensing and bonding of the commission houses.

On his return to the Senate Roosevelt was restless. His sojourn in the Senate had convinced him that he was a born leader of men; and it had aroused in him a thirst for public life. But he was beginning to feel that talents such as his should not be confined to the petty squabbles of a state legis-

134 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA lature. Already he was dreaming of bigger and better opportunity, and like a distant cry in the night Washington

was calling.

He heard the call without knowing exactly what it was. He knew that he experienced a feeling of slight flatulency each time he entered the Senate, though he did not immediately associate this reaction with his nocturnal imaginings. He did recognize, however, that there was little on the Senate agenda that held out any promise of the heroic rôle he had now begun to crave. Lawmaking in itself had become dull and boresome.

At this point he accepted with some alacrity a seat on a legislative committee that was being sent down to investigate vice conditions in New York City with a view to recommending remedial legislation. He knew that very little evidence of vice would be brought to light with Tammany in charge of the committee—still he went along. There might have been a chance here for some fireworks had he been alert to his opportunity. But his mind was not on the doings of the vice ring, and at the first opportunity he excused himself from the committee and slipped off for a little visit at Washington. This was in the spring of 1913 shortly before Wilson's inauguration.

Senator Roosevelt had hardly reached Washington before McAdoo, who had already unofficially accepted the portfolio of Secretary of the Treasury, offered him a job. Indeed, he gave the Senator his choice between two jobs, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Collector of the Port of New York. Roosevelt declined both. When, however, Josephus Daniels offered to take him as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, the Senator promptly accepted, even as Theodore had accepted. And before he had a chance to change his mind he leased a house in Washington, the same house that Theodore had previously occupied. Then he went back to Albany and resigned from the Senate.

Tammany drew a long breath. It had seen Theodore in an outburst of savage egotism run himself into what looked

like the scrap-heap. And now Franklin had voluntarily removed himself from the scene. Could it be, the boys wondered, that the Millennium was just around the corner?

It was a period of dangerous calm. But the Roosevelt Dynasty was not faltering. It was rather that Destiny was merely pausing to catch a second breath.

THE FAMILY IN THE NAVY

In two generations the Roosevelt family have given to the Navy nearly twenty years of service. During this time they have furnished the Navy Department with five Assistant Secretaries. They have helped to win two wars. They have, indeed, done everything in their power for the Navy—except go to sea. The Roosevelts are not seafaring folk. They are desk men. One looks in vain through the Navy orders for an Admiral Roosevelt, a commodore, or even for a boatswain's mate.

Franklin is probably the only member of the family who knows the beam ends of a ship from its lee scuppers, though it must be admitted that Theodore was very lavish with nautical language in his history of the War of 1812. The Delano side of the family were real sailors. In the days of the clipper ship the Delano sea captains were among the best who ever trod the deck of a wind-jammer; but the Delanos sailed for business reasons, not for glory.

Of the five members of the Roosevelt family who have served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy not one has come from the sea. Theodore received his nautical training in the Assembly, the cow camp, and the police department. Franklin used the state Senate as his gangplank. Teddy, Jr., learned his navigation on the quarter-deck of various

boards of directors. Theodore Douglas Robinson spent seven years before the mast at the Albany Training Station. And the late Henry L. Roosevelt, the most recent family incumbent, acquired his certificate from the Radio Corporation of America.

Theodore joined the Navy not so much because he had a yearning for the sea, as because he had a yearning for a job. Though he was particularly glad to go to work in Washington at just this time; for if trouble with Spain was coming, Washington would be an advantageous point from which to take a hand.

The truth is that Theodore had been looking for war for some time. He was a natural-born hot-head. "If there is a muss," he had written in 1895 when the Venezuela boundary question was looming, "I shall try to have a hand in it myself." And a little later he had added, "If it wasn't wrong I should say that personally I would rather welcome a foreign war." He was worried about the conquest of Canada and felt that our regular army was not big enough for the job. He hoped that England would not strike at once since we could not get at Canada until May.

But the difficulties over the Venezuelan boundary question were adjusted and the very remote chance of a war with Great Britain vanished. It was not long, however, before Theodore had found a new casus belli. "It is very difficult for me not to wish for a war with Spain," he wrote, "for such a war would result at once in getting us a proper Navy and a good system of coast defense."

Soon afterward he was writing to his sister, "I wish our people would really interfere in Cuba.... We ought to drive the Spaniards out of Cuba.... Congress ought to take more decisive action; I always hate words unless they mean blows." Here speaks Theodore the jingo.

By the first of the year he was for sending our fleet promptly to Havana. "There would not," he wrote, "in my opinion, be very serious fighting, and what loss we encoun138 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA tered would be thrice over repaid by the ultimate results of our action."

But Theodore was not the only one. There was talk of war on every hand and McKinley, only the night before his inauguration, had remarked to Cleveland, "If I can only go out of office... with the knowledge that I have done what lay in my power to avert this terrible calamity... I

shall be the happiest man in the world."

McKinley knew when he appointed Theodore Roosevelt to the Navy Department that the young New Yorker was not a man of peace. He was well aware that controversy and fireworks usually followed Theodore wherever he went. He was not particularly sympathetic to the idea of making the appointment, but pressure had been brought to bear from a number of points and finally the amiable McKinley

yielded.

The Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, was a fine old gentleman with white hair and a large white mustache. He had once been governor of Massachusetts and was, when Roosevelt became his assistant, about sixty years of age. He was by nature as well as persuasion a dyed-in-the-wool conservative. He had heard plenty about the wild utterances and trouble-making propensities of his new assistant and must have looked forward to his coming with some misgivings. He would have had even more misgivings if he had dreamed of what was going to happen to the Navy Department.

Roosevelt was looking for trouble in all directions at once. He was from the first suspicious of Japan. He wanted to build a dozen new warships, half of them on the Pacific Coast. He was for the immediate annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. He thought that a canal should be built preferably through Nicaragua. He would not have been averse to a war with Great Britain or Germany or France, though there seemed to be no favorable chance to pick a quarrel with any of them at the moment. Trouble with Spain was quite another matter. All the elements for a very

enjoyable war with our friend and neighbor were ready to hand and he could see no reason why they should be wasted.

He had been in the department only two months when a speech he made before the Naval War College at Newport created a national flurry because of its "bellicose fervor" and its bloodthirsty pronouncements.

"No triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumphs of war," he shouted. "The diplomat is the servant, not the master of the soldier."

Secretary Long pleaded with the Assistant to moderate his statements, and Roosevelt promised to be good. "I understand now," he wrote Long, "and will keep exactly along the line that you suggest... Whatever your decision is I shall back it up." At almost the same time he was writing his sister Anna, "I am immensely interested in all this Navy work, and, as I am given a free hand when alone, I am really accomplishing a good deal."

He wrote to Spring Rice that the Secretary was a "perfect dear." He used the identical phrase to his sister, but added, "I only wish I could poison his mind so as to make him a shade more truculent in international matters."

In his desire for war Theodore had two worthy associates, Mr. Hearst of the Journal and Mr. Pulitzer of the World. Of the two Hearst was by all odds the more aggressive and eager. The cruelties of General Valeriano Weyler as Governor of Cuba did much to arouse the sympathies of America for the suffering Cubans, though Weyler had been recalled by Spain soon after Roosevelt received his post in the Navy Department. Spain was really making an effort to conciliate the Americans when a letter written by the Spanish Ambassador Señor de Lôme to a friend in Havana fell into the hands of spies and eventually reached the columns of the Journal.

The letter was stupid as well as insulting, referring to McKinley as a "low politician" as well as "weak and catering to the rabble." The Hearst paper made much of it, calling it the worst insult to the United States in its history.

Spain promptly recalled de Lôme in disgrace, but the fat was in the fire, and when a week after the publication of the letter the *Maine* was sunk in Havana Harbor the conflagration was beyond control.

Conditions in Havana had been growing steadily worse. American citizens had been thrown into prison and rioting was almost continuous. Finally Consul General Fitzhugh Lee had requested the presence of a warship to protect American lives and property, and the Maine was sent "as an act of friendly courtesy" President McKinley took pains to explain to Spain. There were grumblings against the continued presence of the warship, but Captain Sigsbee who was in charge made every effort to maintain friendly relations with Spain, and no immediate trouble was expected from that source. Then suddenly came the tense report that the vessel had been blown up with the loss of two officers and 264 men as she lay at anchor. This happened on the night of February 15, 1898.

The next morning Theodore wrote his sister, "What the Administration will ultimately do I don't know; McKinley is bent on peace, I fear." The same day without waiting for any details, and before a report had been made as to whether the cause of the explosion was known, Roosevelt wrote to R. Diblee that the Maine "was sunk by an act of dirty treachery on the part of the Spaniards." He said further, "I would give anything if President McKinley would order the fleet to Havana tomorrow."

But McKinley did no such thing. He set the machinery in motion for a court of inquiry. He still hoped for peace. For five weeks the court of inquiry continued its deliberations with Hearst and Pulitzer now joined by the rest of the pack all yapping for war. Spain showed every inclination to conciliate. She was ready to apologize, to disavow, to make amends in any way she could for any overt act that could properly be ascribed to her.

When, however, the report of the inquiry brought in findings to the effect that the Maine was sunk by a sub-

marine mine the cry of "Remember the Maine" had become so insistent that McKinley could no longer hold out against it. He had, as Roosevelt had privately told his friends soon after the explosion, "no more backbone than a chocolate éclair." And on April 11, 1898, he sent to Congress a message demanding a Declaration of War.

For weeks Roosevelt had been jumping up and down with excitement, fearing that if the opportunity for war were not immediately embraced it might somehow be lost. "I'd give all I'm worth," he wrote April 1, "to be just two days in supreme command. I'd be perfectly willing then to resign, for I'd have things going so that nobody could stop them."

He had almost done that very thing one afternoon ten days after the explosion, when Secretary Long decided to take an afternoon off. Having the authority of Acting Secretary during Long's absence Roosevelt began to launch peremptory orders distributing ships, consigning ammunition which there was no means to move, to places where there was no means to store it. The Secretary wrote in his diary, "I find that Roosevelt, in his precipitate way, has come very near causing more of an explosion than happened to the Maine."

Roosevelt probably did more than any one man with the possible exception of Hearst to bring on the war. But he also did his bit in helping to win it. By a fortunate break Admiral Dewey had sailed for Japan December 8, 1897. He reached Hong Kong two days after the sinking of the Maine. He was at Hong Kong that afternoon in February when Secretary Long decided to take the afternoon off, and he received from Acting Secretary Roosevelt an order to coal his ships and make certain, in case of a declaration of war, that the Spanish fleet did not leave the Asiatic coast. He was also instructed to begin "defensive operations" in the Philippines.

Roosevelt may have gone at things that afternoon, as Long said, "like a bull in a china shop," but it was those 142 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA half-baked, precipitate, ill-considered orders which made possible the naval victory at Manila.

To this day the cause of the destruction of the Maine remains a mystery. But it was no mystery to Theodore Roosevelt. He knew "an act of dirty treachery" when he saw one.

And soon after the Declaration of War he resigned from the Navy Department to take a command in one of three regiments of cavalry to be recruited in the Southwest and the Rocky Mountain country, for use in the invasion of Cuba.

Even before he had resigned from the Navy he had telegraphed to Brooks Brothers for a lieutenant-colonel's uniform "without yellow on the collar and with leggings." The Secretary of War had offered him the command of one of the Western cavalry regiments, but he had declined on the ground that he could not master the science of war in less than a month, and by that time the war might be over. He preferred to serve as a lieutenant-colonel under Leonard Wood who was as anxious as Roosevelt for some active service. Wood was the commanding officer, but, as Pringle puts it, "it was Roosevelt's regiment from the start."

As soon as the call went out through the Southwest for volunteers who were good shots and good horsemen applications poured in by the thousand. It seemed as if every cowpuncher west of the Mississippi then out of jail was thirsting for blood and glory.

A camp was established at San Antonio, Texas, and a sign at the railroad station read: "This way to the Roosevelt Rough Rider Camp." What Wood thought of all this does not appear, but the time came when he received his reward. The regiment was dubbed the Rough Riders by the newspaper correspondents. For a time the name irked Roosevelt, but later on he was proud of the title.

The cowpunchers and frontiersmen did not have the regiment all to themselves, however, for Roosevelt had re-

cruited a number of Eastern riders as well, polo players and steeplechasers and fox-hunters. There was some slight sectional friction at first, but this soon wore off. Discipline in the regiment was lax. The men drilled badly, and Roosevelt was summoned to the headquarters of Colonel Wood and reprimanded for treating his command to beer after a long drill in the hot sun. After the regiment had reached Tampa he was criticized for dining at the hotel with two of his sergeants as his guests. Military caste was something that he never learned to respect.

From Tampa the regiment embarked on the Yucatan and after sweltering on board for nearly a week the vessel cast off its shorelines and put out to sea on June 13. Just what route the Yucatan could have followed does not appear, but she did not reach the southerly coast of Cuba for nine days. Then on the morning of June 22nd the Yucatan steamed in toward shore and the order to land was issued. On the shore was a small hamlet called Daiquiri, but there was no harbor and the landing had to be made through a thundering surf.

There was a mad scramble to get to shore so as not to miss the war, and two of the men were drowned. Little trouble was experienced in landing the horses as only enough had been brought for the officers, and these mounts were merely shoved into the water and made their way through the surf as best they could. By the afternoon of the following day, however, the horseless cavalry was ready to move. An unmounted cowboy is practically helpless and the state of mind of those Rough Riders when told that they were going into battle on foot can better be imagined than described.

The Americans were told that the Spaniards had entrenched at Las Guasimas, a place four miles inland, and were preparing to make a stand. General Young thereupon made plans to attack at dawn. He assigned to his own command two regiments of regulars and turned the Rough Riders over to Wood and Roosevelt. According to the

144 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA plan Young was to take his regulars up the road through a valley to the right. The Rough Riders were to follow a hill trail.

The order was given to march and the two detachments moved off. Wood and Roosevelt pushed their men as they wanted to get there in time. But after they had been an hour on the march they suddenly drew fire. Two Americans were killed and several were seriously wounded at the first salvo.

The Americans stood their ground and returned the fire at an enemy they were unable to see. By the time the Spaniards had been driven off sixteen Americans lay dead and fifty wounded. In his autobiography Roosevelt wrote that he had not "enjoyed" this fight at all because he had been so uncertain as to what he ought to do.

Roosevelt was mounted but his horseless Rough Riders were still on foot. He rode up and down the lines, keeping them straightened out and gradually worked through line after line until he found himself at the head of the regiment. When he reached the regulars he asked why they did not charge and they said there had been no order. "Then let my men through," he said, "and I marched through followed by my grinning men...I waved my hat, and we went up the hill with a rush."

It was as simple as that.

When the top of the hill (a slight eminence called Kettle Hill) was reached the Rough Riders could see a brigade assaulting the blockhouse on San Juan Hill. He ordered his men to open fire on the Spaniards that could be plainly seen in the trenches. After the brigade had captured the blockhouse Colonel Roosevelt, "very much elated," ordered a charge on his "own hook" to a line of hills further on. Only four men were with him on the first charge, and three of them were killed. On a second charge the objective was taken and held.

Then came a lull lasting several days. Santiago was still some distance away. The food supply ran out. During the

daytime the heat was terrific. At night the men shivered with the dank tropic chill. Bursts of torrential rain poured down upon them. The hospital service was so badly organized that wounded men lay for hours, sometimes for days before receiving medical attention. He wrote to his sister at the time that of the 600 men with whom he landed more than 300 were dead or in the hospital.

General Shafter, the three-hundred-pound commander-in-chief, telegraphed to Washington his intention of retreating. Ill and discouraged Shafter was pleading with Admiral Sampson to force an entrance into Santiago harbor and save the day. But Sampson could not quite bring himself to the point of risking his fleet—when suddenly Cervera came steaming out and went to his doom. Santiago capitulated and the day was saved.

The war was over as suddenly as it had begun. And Colonel Roosevelt was writing letters to his family and friends bragging that he had killed a Spaniard with a revolver presented to him by Admiral Cowles, his brother-in-law.

"Did I tell you that I killed a Spaniard with my own hands?" he demanded of Lodge.

"No hunting trip has ever equaled it in Theodore's eyes," R. H. Ferguson wrote Mrs. Roosevelt two days after the engagement. "When I came up with him the day of the charge...he was reveling in victory and gore.... He had just 'doubled up a Spanish officer like a jack-rabbit' and he encouraged us to 'look at those damned Spanish dead.'"

Most of the credit for the capture of San Juan Hill went to Colonel Roosevelt, though he never set foot upon it. "I do not want to be vain," he wrote to Lodge with characteristic modesty, "but I do not think that any one else could have handled this regiment quite as I have handled it." But he had no desire to remain with the army after the fighting had come to an end. A mere army of occupation had no attraction for him and before the month was out his most pressing desire was to get home. Letters

from Lodge had brought the news that he was regarded as a hero, and he was not blind to the vote-getting possibilities of a public hero.

Then sickness broke out in the army. A public scandal was threatened and the regiments were called home from

Santiago. They landed at Montauk August 15th.

For a number of months Colonel Roosevelt used all his influence to obtain from the War Department the Medal of Honor for his gallantry in the fighting around Santiago. But the War Department remembered too many of the uncomplimentary slurs he had made at the regular army, and refused the request. In his memoirs the Colonel sets forth a sheaf of letters commending his gallantry and urging the award. The matter still seemed important to him, even at that time. But the award was never made.

The Republican Party was not so bull-headed. His feet had hardly touched the shores of Long Island when the nomination as Governor of New York was tendered to him without strings or reservations. He had to be content with that.

Colonel Roosevelt was not the first young American soldier to enjoy a battle. When George Washington first heard the whiz of bullets he described the sound as "charming." That was at an ambush, too, only the young Virginian was himself doing the ambushing and incidentally furnishing one of the contributing causes of the French and Indian War. The fight at Las Guasimas was reminiscent of some of the early Washingtonian engagements in another way: it was so confused and tangled in the woods and underbrush that much of the time the horseless Rough Riders did not know which way they were going. Colonel Roosevelt's detachment was supposed to keep contact with the regulars on the right—but lost it almost immediately after plunging into the jungle.

A troop ordered to deploy to the right disappeared and never was found again until after the battle. As the line advanced a detachment of regulars across a ravine mistook the Rough Riders for Spaniards and fired on them. Then the Colonel heard firing in the distance and himself "trotted" over to see what it was, leaving the horseless Rough Riders without a commanding officer. He found that it was Wood's men and came back. Later he heard Wood had been killed. He saw some ranch buildings ahead and ordered his men to take them. They did. And afterwards the Colonel learned that he was being credited with a victory. He never found out quite what it was, or how he won it, though he accepted all congratulations none the less.

That victory, posterity has come to believe, flowed from the pen of Richard Harding Davis rather than from the sword of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Davis, young newspaperman bent on making good the tradition of American supremacy at arms, sent to his paper such glowing accounts of the engagement that what was really a confused and blundering skirmish grew to the proportions of a brilliant military achievement. An achievement that was to snatch from Wood and from Young any credit beyond being among those present, and was to lead Colonel Roosevelt straight to the Governor's mansion in Albany, and thus to open the doors to the White House itself.

It was nearly fifteen years later when Franklin Roose-velt was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Daniels at the Baltimore Convention which had met for the purpose of nominating Champ Clark for President. Mr. Daniels had for some time been curious about the young Senator who had engineered the insurgency that had succeeded in keeping Blue-eyed Billy Sheehan out of the United States Senate. The name Roosevelt in itself was enough to attract the attention of the old warhorse and printer from North Carolina. So far as Franklin went the meeting was purely perfunctory. He was glad to meet Daniels who was supposed to have influence in his state. And influence was about all that Daniels had at the moment. Assuredly he had no job. Indeed, the only jobs he had ever held up to then,

in addition to the local plum of State Printer for North Carolina, was a clerkship in the Department of the Interior during Cleveland's second term.

The meeting between the two was casual but far-reaching; for it led directly to Franklin's appointment as Assist-

ant Secretary of the Navy.

Daniels took a liking to the young man. He did not forget him. And when, soon after his appointment as Secretary of the Navy, he chanced to come across Senator Roosevelt in Washington he asked the young man if he did not want the post as Assistant Secretary.

Without hesitation Franklin said he did.

Daniels was delighted and said that he would make the appointment if he could get the approval of the President. The President very promptly gave his approval, and was very glad to do it since it was due in no small measure to young Senator Roosevelt that he instead of Champ Clark was occupying the presidential chair.

Franklin while in Albany as Senator had greatly admired the progressive leadership of Wilson as Governor of New Jersey. Indeed there is reason to believe that the success of Wilson in blocking the election of Boss Smith of New Jersey may have furnished the inspiration for Senator Roosevelt's determination to block Sheehan. If Wilson could keep the all-powerful Smith out of the United States Senate, Franklin could see no reason why he should not be able to keep Sheehan out. Careers could be made by blocking sin as well as by advancing virtue.

In the fall of 1911 Roosevelt had run down to Trenton to call on Governor Wilson, and had told him that there was a growing sentiment among the better elements of the New York Democracy to support him for the Presidency. Wilson inquired how many of the New York delegates Senator Roosevelt thought he could count on at the National Convention. But Roosevelt shook his head. He thought that at least one-third of the New York delegation

would favor Wilson, he said, but because of the unit rule Murphy would control the entire vote.

This was not very cheering news for Wilson, but Senator Roosevelt came back fired with enthusiasm and at once hurled himself into the organization of the New York State Wilson Conference, an association formed for the purpose of advancing the cause of Woodrow Wilson in the Empire State. The Conference took form rapidly and at once began to flood the state with Wilson propaganda. It also started an active campaign for delegates to the National Convention. The Wilson supporters were not strong enough to elect a majority of the delegation, and because of the unit rule, could not give Wilson a single vote on the floor of the convention, but they were in Baltimore in force ready to help in any way they could.

The Wilson men put up a good fight, but Champ Clark proved to be unexpectedly strong. And after the balloting had gone on for a few days and the Clark vote passed the majority mark, some of the delegates began to pack their bags. They thought it was all over but the shouting. Usually if a candidate could muster up enough votes to make a majority, the required two-thirds was not far off. And when the Clark vote had finally gone over the majority hurdle the Clark managers ordered up a supply of red-fire. All they needed now, or so they thought, was to start a stampede for Clark. After that they felt sure the school-master would go back to New Jersey and leave national politics to those who knew how to handle them.

An adjournment was taken, and plans were made to stage the stampede at the evening session. Arrangements had been made with the doorkeepers to admit all who wore Clark buttons, and one hundred leather-lunged shouters were lined up for the occasion.

When Roosevelt heard of the trick he secretly bought a supply of Clark buttons and hired from a local politician a large mob of hangers-on and ward-heelers to shout for Wilson. With a hundred additional storm troops sent down

150 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA from New York the Wilson shouters outnumbered Clark's gang two to one. And at the moment when the Clark stampede party suddenly appeared in the aisles with ban-

ners and loud shouts of, "We want Clark!" the signal was given for the Wilson shouters to set up a cry of "We want

Wilson!"

For a time pandemonium reigned. Then both gangs of fake enthusiasts were ejected from the floor-and the monotony of voting was continued. Gradually, under the capable leadership of Bryan Clark's hold weakened and the Wilson vote grew. On the forty-third ballot their positions were reversed and Wilson had a majority. In three more ballots he had his two-thirds. Only a handful of delegates remained to hear Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana nominated for Vice-President.

Franklin's mother tells the story of the hired shouters with great relish, summing it up as a "very effective trick." Evidence of this form of shrewdness cropped out in Franklin when he was still in Harvard. As editor of the Crimson he had started his "biggest editorial campaign" which dealt with an alleged inadequacy of fire protection in the dormitories. It seemed to the editor like a good chance for some sensational exposures by his paper. Only two obstacles stood in his way: first, there was nothing to expose; and second, the editor was the only one who took any interest in the subject.

"In order to give momentum to the cause," says his mother, he wrote himself numerous anonymous letters which he published in full on the front page, and on which he made lengthy comment in the editorial columns.

He resorted to the same trick when he was in the state Senate. He had pledged himself to abide by the wishes of his constituents and he "conscientiously sought" to find out what the wishes of his district were on any given question. All letters received by him on legislative subjects were "carefully tabulated" and the "majority opinion ruled his action in the Senate."

A bill to put an end to vivisection had come up and as Franklin's mother tells the story, hundreds of postal cards started to pour in from his constituents—"voters," she explains, "who really did not know what the bill contained." Franklin's own convictions were against the legislation. And the "happy idea" dawned on him that he too might "organize a little unit whose function it would be to distribute cards among voters—but postals that would urge, just as persuasively, that he vote against the bill rather than for it." Not long afterward "he found himself being deluged with advices of the desired variety and was able, with a comparatively clear conscience, to vote as his own good sense dictated."

Theodore Roosevelt was thirty-nine years old when he had taken his post in the Navy Department. Franklin came in when he was only thirty-one. Theodore brought four children to Washington with him and a fifth was born while he was Assistant Secretary. Franklin brought three with him and added a fourth soon after the opening gun of the World War. The Franklin Roosevelts had lost an infant named Franklin Delano, Jr., in 1909. The one born into the Navy, also a boy, was likewise named Franklin Delano, Jr.

Whether it was the strength of Franklin's love for the sea, or his weakness for family tradition that brought about his quick decision to go into the Navy does not particularly matter. He had followed Cousin Theodore into the legislature and now he was following him into the Navy. Whether he had come to Washington for the express purpose of seeking this appointment only Franklin Roosevelt knows. Nor is it definitely known whether he sought the advice of Theodore before or after the post had been offered. He was close to Theodore at this time and doubtless sought his advice on a number of important questions. In any event Franklin lost no time in taking up his new duties.

He was sworn in by the Navy Department March 17, 1913 as the slightly hilarious bands of the Friendly Sons

of St. Patrick went blaring through the streets—just as eight years before the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick had furnished the incidental music for his nuptial vows.

When Franklin took his post he found the department in a state of stagnation. Piping times of peace are not an incentive to the building of warships. Nor would Josephus Daniels, in the course of ordinary events, be likely to go in for any very ambitious program of building. Daniels was notoriously a man of peace. For the Daniels régime to have made such a success of building up the Navy to its wartime peak would have been impossible but for the presence of

a Franklin Roosevelt in the department.

Daniels had no personal friends in the Navy. He entered the department with a deeply-rooted conviction that "whatever an Admiral told him was wrong" and that a corporation was an association of big-time crooks and malefactors. He was not so far wrong about either of these points. The Navy had plenty of dead timber in it especially at the top and was packed with politics from garboardstrake to topmast truck. Even at the close of the war the Admirals and Commanders, though able enough in the arts of war and the navigation of their craft, were screamingly inadequate in the diplomacy and even the ordinary tact so necessary for the effective handling of dealings with the representatives of other countries. Never will the author forget the crudity, the uncouthness, the rudeness of an American Admiral to distinguished foreigners at a formal luncheon aboard a warship in the Adriatic during a lull in the Peace Conference. The tradition of being a rough old sea-dog may have its advantages, but it can easily offend foreign dignitaries who have little understanding of the heart of gold that may be concealed by a rude and blustering exterior.

It would not have been surprising if Daniels had resented the ambitious and aggressive ways of his thirty-one year old assistant from the start, and especially after the outbreak of the World War had impressed the young man

with the immediate importance to us of a large and efficient navy.

There were times when the slow-headed Daniels found that his "Acting Secretary" had authorized important projects to which the Chief would have preferred to give "lengthier consideration." There may have been some angry outbursts behind the scenes, but on the surface all remained serene between them. Daniels tried to keep a "supervising eye" on everything, though he concentrated his attention upon the vitally important question of personnel and the major movements of the fleet.

Even before the outbreak of the War, Franklin Roose-velt was a believer in the Big Navy movement, though it was not until after the sinking of the *Lusitania* that Congress began to take a little more interest in the necessity of a defense by sea. Though perhaps the greatest single obstacle in the path of enlarging the Navy was the attitude of Secretary Daniels.

Unlike Theodore, Franklin was seldom given to jingoistic outbursts. His speeches and writings on the subject of naval preparedness were voluminous, but they are singularly free from rantings and ravings, and frothing at the mouth. Theodore's idea of getting what he wanted was to bluff and bulldoze the opposition or reduce it to a pulpy mass incapable of refusal. Franklin's idea was to convince the opposition with logic and reason if possible, and if he failed of convincing it the next step was usually to wheedle and cajole. He succeeded in getting with a smile what Theodore went after with a sock on the jaw.

The Daniels Navy was largely recruited from the hinterland. His attitude that boys should join the navy and see the world was one that appealed to the farmer lads of the interior. These inland boys made good enough sailors. The only trouble with them was that hardly any of them could swim a stroke, and it was a little embarrassing to the Navy Department whenever a sailor tumbled off the dock or made a misstep in getting out of the cutter to have

154 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA him go like a stone to the bottom—unless some landlubber

him go like a stone to the bottom—unless some landlubber happened to be on hand to rescue him. Franklin Roosevelt put through an order that every midshipman, before he was eligible to become an ensign, must pass a swimming test. He also required that a recruit, before he could be assigned to a ship, must learn to swim.

With great industry and dexterity the new Secretary of the Navy and his assistant applied the broom to the Navy yards. They swept it clean of all Republican incumbrances and completely remanned it root and branch with Democrats.

There were wails and protests of course, but they availed but little and the party of Abraham Lincoln was soon superseded throughout the Navy yards by the party of Thomas Jefferson. And so it happened that when Mr. Wilson decided that he had kept us out of war about long enough and asked the congress to declare us in the Big Parade—the Navy yards with all their wide ramifications were safely in the hands of deserving Democrats.

Wilson and Tammany were still at outs, and the Wilson Democrats were marshaling their forces to dislodge Tammany from the control of the State. There was some talk of nominating Franklin for Governor, though this did not materialize and he finally entered the Democratic primary as a candidate for U. S. Senator. Tammany immediately countered by naming James W. Gerard as its candidate against him.

After a spirited contest Gerard won the nomination over Franklin Roosevelt by a plurality of 70,000. Roosevelt had shown great strength in the rural counties, but not enough to overcome the heavy vote for Gerard in the cities.

This was Franklin Roosevelt's first defeat at the polls.

After the Senatorial primary Franklin went back to Washington to carry on with the Navy job which, fortunately, he had not resigned.

And the War came on. And the man who had won reelection by keeping us out of it was soon arousing national plaudits for getting us into it. The War threw the Navy Department into world-wide prominence and brought no small fame to Franklin Roosevelt, who, because of the peculiarities of the printer-statesman from North Carolina, was shoved more and more into the limelight.

When Bryan resigned at the approach of hostilities there were rumors that Daniels, well known for his "peace at any price" sentiments, would also resign. But Daniels did not resign. He went about his business as usual. He wore the same broad-brimmed felt hat, and the same black string-tie. He spoke in the same soft voice with the well-modulated Southern accent. He hoped for the best. And Roosevelt went around the country delivering his most persuasive speeches backed up by the best logic he could command—creating a demand for a bigger and better Navy.

It was not until 1916, however, that President Wilson came out wholeheartedly for the increased Navy. Congress responded with a naval bill authorizing an expenditure of \$312,000,000. This seemed like a large sum of money at the time, though we have since come to understand that any appropriation that cannot be expressed in billions is mere chicken-feed.

Long before the formal Declaration of War Franklin Roosevelt had been placing war orders right and left. Red tape had no terrors for him. The mere fact that he lacked authorization meant nothing; he went right ahead with the business and let the authorization come tagging on in its own good time. If events had so turned out that America had not been drawn into the conflict the Navy Department would have found itself in deep water indeed.

When at length diplomatic relations were severed with Germany February 3, 1917, the Navy Department rushed in and placed contracts for naval supplies for an entire year on a war basis. The story is that when, after the Declaration of War, the Chief of Staff of the Army set out to buy his supplies—he found that the Navy had cornered the market. A few days later the President summoned Sec-

156 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA retary Roosevelt to the White House where he was confronted by General Hugh Scott.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Secretary," the President is reported to have said with a twinkle in his eye, "but the Navy has cornered the market for supplies. You'll have to divide up with the Army."

But this was not all; the ambitious Mr. Roosevelt had also placed orders for \$40,000,000 worth of small-bore guns, ammunition, and other equipment months before Congress had appropriated the money. It was not at all unusual for him to place orders for the construction of barracks and training-camps over the telephone. The big Brooklyn Navy cantonment costing nearly half a million was built on a verbal order and was finished and operating two months before the contracts were formally awarded.

Franklin Roosevelt then as now proceeded on the theory that the end justifies the means—the shibboleth of the true executive. When he set out to accomplish a thing he usually managed to put it across. And he was ruthless in the use of the commandeering order after the country had come under martial law. He was out to make a record for the Navy, and he cared not what the expense to private industry might be. If he saw what he wanted—he took it, and that was that.

Once when he was in need of a certain type of electric generator for a small factory in Erie he could not find a manufacturer who would agree to supply one by a given date. The manufacturers were at the time deeply involved with other war contracts which seemed to them quite as important as the Erie project. It was Louis McHenry Howe who heard of a generator of the desired type which was being shipped from Philadelphia, and without even inquiring the identity of the consignee the Navy Department slapped a commandeering order on the generator as it lay on a car in the Philadelphia yards. Within an hour or two the generator was on its way to Erie—and the opening

of the huge Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City was delayed for three months.

Franklin Roosevelt played no inconsiderable part in bringing about the submarine barrage that was laid across the North Sea from the Orkney Islands to the coast of Norway. The French and British had been able to maintain a fairly effective underwater mine barrier across the twenty-odd miles at the Straits of Dover, but the proposal to maintain an effective mine barrage 240 miles in length seemed at the first blush so preposterous that it was rejected by Admiral Sims as "infeasible."

The British lack of interest in the idea was based on their own experience. The number of mines that would be required, they said, was far in excess of the whole number they had manufactured since the beginning of the war. And the difficulty of distance, depth, materials and patrols rendered the project quite impractical.

And then a supposed crank who dropped into Mr. Roosevelt's office one day during the lunch hour put quite a different complexion on the situation. He gave his name as Browne and said he was an inventor from Salem, Massachusetts, and he had thought of a new way of building a submarine trap with a set of electrical antennae that would make it impossible for a submarine to pass within a very considerable distance without exploding one or more mines.

Roosevelt was quick to grasp the significance of the device. The subject was quickly revived and Mr. Browne's invention was promptly accepted by the Allied command. Admiral Sims who had previously opposed the idea afterward spoke of the northern barrage as one of the wonders of the war. It was even more successful than the Allies realized, for at the end of the war they learned that the total loss of the German U-boats was in excess of 200, which was fifty more than the carefully compiled figures had shown.

But with all the slaughter going on in Europe politicans at home were pursuing their old avocation. Once more Tam-

many had reformed and repented, and was occupying a prominent position on the mourners' bench. Murphy sent an emissary to Franklin Roosevelt protesting that he had buried the hatchet and was ready to love his enemies. He was willing to let bygones be bygones and as a peace-offering he suggested Franklin's nomination for Governor.

The offer came at an unfortunate time. The Assistant Secretary was preparing to go overseas. And Franklin Roosevelt would have been more than human if he had turned down the glorious adventure that lay ahead for the dubious opportunity to run for Governor of New York on the Democratic ticket.

He refused the offer for himself, but he said he knew a man who would make a good candidate. When asked who it was he named Alfred E. Smith. Tammany followed the suggestion and Al Smith was elected over Whitman.

Secretary Roosevelt left for Europe on a new destroyer, the *Dyer*, for the alleged purpose of inspecting the American naval forces in European waters. He sailed July 9, 1918 with a convoy of five fast ocean liners carrying some twenty thousand men. The eastbound passage was rough but otherwise uneventful. He wrote of the ship: "Her motions are varied and thorough but lack the snap of the whip quality of the older ones. One has to hang on all the time—never move without taking hold with one hand before letting go with the other." This is graphic—but is a commonplace to any one who has ever ridden on a destroyer. When Franklin came back he traveled on the *Leviathan*.

When the *Dyer* eventually landed at Portsmouth Secretary Roosevelt found a distinguished assemblage waiting to greet him, among whom were Vice-admiral Sims and Rearadmiral Everett who was Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. Roosevelt was greatly honored to have had Everett there to meet him, but wrote his wife that he suspected it was because they wanted Everett to report as to whether he was "house-broken" or not. This was not an unlikely conjecture.

But Everett must have made a favorable report, for the Assistant Secretary was received by Sir Eric Geddes at the Admiralty, lunched with Balfour, was entertained at a dinner at the House of Commons, and was eventually presented to King George with whom he spent nearly threequarters of an hour.

"The King said he had just had a nice letter from Uncle Ted," he wrote to his family. "We had just had news of Quentin's probable death, and the King expressed much sympathy." Franklin found him a "delightfully easy person to talk to" so chatty that once they were "both talking at the same time." And with empires crumbling on all sides the two philatelists found time to talk about their collections of postage stamps.

The last day of July Mr. Roosevelt crossed over to France for conferences with the French Admiralty. He also saw Clemenceau and President Poincaré, and was taken to see Marshal Foch. His purpose in seeing Foch was to discuss the use of the fourteen-inch naval guns which were being mounted on railway carriages as an answer to Big Bertha.

Five of these giants were sniping at the enemy before the close of hostilities, and so great was the firing concussion that not only were windows broken by the shock nearly a mile away, but sleeping soldiers many yards distant were actually thrown from their cots.

While Roosevelt was in France the Allied counteroffensive was still in progress and he spent a few days in the combat area. He caught up with the Marines at Nancy and directed that every man in the brigade be allowed to wear the insignia on the collar-points of his shirt. This was regarded as a great honor at the time, but as one of the honored brigade remarked to the author recently, "some of the Marines who were there haven't even got a shirt today."

From France Secretary Roosevelt dropped down to Italy with a plan to make use of the Italian Navy in an expedition to cut the coastal railways leading into the Balkans. The

Italian fleet had been lying in the safe harbor at Taranto for a year. Roosevelt promised to furnish Americans for the landing forces if the Italian fleet would cover the operation.

But the Italians refused. They were still too shaken by the débâcle at Caporetto to attempt even the covering of such a coup. Mussolini was still a cub reporter, and, after all, the Central Powers were not a rabble of unarmed, unshod tribesmen.

Roosevelt returned to Paris and from there he made a visit to the British front. He spent a night with King Albert, and then crossed over to England to inspect Inverness and Invergordon from which places the North Sea submarine barrage operations were being conducted. As he was leaving England he told friends that he was going home to resign and get into a uniform. But he came down with influenza soon after he had embarked on the Leviathan. Pneumonia developed and when the ship docked at New York he was carried off on a stretcher—and that was the last heard about getting into a uniform. When he resigned from the Navy Department it was to run for Vice-president on the ticket headed by James M. Cox.

Franklin was with the Navy more than seven years. During the early part of the war he was very close to Theodore Roosevelt and General Wood. Doubtless many of his ideas emanated from them. The fine Italian hand of the warlike Teddy is plainly discernible in the vast scale of the preparations for war that were made long before the termination of diplomatic relations with Germany.

Franklin's post in the Navy was an important steppingstone. It gave him a nation-wide reputation and standing that was invaluable when Farley started out in quest of delegates to the National Convention a few years later.

Cox and Roosevelt went down to a crushing defeat, and Teddy, Jr., came riding into the Navy Department with the administration of Warren Gamaliel Harding. No doubt as Teddy, Jr., joined the Navy he was thinking of the opportunity his father had found there. He might even have cast

an envious thought back at his cousin, the "maverick." But it was not a good time for a man to make a name for himself in that particular berth. The Big Navy that Theodore and Franklin had worked so hard to build up had reached its wartime peak and was now deflating to peacetime proportions. Nobody but a junkman could have made a name for himself in the department during the three and a half years that Teddy, Jr., held the post as Assistant Secretary, and assuredly Teddy, Jr., was no junkman.

The famous disarmament treaty engineered by Secretary Hughes was made soon after Teddy, Jr., went into office, and a warship or two could have been had almost for the asking. Then, too, the Teapot Dome scandal reared its ugly head when the two prominent oil men, Sinclair and Doheny, were charged with raiding the Naval oil reserves in Dakota and California.

Teddy, Jr., before entering politics, had been on the board of directors of the Sinclair Refining Company. He had, of course, resigned all his directorates before going into political life, but this did not immunize him from being called as a witness. He was completely exonerated of any connection with the Teapot Dome affair though the mere mention of his name in the scandal must have caused him acute embarrassment. He resigned from the department in the fall of 1924 to run for Governor of New York on the Republican ticket.

Theodore Douglas Robinson who received his appointment as Assistant Secretary under Calvin Coolidge had a delightfully somnolent interlude in the department, and died soon after his retirement to private life. And the incumbency of the late Henry L. Roosevelt, who came into office with the accession of his cousin, Franklin, was productive of no startling developments. Theodore and Franklin both demonstrated that the Navy Department can lead to the White House. Teddy, Jr., tried their way but missed his first objective when he failed to beat Al Smith for Governor. Henry L. Roosevelt died in office early in 1936.

ROOSEVELTIAN GOVERNORS

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It is a commonplace that if a man would get along in the world he must make the right friends. Looking back over the career of Theodore Roosevelt it would be easy to say that without Henry Cabot Lodge as a friend Theodore would not have gone so far. But for Lodge he might not have had a career at all. From the days at Harvard on, Theodore looked to Lodge for guidance and advice. That Lodge led his friend into a bit of a mare's-nest at the Chicago convention in 1884 cannot be denied, and still the prominence Theodore attracted to himself by his theatrics and his attack of the well known Roosevelt temper brought him nationwide notice that was to serve him well later on.

When Theodore was so anxious to get into the Navy Department, it was Lodge who went to Canton, Ohio, to intercede for him.

And now, while Theodore was still in Cuba, Lodge was busily engaged at home weaving a laurel-wreath for his brow, magnifying his mediocre exploits into a triumph, and casting about for some suitable preferment with which to reward him. There was talk between Theodore and Cabot about the advisability of wresting the portfolio of the War Department from the hands of Secretary Alger. Theodore

was fully convinced of Alger's incompetency and of his own surpassing fitness.

Alger had hit back with vigor and acerbity at some of Theodore's criticism of his conduct of the War Department. The criticism was not unwarranted. The War Department had been almost a flat failure from the moment that war was declared. If the war had been against a nation of our own size we would have been whipped before we could even get our coat off. However, there was something else in the wind by the time the Colonel had reached home. The newspaper accounts of Roosevelt's heroism had started a boom for Governor. Until the nomination of Roosevelt was actually in the bag Cabot and Theodore still discussed the removal of Alger for mismanagement of the war as a possibility. But the gubernatorial boom grew like the proverbial snowball. The truth was that the Republican party in New York was in a bad spot. Black as Governor had been a little too generous with his friends in contracts for the repairs of the Erie Canal and a "canal scandal" was in the making. Black was on the way out, of course, and what the Republicans needed was a candidate who could take the stump without any embarrassment from that source. Roosevelt had been out of state politics too long to carry any taint of Black's over-generosity. And in addition to that he was, next to Admiral Dewey, the hero of the hour.

Even while the Colonel was in Cuba the farsighted Mr. Depew of Peekskill had mentioned his name to Platt as the one Republican who could possibly carry the state in the face of Black's rascality, over which the Democrats—who knew a good scandal when they saw one—were already licking their chops.

Platt was perhaps the one man in the United States Senate who was left completely cold and unfeeling by the thrilling accounts of the triumphs of American arms at San Juan. He did not like Theodore Roosevelt. He never had liked him. He never would like him. He thoroughly disapproved of the war and of Roosevelt's part in bringing it

on. And still Mr. Platt had been doing what he called "a heap of thinking." He did even more thinking after Mr. Depew had talked with him.

On September 2, 1898, the Albany Evening Journal, a newspaper noted for its inspired writings, since it was the property of Boss Barnes of Albany County, declared that Roosevelt's nomination was a "foregone conclusion." Only one thing remained: the act of fealty to the uncrowned king.

This ceremony took place on September 17, when the hero of San Juan Hill proceeded to the old Fifth Avenue Hotel (on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street) and made obeisance before Senator Platt in the famous—or perhaps infamous—Amen Corner.

A week later he declined the nomination tendered him by a group of independents who distrusted both the Republicans and the Democrats, and were, they protested, looking for an honest man.

Much has been made of the fact that Theodore Roosevelt was as a matter of fact ineligible for the nomination because of conflicting affidavits of residence made for the purpose of avoiding the payment of taxes in Oyster Bay and New York. This was good campaign material, though it would probably have had no standing in a court of law. A residence for the purpose of taxation may be maintained quite apart from a residence for the purpose of voting. And affidavits filed for the purpose of establishing a tax residence in Oyster Bay would not have been admissible in a proceeding to establish his actual residence elsewhere. The whole subject was promptly and properly brushed aside by Elihu Root at the convention at Saratoga where once again the grandiloquent Chauncey M. Depew had the honor and the pleasure of placing the name of Theodore Roosevelt in nomination for public office.

Delegates to the convention from the western part of the state had gone to the convention with the well-formulated intention of nominating Timothy L. Woodruff of Brooklyn for Governor. Woodruff was a wheel-horse of the Republican party. He had worked long and faithfully in Queens County turning in Republican majorities for forlorn hopes. He was reliable rather than able or brilliant. He was what was then called a "nobby" dresser, and was given to wearing fancy vests, boasting that he had more than thirty different patterns in his wardrobe. The up-state delegates joked among themselves about the fancy vests, but were pretty well agreed that Timmy was the man. They had not been enthusiastic over Roosevelt in the first place. Many of them had thought the war with Spain a piece of unwarranted arrogance, and had blamed Roosevelt for his not inconsiderable part in getting us into it. Others had lost sons in the typhoid camps or from the "embalmed" beef issued to recruits by a grossly incompetent and probably corrupt source of supplies.

They returned from the convention in something like a daze. When asked what had happened they shook their heads. A new force had come into state politics. Roosevelt had swept the convention completely off its feet. They didn't know whether Platt liked it or not. The old man had looked a little worried, but he had not done anything to stop it.

Colonel Roosevelt was in no such doubt. "At the time I was nominated for Governor," he writes, "there was no possibility of securing the nomination unless the bosses permitted it."

But the independents scored him unmercifully at the time for truckling to bosses merely to get political preferment. He was still smarting under their criticism fifteen years later when writing his memoirs, and caustically refers to the "lunatic fringe" to every reform movement.

The Democrats nominated Augustus Van Wyck to oppose Roosevelt. Van Wyck was a good man, but he was no hero. And with the Republicans keynoting the campaign with patriotism Van Wyck had rather hard sledding to hold the Democrats in line. Whenever Roosevelt spoke a dozen or more Rough Riders in uniform were grouped around him. Rough Riders even toured the state with him in his special

train, and it was the usual thing to have a Rough Rider or two scattered about in the crowd. At one point in the proceedings they would come up to shake his hand—and he would call them by name. This never failed to win over the most unresponsive crowd.

At each stop of the special train a bugler would step out on the rear platform to sound a cavalry charge. Then the candidate himself would appear. "You have heard the trumpet that sounded to bring you here," he is reported to have said in one small town. "I have heard it tear the tropic dawn when it summoned us to fight at Santiago."

It was like the statewide tour of a company of theatrical amateurs with Theodore as the lead. This was the time when the name Teddy came into wide use. The Rough Riders were largely responsible. They had called him Teddy behind his back from the beginning, and with all the sock and buskin accompaniments of the campaign the name caught the popular fancy. There was a time when Theodore did not care to have the name applied to him in public, but with the good humored acclaim he was receiving from the people his dislike for it soon wore off—and in the end he gloried in it.

He is said to have laughed heartily when told that at an East Side rally in New York a district leader leaped up on the tailpiece of the speaker's cart and proposed, "Three loud and lusty cheers for Freddy Rosenfeldt."

Enormous crowds turned out to hear him, but as the campaign proceeded the leaders could see that it was not winning votes. He won over Van Wyck by the narrow margin of less than 18,000.

Theodore Roosevelt's term as Governor was more colorful than distinguished. He put over no important reforms. Perhaps the most valuable piece of legislation during his term was the adoption of the franchise tax, a measure that originated with a Democratic Senator named Ford, who later became a state Supreme Court Judge.

Theodore did not hesitate to take all the credit for the

bill when it was eventually passed. He considered it the "most definite and important contribution" made by him as Governor. It must be admitted that without his insistence the bill never could have been passed, as Platt was openly opposed to it, but he might at least have mentioned the originator's name.

During the second year of his term, Teddy took the bit in his teeth and was soon in trouble with the bosses. Both Platt and B. B. Odell, the G.O.P. state chairman, were opposed to having him drop Lou Payne as Superintendent of Insurance. Payne was too important a cog in the Republican wheel to be lightly discarded, they said. Roosevelt's only objection to him was that he was crooked. Lou Payne was like the tin-box officials of a later day. He was more interested in feathering his nest than in protecting the policyholders. He provoked from Colonel Roosevelt one of the humorous outbursts with which he was wont to liven the dull matters of state.

"Being a frugal man," said the Colonel, "out of his seven thousand dollars a year salary he has saved enough to enable him to borrow nearly half a million dollars from a trust company, the directors of which are also the directors of an insurance company," under Payne's supervision.

Colonel Roosevelt won the fight. He did not reappoint Payne. Instead he named Francis Hendricks of Syracuse. But he firmly convinced Platt, Odell, Barnes et al. that they must put him on the shelf if they had any desire to continue in control of the G.O.P. in New York State. From that time on Teddy Roosevelt was a marked man, and the bosses began to sharpen their hatchets.

Cartoonists and newspaper writers have Lou Payne to thank for one thing, however. He inspired perhaps the most famous of all the Colonel's oft-quoted apothegms. It was when Teddy had been complimented for his good natured handling of the affair that he remarked:

"I have always been fond of the West African proverb: Speak softly and carry a big stick, and you will go far."

Soft speech was never associated with Teddy to any extent, but the Big Stick clung to him as long as he remained in public life.

At the beginning of his term as Governor the Colonel actually tried to get along with Platt and Odell. He usually spent Friday night and Saturday at New York where as a rule he foregathered with Senator Platt and State Chairman Odell. They breakfasted together and discussed matters of policy and appointments. Now and then there would be noisy disagreements over appointments though there was no serious misunderstanding until the question of the reappointment of Lou Payne came up. In spite of the surface smoothness Platt and Odell were pretty well convinced even before the end of the first year that putting a hero in as Governor had been a mistake and they began to cast about for the most diplomatic and effective way of getting rid of him.

Soon after this we find the Colonel writing to his sister, "I have told Cabot that I did not want and would not take, the Vice-Presidency; also Platt. The latter assures me that he is for me for renomination for Governor, and that there will be no opposition to me.... Of course were my renomination out of the question I should accept the Vice-Presidency." This was December 17, 1899.

Ten days later he writes again that "Cabot still feels most strongly about the Vice-Presidency, but... the great bulk of my friends take the opposite view, and so do I." In January he is still discussing what he will do in case he is not renominated for Governor. And in this connection he speaks of Cabot not only as the staunchest friend he has ever known, "but the very staunchest friend I have ever read of."

Early in February, 1900, he writes, "I have written both Platt and Cabot saying definitely that I did not wish to be Vice-President and that I do wish to be Governor. I can see nothing whatever in the Vice-Presidency for me.... I have made up my mind that it is the Governorship that I want." He adds that Cabot and other good friends feel that he is

tempting Providence to try to stay in Albany. "So it would be," he adds, "if I thought it worth while to look ahead and scheme for a career. But I emphatically do not think it worth while." And in less than two years he was in the White House!

After the Payne episode Platt and Odell began to tighten the screws, and we find the Colonel writing his sister, "Senator Platt is fond of me, but there are lots of big politicians and especially lots of Wall Street men... against me. They would like to see me put in the Vice-Presidency because they think I will be harmless there. I have definitely decided that I will not take the Vice-Presidency... I have so written Cabot and Platt."

But in spite of the dissatisfaction of Platt and Odell the Colonel himself was very much gratified over his success as Governor. "Seriously," he wrote his sister February 27, 1900, "I think I can say with absolute truthfulness that I have administered this Governorship better than it has ever been administered before in my time-better than Cleveland administered it." Some months later he wrote practically the same thing to James Bullock and included Tilden in the comparison. An examination of the record does not bear the Colonel out. In addition to the franchise tax measure he did procure the reënactment of the Civil Service law which had previously been repealed. There was some additional labor legislation put through and some forest preservation. And he speaks with pride in his memoirs of his bill to provide seats for waitresses in hotels and restaurants and reducing the hours of drug clerks.

The truth was that he had been more vociferous than constructive. Had his record as Governor been as splendid as he thought it would not have been so easy for the bosses to deny him a renomination. While the Colonel was in Chicago in April 1900 he took the opportunity of saying that he would rather be in private life than be Vice-president. He seemed to have an idea that if he reiterated his wish often enough it would eventually be granted. He did

finally give up trying to make Cabot see the situation eye to eye with him, and was forced to admit that their points of view were different. "He regards me as a man with a political career," he wrote. "The dear old goose actually regards me as a presidential possibility of the future, which always makes me thoroughly exasperated, because sooner or later it will have the effect of making other people think that I so regard myself and that therefore I am a ridiculous personage."

He once screamed with rage, "Don't ask me that!" when being interviewed by the press during his days in the Police Department, and was casually asked if he was a possible candidate for President.

How many times the Colonel stated "definitely" in the first six months of the year 1900 that he did not want to be Vice-President and did want to be Governor would be hard to say. This statement was in dozens, perhaps hundreds of his personal letters. But he begins a letter to his sister after the National Convention in June:

The thing could not be helped. There were two entirely different forces at work. The first was to get me out of New York, partly because the machine naturally prefers some one more pliable, but mainly because of the corporations'... unhealthy attitude toward me... I stood Mr. Platt and the machine on their heads when the trial of strength came and forced the entire New York delegation to declare for some one else. It was the feeling of the great bulk of the Republicans that I would strengthen the National ticket and they wanted me on it at all hazards.

And now that the pill has actually been swallowed he uses that peculiar gift of his to make himself like it. Platt and Odell and all the minor politicians who had been so anxious to get rid of the hero of San Juan Hill went around for days patting themselves on the back. At last the "Big

Stick" had been removed from over their heads and they could begin to breathe again.

They had indeed put the "Big Stick" on the shelf. But it was not, as it turned out, a very secure shelf.

If Roosevelt had been a little better politician at this time he might have avoided the Vice-presidency and gone to the White House by quite another route. On a barnstorming trip to New Mexico for a reunion of the Rough Riders in June 1899 he was received with great enthusiasm by the West "as if I had been a Presidential candidate," as he said to Lodge. So much so, indeed, that the McKinley forces were a little worried. They were afraid that he might try to nose McKinley out of the renomination. It was then that Mark Hanna began to tell what a good Governor he had been, and to say that he deserved another term.

Had he maintained an inscrutable silence and looked wise for a time he would have been in a position to barter for a cabinet post or even for the renomination for Governor that he then so greatly craved. But he promptly put their doubts at rest by pledging his support to McKinley.

Hanna thought that he was out of the woods, but he was really in worse danger than before. Matt Quay of Pennsylvania had been watching Hanna closely and had discovered Hanna's fear of Roosevelt. There was bad blood between Quay and Hanna because Hanna had been instrumental in preventing Quay's admission to the Senate a year before. And when Quay sensed Hanna's alarm after the barnstorming trip he at once conceived a way to use it for his own revenge. He quietly sought the help of Platt, who though he nursed no grudge against Hanna was anxious to get the Rough Rider out of the state government. A deal was quickly arranged. It was a game of wits with Quay, Penrose and Platt, on the one side and Hanna, the lone wolf, on the other. In this game Theodore Roosevelt was no more than a poker chip.

Hanna was supposed to be virtual dictator of the convention, but there were weak spots in his armor, and

the Quay-Penrose-Platt trio knew exactly where they were. Soon after the convention opened Quay offered a resolution to the effect that state representation in the national convention should be based on the size of the vote in the various states. This, if enacted, would have shorn the Southern delegations of practically all their power, and Hanna was counting on the votes from south of the Mason and Dixon line to put through his program.

That the proposal was a step towards the purification of politics was totally beside the point. Quay would have been the last man to interest himself in such a reform for any reason not strictly selfish. Hanna understood this perfectly. He knew that it was a body blow at himself. The Southern leaders, not knowing what was in the wind, believed it a blow at their political prerogative and were on their feet in an instant clamoring for recognition.

At that point Quay rang the bell for the end of the round by asking that discussion on the question be delayed for a day or two. During the recess word was sent to the Southern delegation that Quay would withdraw the resolution if the Southern delegates would give their support to Colonel Roosevelt for Vice-president. Hanna knew when he was beaten, and not long afterward he called in the newspaper men and gave out a statement to the effect that Roosevelt had been agreed upon.

A pretty bit of by-play had been arranged by which Roosevelt's vanity had been quite nicely satisfied. The Governor was very anxious to prevent the country at large from getting the idea that the New Yorkers were nominating him as Vice-president in order to get rid of him. He therefore insisted that his nomination should not emanate from New York. He also insisted that the delegation must be instructed for another candidate. To this Senator Platt readily agreed, and the delegation was instructed to support Lieutenant-governor Woodruff for Vice-president.

Roosevelt was completely taken in by the ruse. "I supposed that this closed the incident," he wrote in his memoirs,

"and that no further effort would be made to nominate me for the Vice-presidency. On the contrary, the effect was directly the reverse. The upset of the New York machine increased the feeling of the delegates from other states that it was necessary to draft me for the nomination. By next day Senator Hanna acquiesced in the movement." In another place he adds, "In every other State all the people who admired me were bound that I should be nominated as Vice-President... they became angry at Senator Hanna's opposition."

That there had been a deal between the sagacious old Senator Platt, the sly Quay and the slippery Penrose never occurred to Roosevelt. If he had learned of the trickery as late as 1913 when he wrote his memoirs, he gave no inkling of the fact. His explanation of Hanna's about face is that Hanna "suddenly became aware that if he persisted (in his opposition to Roosevelt) he might find that in their anger these men (the delegates who desired Roosevelt for Vice-president) would oppose McKinley's renomination." A naïve explanation if there ever was one.

McKinley was of course renominated with a whoop. And when the chairman called for nominations for Vice-president—the name of Theodore Roosevelt was the only one put before the convention. The New York delegates sat in silence while the Governor of their state was nominated and seconded by members of outside delegations. Their perfectly harmless instructions to support Woodruff caused no complications whatever; for Woodruff's name was not even placed in nomination. A motion to make the nomination of Roosevelt unanimous was carried with a will. And that was that.

Mark Hanna was a real politician. He yielded when he had to. But he was not blind to the consequences of his act. "Don't any of you realize that there's only one life between this madman and the White House?" he cried as he saw the lines of the Platt-Quay-Penrose trio tightening about him.

It was more than a howl of protest from a defeated politician; it was a prophecy.

There was something decidedly Gilbertian about the Vice-presidential activities of both Theodore and Franklin. Set to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music the story might have made another *Pinafore*. Theodore abominated the office. For more than a year he fought against it with every weapon at his command. And yet, before he had held the despised position a year, it landed him in the White House.

With Franklin it was just the other way. He wanted the job—or thought he did—and fought hard to get it. He campaigned for it with all the immense vigor and endurance at his command. Had he been elected, with Cox as President, the probability is that he would never have ascended to the presidency. For unless the President happens to die, a term as Vice-president is not unlike a sojourn among the mothballs.

Being beaten for Vice-president gave Franklin his grip on the first rung of the presidential chair.

But as hard as Theodore tried to keep from being nominated on the ticket with McKinley, when once he had been called to the colors he threw himself into the campaign with frantic fury. On a single tour he traveled more than 21,000 miles and made over 670 speeches—to get himself elected to a job he did not want.

Once more he was thundering against Bryan as he had thundered four years before, and in answer to the Democratic charges of imperialism he was now citing the Louisiana Purchase by Thomas Jefferson, the President he detested above all others. It was, after all, a rather easy victory since there were many of the conservative Democrats who found it impossible to vote for Bryan. In the matter of electoral votes Bryan was beaten about two to one with the largest plurality since 1872.

From the first the new Vice-president snatched the spotlight from his Chief Executive. The newspapers mentioned the enthusiasm of the crowds for "Teddy" and the com-

Hadn't It Ought To Be Re-covered First?

Much More of This 'Saving' Will Be the End of Us



-From The Birmingham Age-Herald.



-From The Columbus Dispatch



Elderman in The Washington Post, "He's just m quack."



Ray in The Kansas City Star. "Franklin's successful experiment."

CARTOONS OF FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT



CARTOONS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

parative obscurity of the President. It was the "girlishly pretty" Alice Roosevelt who had most of the space devoted to her in the reports of the inaugural ball.

As President of the Senate Theodore Roosevelt wielded the gavel for only five days. The Senate convened March 5 and adjourned March 9, 1901. The new Vice-president was decidedly shaky on parliamentary law, and he kept a clerk at his elbow to prompt him though he had been studying the files of the Congressional Record for days before assuming his new duties.

The Congress would not convene again until November and the restless Theodore began to make plans for resuming the study of law. Chief Justice White had agreed to lend him books and beginning in the fall was to give him a quiz each Saturday afternoon. And already his plans were afoot for the nomination in 1904, and Lodge was urging the greatest caution against arousing any jealousy on the part of McKinley. He had scouts at work in California and Kansas, and plans were being made to sound the sentiments of Hanna and Quay and Platt. No longer would Teddy have screamed "Don't ask me that!" to anyone who inquired about his ambitions to be President. In his own mind and the minds of his friends he was already a candidate.

He was in Buffalo in May and spoke at the opening of the Pan-American Exposition. McKinley had promised to speak there in September, and telegraphed his felicitations for the opening expressing the hope that there might "be no cloud on this grand festival of peace and commerce."

The President came in September as agreed and was assassinated in the very auditorium where his message of good will had been read. He was shot down by Leon Czolgosz on September 6, and died in the home of John G. Milburn, to which he had been removed, on September 14, 1901.

At the moment McKinley was shot Theodore Roosevelt was attending a reception at the home of Governor Fisk of Vermont. A message to him was received at the Governor's

house by telephone, and he started for Buffalo at once. He arrived there the following day. For a day or two McKinley lingered between life and death, and then took a turn for the better. On September 10 Roosevelt left Buffalo after being reassured that the danger was past. He joined his family in a remote part of the Adirondacks to resume his vacation. Three days later McKinley took a decided turn for the worse, and Roosevelt was again summoned.

He had gone off to climb Mt. Tahawus when the message arrived, and a guide was sent after him. He was found on the very top of the mountain, and by the time he was able to reach the club house darkness had fallen. The nearest railway station, North Creek, was fifty miles away.

Horses were secured, and with only the driver of the buckboard for company Roosevelt set out upon a wild night ride over the rough and winding mountain roads through dense forest, the horses lashed to top speed, the buckboard careening and swaying. It was such an adventure as boys dream of when they read dime novels of the old stage coach days. Roosevelt must have enjoyed it thoroughly.

Two or three times they stopped to change horses, and then went thundering off into the night. The dawn was just showing in the eastern sky as the mudstained travelers drew up before the tiny railway station at North Creek where a special train stood ready. Roosevelt's secretary, Mr. Loeb, had heard them coming in the distance and was waiting for them. His first words were that McKinley was dead. He had breathed his last while his successor was making the wild ride over the mountain roads in the Stygian darkness of the forest night.

For some years afterwards there was a brisk trade around the neighborhood in horses alleged to have drawn the President's buckboard that night. At most there were but six horses which actually took part in the relay though it was hard to find a horse in the county without a well-authenticated record as being one of the six. Indeed, to this day the tail of Aiden Lair, one of the horses that really was

in the run, hangs in the barn of Henry Smith at Potterstown, near Schroon Lake, if it has not in the meantime been worn out brushing the flies from less worthy steeds.

Roosevelt's train reached Buffalo shortly after noon, and he went at once to the Milburn home where the late President's body lay. He was deeply affected by the death of his chief. It is to be hoped that he did not recall some of the uncomplimentary remarks he had made because of Mc-Kinley's reluctance to plunge the country into the Spanish War. But Theodore Roosevelt had a way of speaking hastily—and then forgetting all about it. And his conduct at Buffalo showed the warm-hearted and tender side of him.

From 2:15 in the morning when McKinley died until 4:10 in the afternoon when Roosevelt took the oath of office, the country was without a President. The oath was administered by Judge John R. Hazel in the library of the Ansley Wilcox home, a fine old pillared mansion on Delaware Avenue. In a sketch made at the time Elihu Root is shown standing behind Roosevelt and next to George B. Cortelyou, secretary to McKinley. Chauncey M. Depew is shown in the foreground, and at his right stands Woodrow Wilson, then a professor at Princeton. How he came to be present is a mystery.

Mark Hanna was not there. He drove up shortly after the conclusion of the ceremony. Roosevelt saw the carriage and went quickly out, both hands outstretched. He realized the blow that Hanna had received and was quick with his sympathy.

Hanna removed his hat. "I wish you success and a prosperous administration," he said. "Command me if I can be of any service."

The single life that had stood between "the madman and the presidency" had been removed.

If, a year or two before, Mark Hanna could have cloaked his real feelings about Roosevelt a little better, another Hobart would have been Vice-president, and the "madman" would have been sitting innocuously behind the

Governor's desk in Albany. For it was while he was Governor that Roosevelt had without knowing it set in action the train of events which made him President.

Two decades were to elapse before another member of the Roosevelt family was seized with an ambition to sit behind that desk. Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., had returned from the War with the breast of his Lieutenant Colonel's tunic literally ablaze with medals and orders. The D.S.C. and the D.S.M. for which his father had so longed in vain, were pinned conspicuously there alongside the Cross of the Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre with three palms, and the Grand Cordon of Prince Danilo I and War Cross of Montenegro. He had been under fire at Cantigny and Soissons with the First Division of the A. E. F., and had taken part in the Argonne-Meuse, and the San Mihiel offensives. In addition to all this he had a wound stripe.

On the strength of a single skirmish Theodore the elder had been swept into the Governor's chair to the blaring of bugles and the yipping of a company of Rough Riders. By the same token Teddy, Jr., should have been crowned Emperor or at least given the portfolio of Prime Minister. Instead he was elected to the Assembly for a single term. This was in 1920, the year when Harding and Coolidge were leading the national ticket against Cox and Franklin Roosevelt. It was soon after the conclusion of his session in the Assembly that Teddy, Jr., committed the indiscretion of denying his relationship to Franklin and declared that the Vice-presidential candidate was a "maverick." Perhaps it was as his reward for this unethical bit of badinage that Mr. Harding appointed Teddy, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy under the cumbersome Mr. Denby.

Teddy, Jr., did not find the Navy the pleasant berth he had anticipated. It was while he was in the Navy that the Teapot Dome-Elk Hills scandal broke, and though he was completely blameless the affair seriously injured any chances he may have had for a political career. These oil leases had really been negotiated by the Department of the Interior on

the ground that Secretary Fall's department was better equipped to handle such business. The testimony disclosed that young Mr. Roosevelt had vigorously opposed having the Naval oil reserves handled by the Department of the Interior. He was completely exonerated by Secretary Denby of having had any participation in the transaction and was given a clean bill of health. But this did not prevent the repeated demands of Senator Dill for the young Assistant Secretary's resignation. Mr. Roosevelt refused to resign at the demand of a Democrat, but the scandal had come too close for comfort and had taken much of the joy out of his life at the nation's capital. It was therefore with the utmost pleasure that Teddy, Jr., tendered his resignation in the fall of 1924 to enter the hustings as the Republican nominee for Governor of New York.

But even here the aroma of the oil scandal hung over him. Al Smith, his opponent, made little use of the ammunition at hand. He had constructive arguments of his own to present. But the fulminating Mr. Lunn who was running for Lieutenant-governor was not so sporting, and the nightly lubrication he administered to the Republican nominee was far more severe than any punishment ever meted out to Fall, Doheny, and Sinclair, the real culprits in the case. It must have caused Mr. Roosevelt acute pain to be so flagrantly maligned all through the campaign as the oil agent of the Old Guard, but he stood up under the punishment like a Spartan, and made a gallant effort to laugh it off as a dirty political trick—which it was.

President Coolidge, who had succeeded Harding in 1923, gave young Mr. Roosevelt his enthusiastic support and tried in every way to help his campaign for Governor. But the oil bombardment of the Democrats was too heavy, and Teddy, Jr., lost the election by a narrow margin.

Exactly four years later the same Democratic spellbinders who had turned back Teddy, Jr., with the barrage of oil were making the welkin ring with their praises of an182 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA other member of the House of Roosevelt then running for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

This time it was the "maverick" Franklin Delano.

Commentators on the political career of Franklin Roosevelt have dated its real beginning with his nomination for Governor on the first day of October 1928. Ernest Lindley begins his book at this point, which seems like stretching a point. It seems much more likely that Franklin's political career dated its real beginning when Theodore Roosevelt returned from the wars and began to ride in an open barouche between the sputtering lines of red-fire. The acclaim with which Cousin Theodore was received was enough to fire the imagination of a boy just preparing to enter college.

While in college Franklin had been one of the most active members of the Political Club. Even during the hectic days when he was on the editorial board of the Crimson his interest in the Political Club did not abate. He made an attempt to organize a current events club but the effort fell through. It was the custom of the Political Club to bring prominent men to Harvard to give talks on subjects of current importance and to lead discussions. One of the visitors in 1901 was a distinguished lawyer from Brooklyn named Edward M. Shepard, who afterward became an important figure in the sensational bolt by which Franklin Roosevelt as a Senator blocked the election of Blue-eyed Billy Sheehan to the United States Senate.

A Senator at 28, Franklin was 31 when he reached his Navy post. He had remained in the Navy Department until 1920 when he had taken his fling at a national campaign, running for Vice-president on the ticket with Cox. But the Roosevelt grin was at that time no match for the Mona Lisa smile of the enigmatic Coolidge. After that defeat Franklin was out of public life for the first time in ten years. His salary in the Navy Department had not been large and doubtless he was glad of an opportunity to attend to his own

personal affairs for a time. On January 1, 1921, he announced that he had resumed an active partnership with his old firm of Emmet, Marvin and Roosevelt.

It was during the following summer when he was seized with the attack of infantile paralysis. The seizure came on him at Campobello after some unusual exertions followed by a swim in the chilly waters of the Bay of Fundy. He was transferred to New York as soon as he was able to move and was placed in the Presbyterian Hospital. He talked constantly about getting back to his work, but the family knew perfectly well that he never would. They realized that his career was at an end, and planned among themselves that when the hospital had done all it could for him they would take him to Hyde Park where he could spend the rest of his days in seclusion surrounded by his books and his collection of stuffed birds. But Franklin did not agree with this at all. He had no idea of going into seclusion at Hyde Park or elsewhere. And when he was ready to leave the hospital he had himself taken to his home on East Sixty-fifth Street.

Here he resumed the social life to which he had been accustomed, with Louis McHenry Howe acting as handyman in all his business affairs. Even now his interest in politics did not languish. To keep a family finger on the Democratic pulse Mrs. Roosevelt now became an active worker in the party. But the use of Franklin's legs was very slow in coming back in spite of the treatments and exercises to which he was most faithful. He was still hobbling about on crutches when he undertook the management of Al Smith's first campaign for President in 1924. Indeed, he walked to the platform on two crutches when he placed Smith's name before the convention with the famous speech in which he dubbed Smith "The Happy Warrior," a title devised not by Roosevelt, but by Al's friend, Joseph M. Proskauer, then a justice of the state Supreme Court. But The Happy Warrior was not to win. After a long battle between Smith and Underwood the convention finally agreed upon John W. Davis as a compromise candidate.

Davis felt that he needed all the help he could get in New York and asked Al Smith to take the nomination for a third term as Governor. Smith acceded, and though he carried the state the Coolidge landslide completely buried John W. Davis and the entire national ticket.

It was about this time that Franklin Roosevelt first heard of the warm water treatment for infantile paralysis given at a dilapidated old resort in Georgia called Warm Springs. He determined to try the place. His first visit there lasted six weeks, but during his stay he made greater improvement than in the preceding three years. Since then he has continued to go there at regular or irregular intervals.

And he happened to be at Warm Springs for one of his visits when on October 1, 1928, Alfred E. Smith arrived at Rochester, New York, after his first long swing through the West in his campaign for the presidency. The campaign seemed to be going nicely at that point, but there was an important decision that now must be made. The Democrats were meeting for their state convention and they had, as yet, no candidate for Governor.

That Smith could not be elected if he failed to carry New York was an unanswerable certainty. Without the electoral vote of New York State he would have no chance at all. It was an oft-expressed belief around the convention hall that Al Smith's election might stand or fall with the Democratic candidate for Governor.

He must be a man who could help Smith carry the state and whose name would add weight to the national ticket. What the Smith ticket needed was a little "class"; so it would be just as well if the candidate were not too obviously self-made, or from too lowly an origin; and it might not be amiss if he should just happen to have no Catholic affiliations.

It was a rather difficult assignment, and about the only man who could fill all the specifications was Franklin Roosevelt.

And Franklin had other advantages to his credit. It was

thought that his defiance of Tammany on the Sheehan matter would offset some of the indelibility of the Tammany stamp on Smith. Then too, Franklin was in a way committed to the Smith candidacy for President. He had engineered Smith's campaign at the Houston convention and had placed Smith's name in nomination. Surely if there was anything that he could do to promote his candidate's cause he would be in duty bound to do it. Roosevelt's work in the Navy Department under the Wilson régime had added several cubits to his stature. And the name Roosevelt by itself had all the importance of a National Bank. The "rum and Romanism" whispering campaign was just beginning to get under way and Smith's selection of John J. Raskob as National Chairman had given the whisperers the name of another prominent wet and prominent Catholic to roll under the tongue. Roosevelt had done much to overcome the prejudice against Smith in the South before the Houston convention, and it was just possible that the addition of his name to the ticket would put a good Episcopalian damper on the whispering campaign.

But alas, when Smith dropped off at Rochester for the state convention, he found a refusal of the nomination in advance waiting for him. Roosevelt placed his refusal on two grounds: the first, that Smith did not need his help on the New York ticket; and the second, staying away from Warm Springs during the cold months would retard his recovery and might prevent his getting rid of the leg braces within the next two years.

This message from Roosevelt threw the Smith forces into the utmost dejection. Joab Banton, District Attorney of New York County, Peter G. Ten Eyck of Albany, and ex-Mayor Lunn of Schenectady, were offered as alternates, but Smith rejected them all. Eleanor Roosevelt was present as delegate, but she held out no hope that her husband would change his mind. She was a good personal friend of Al Smith; she had seconded his nomination for Governor when he ran for his last term; she was ready to do all she

could to insure his election—except urge her husband to undertake the gubernatorial campaign. There she drew the line. It was for Franklin to say whether he wanted to take the risk.

His daughter, Mrs. Curtis B. Dall, was not so reticent about urging her father to accept. She telegraphed him, "Go ahead and take it." His answer to her, sent the next day, was brief and to the point. It said, "You ought to be spanked."

Al Smith had talked with Franklin by telephone from Milwaukee two days before. He had told Franklin how much he was needed. But the answer was No. The situation had been growing steadily worse, however, and once more Al Smith asked for long distance and put in a call for Warm Springs.

Roosevelt was reluctant to have his name placed before the convention, but he did not say that if the convention insisted upon nominating him he would refuse to run.

When the convention opened the next day he was quickly nominated by acclamation with Lehman as his running-mate. Then the convention adjourned in high feather.

The Republican press denounced the nomination as "pathetic and pitiless." The Herald Tribune regarded it as unfair to Mr. Roosevelt and to the people of the state, who, under other conditions, would welcome his candidacy for any office. The World, on the other hand, expressed the belief that if elected he would be physically as "well qualified for his duties as any war veteran who had lost an arm or a leg in battle."

After this the physical fitness of Roosevelt was an added element in the whispering campaign.

And once more a Democratic candidate for Governor carried the state while the Democratic national ticket went down to a crushing defeat. Roosevelt was elected by 25,000 and Smith lost the state to Hoover by 103,000.

It is regrettable that Theodore Roosevelt could not have lived to see his nephew-in-law as Governor of New

York. Theodore, it must be remembered, modestly hailed himself as a better Governor than either Cleveland or Tilden. Franklin may not have been so boastful—not in public at least—but he was a better Governor than Theodore in every department of the game. His administration was far more productive of legislative ideas, seldom original with him, however; and he was more effective in carrying them through though he was hampered by adverse majorities in both Senate and Assembly during his entire tenure of office.

Franklin was vastly more independent than Theodore. He had no entangling alliances with the bosses. He may have been opposed and obstructed by his enemies, but at least he was not hampered and embarrassed by his friends. Franklin came in on his own terms. The Democratic convention had almost gone down on its knees to get him to take the nomination. In the case of Theodore it was the candidate who bent his knee; and after he was in office he found the great gods Platt and Odell about as helpful as millstones hung about his neck.

Nor was Franklin any less a master of the art of bally-hoo. If he lacked the ardor, the bluster and the overbearing combativeness of Theodore, he had a pleasing plausibility, an air of sincerity, a halo of consecration to a great cause, that made people believe in him. He was an obliterator of party lines; he had to be if he was to accomplish anything with the Senate and Assembly both in the hands of the opposition. Theodore's method of ballyhoo was that of the swashbuckler. Franklin's was of quite a different stripe. He was more of a blandly smiling Romeo.

The inaugural ceremonies at Albany fairly dripped with sentiment on the first of January, 1929 when Governor Smith handed over the keys of the Executive Mansion to the incoming Governor. Smith had occupied the place for eight years, and had begun to have vague feelings of a prescriptive ownership. There was a strange wistfulness about him when he stood up in the Assembly Chamber to say good-

by. The outgoing and incoming governors cast conventions to the winds and passed their felicitations and good wishes back and forth with about as much formality as if a country store were changing hands.

"Frank, I congratulate you," says Al. "I hope you will be able to devote that intelligent mind of yours to the prob-

lems of this state."

That Franklin Roosevelt was a little surprised at the tone the ceremonies had taken on was evident to all. He started to address the retiring executive as "Governor Smith," then bethought himself and added, "Al," thus sustaining what Lindley calls the "simple personal note." He spoke of Smith's eight years as Governor and in closing extended "our affectionate greetings, our wishes for his good health and happiness, and our prayer that God will watch over him and his in the years to come."

The new Governor was received a little coldly by both parties. It was the second electoral position he had ever held. Neither party knew just where he stood. Practically all the Democrats in the legislature came from New York City. Only six were from outside districts. On the Republican side practically all the members came from outside the city. Only six were from New York. The Governor himself was

from up-state.

It was an anomalous situation for the new executive, and one which he took immediate steps to remedy. He set up a news bureau for the alleged purpose of supplying to the rural press accurate information about the new administration. The real purpose of the bureau was to revivify the Democratic party in all that part of New York State situate, lying and being outside the borders of Greater New York. He felt that within the metropolitan area the Democrats were able to keep themselves informed.

The "news" sent out by the bureau very wisely avoided the appearance of open partisanship, but it never failed to mention the Governor's name with unvarying approval. And so skillfully was it written that much of the material filtered through into the columns of the rock-ribbed Republican weeklies. This subtle Roosevelt propaganda, so harmless on its face, was to cause a tremendous splitting of tickets in up-state New York and to give the rural Republican leaders many a sleepless night a little later on.

It might be said that Roosevelts rush in where angels fear to tread. Theodore as Governor had bared his teeth and flung himself into a spirited attack on the corporations in behalf of the franchise tax. Franklin in his inaugural speech proposed to settle the question of the water power issue. This was a drive not on all corporations, but on particular corporations. In neither case was the issue original with the Governor. The franchise tax had been borrowed from an obscure member of the Senate. The water power issue had originated with Franklin's uncle-in-law after he became President. Congress had passed back in 1903 a water power bill granting to a far-sighted individual named Thompson the right to build a dam at Muscle Shoals for a power station. Theodore Roosevelt vetoed it on the ground—unheard of in that day—that these vast power rights belonged to the people and should be used only for the public benefit. The issue was promptly taken up by the various states, and New York found itself in the novel position of seeing one of T. R.'s pet policies ably defended and expounded by a Democratic Governor. To Al Smith the crushing of the power ring was an issue that transcended the freeing of the serfs in importance. During his last term in Albany Smith had frustrated a determined effort by the power interests to grab an option on the immensely valuable St. Lawrence River dam site, a project said to be capable of producing over two million horsepower.

The power problem came back into the family when Franklin was made Governor. He promptly demanded that it be taken out of politics and settled once and for all time. "The utilization of this stupendous heritage," he said, should be no longer delayed by "petty squabbles and parti-

190 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA san dispute." It would be more difficult as time went on. It must be solved now.

The Old Guard listened and laughed. It was as if a schoolboy had stood up before them and declared that greed must be taken out of politics. The handsome young Governor had smiled as he said, "This is one of those questions on which I hope we can reach an agreement." It seemed to the embattled legislators that their new Executive was a bit naïve. The feasibility of the project had not at that time even been determined. There had been trouble enough in bridging the St. Lawrence, and to dam it was quite another matter. Nor was it known whether the Canadian authorities would consent to cooperate, or just where the line was to be drawn between our state and national interests in the riparian rights. Smith had been content to combat private greed in its attempt to gobble up public property before the public had become aware of its real value. Roosevelt went further. The mere saving of the water rights for future generations was not enough for him, and in an amazingly short time he was ready with a plan to develop the project and furnish the present generation with all the electricity they could use at a reasonable price.

Under his skillful handling the vague "water power issue" was brought home to every householder in the state by expressing it in terms of kilowatts at low prices—"cheap current."

It was a long drawn out fight. The interests were rich and resourceful. They had plenty of shock-troops in the trenches and a supreme command behind the lines that was second to none. They had already grabbed the power rights at Niagara, a project that had been sadly curbed in the interest of so unproductive an output as scenery. And with no cataract to sentimentalize about or exclaim over they could see a great future for St. Lawrence power—if they could only get their fingers on it.

The Governor's first proposal was for a quasi public Board of Trustees to undertake and investigate the question

of damming the St. Lawrence, producing electricity, and transmitting and selling it to consumers. But this was not all. The Trustees were also to look into the matter of financing the giant project with its own securities, just as it would have been financed by a private corporation, had any such secured control of the power rights, eventual payments of its obligations to be made out of the proceeds of the sale of current.

A long running fight followed. There were minor engagements from time to time, but it was not until the second year of the Governor's term that he succeeded in breaking the power deadlock of many years' standing, and put through his bill for a Power Development Commission to work out a plan for state development of the St. Lawrence. Roosevelt hailed this as a "milestone." The Republicans had yielded not through any high-minded desire for public service, but simply to take the power issue out of the coming campaign.

Mr. Roosevelt had appointed a distinguished commission, showing an incipient leaning even then towards the brain-trust type of public servant by his selection of Professor Robert Murray Haig of Columbia University. The next milestone was reached in 1931 when the commission reported that the St. Lawrence project was entirely feasible and that the not inconsiderable sum of seventy million dollars could be saved by constructing the dam on dry land, and subsequently diverting the course of the river.

The commission also reported that the utility companies were now willing to listen to reason and had expressed a desire to undertake the transmission and distribution of current for a reasonable compensation. All that was now needed was a bill creating a Power Authority and authorizing it to transact business. A Republican Assembly promptly and obediently passed the bill. But the Senate, also in the control of the Republicans, though willing to pass a bill granting the necessary authority, also took upon itself the naming of the five members of the Power Authority.

The sparks began to fly when the news of the Senate's action reached the Governor. He asserted that the old Power Ring was once more at work, that the purpose of the amendment was to maneuver him into vetoing the bill and thus delay this particularly important project in the development of the natural resources of the people of the State of New York. Thoroughly aroused, the Governor announced that he would at once go on the air with a direct appeal to the people, who after all were the real owners of the project.

There was an instantaneous response from all parts of the state. The Senate under a deluge of telegraphic and editorial wrath hastily reconsidered and withdrew the amendment, and the bill went through in the desired form.

And so it was that Franklin Roosevelt defeated the Power Ring, the remnants of which are now being hounded and bedeviled by Mayor LaGuardia in the interest of cheaper power for the city of New York.

Next to the crushing of the Power Interests, the most important accomplishment of Franklin Roosevelt as Governor was the establishment of the Executive Budget. Though the budget law was none of his making, having been written into the books while Smith was Governor, it did not take effect until after Roosevelt had come into office. Under the old law the appropriation bills were initiated and passed by the legislature and afterward approved or vetoed by the Executive.

Under the new law the budget was to be drawn by the Executive after he had received and passed upon estimates from the various departments. Early in the session Roosevelt found that the leaders had been drafting bills that in his opinion were contrary to the interest of the new law. He called them to account, and they denied any attempt on their part to flout the law. But when he put in his budget the legislative finance committee manhandled it badly, cutting the items approved by the Governor and allowing huge lump sums which they prescribed were to be expended only under legislative approval.

After some heated controversy the Governor vetoed the lump sums which amounted to fifty-six million dollars, and sent the budget bill back in its original form. The legislature repassed the amendments as before, and adjourned. Instead of vetoing the bill, calling a special session and cracking down on the recalcitrants until they came to time, Franklin Roosevelt handled the matter as he would have handled a line-fence dispute at Hyde Park—he had the law on them!

A lawsuit between the Executive and his legislature, the two law-making bodies of the state, was certainly a novel idea. But why not? Simply because they made the laws was no reason to believe that they understood the meaning of them any better than the common man for whose benefit or bewilderment they were made.

Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides and the legal battle was soon under way. It attracted wide attention. Less important causes were shunted aside, and in June the Appellate Division decided in favor of the legislature. The Governor promptly took an appeal to the Court of Appeals. But by this time the summer was coming on and the high court recessed without action. It was not until November that the Court of Appeals handed down its decision. When it did the position of the Governor was sustained on every fundamental issue. The line-fence was definitely located—with the budgetary powers on the Governor's side.

Franklin Roosevelt's other legislative accomplishments were those of the average Governor of the Empire State. He made some progress towards solving the old-age pension question. He put through a fifty-million-dollar bond issue for state hospitals. He initiated a plan for state development of Saratoga Springs. He made a gesture towards labor with laws regulating the use of the injunction in labor disputes, and improving some of the provisions of the Workmen's Compensation Law. And he earned the good will of many thousands of Republican farmers by his recommendations for farm relief, most of which were never granted. He also saddled the motorist with the first gasoline tax.

Franklin Roosevelt had plunged the state into terrific debt, but at least it was honest debt, and he was overwhelmingly reëlected. Any constructive program he may have had for his second term, however, was pretty completely upset and obscured by his long drawn-out feud with Tammany Hall over the sensational corruption in office that was unearthed in the metropolitan area. Theodore Roosevelt would have hurled himself upon these crooks and malefactors—guilty or innocent—with a fury and a fervor that would have made the cleansing of the Augean stables tame by comparison. Franklin did no hurling. If he raised his eyebrows slightly, that was all. Never was he more completely the product of his Hyde Park, Groton, and Harvard upbringing than during this crisis. He simply could not see why anybody should want to be dishonest. It must be a political trick contrived to embarrass him.

Tammany Hall, though essentially a predatory organization, had been on its good behavior during Smith's incumbency as Governor. Not that Tammany had sat all this time twiddling its thumbs; the merry Wigwam was still conducted on the principle of politics for revenue only, but it had managed to keep reasonably clear of major scandals, and though regarded by the Republicans and independent Democrats as a menace to honest government it had not been under any very concentrated fire.

Shortly after Roosevelt's election as Governor, George W. Olvany had resigned as leader, and John F. Curry with the aid of Mayor Walker wrested the control from the Smith forces. The unsolved murder of Arnold Rothstein at about this time brought sharp criticism from the press, which openly charged that the police and the district attorney were shielding the culprit to prevent a far-reaching scandal. The fact that Magistrate Vitale of the Bronx had borrowed money from Rothstein leaked out and set the tongues of gossips wagging.

A three-cornered fight for the mayoralty followed between Walker, LaGuardia, and Norman Thomas. La-

Guardia and Thomas thundered with their big guns at Tammany corruption, but the cocky young song-writing and wise-cracking Mayor Walker had caught the popular fancy and was reëlected by a plurality of 500,000.

The Vitale incident, however, had turned the attention of the opposition to the question of corruption on the bench, and Kingsland Macy, a Republican leader, was publicly threatening a state-wide investigation. The Republican legislature was positively embarrassing in its desire to help the Governor unearth corruption in his own party, and lost no time in passing a law conferring upon him full legislative power to investigate the courts in New York City. While the bill was being put through the legislature charges brought against Vitale by the bar association were sustained by the Appellate Division and Vitale was removed. But the Governor had already made up his mind, and when the bill finally reached his desk he promptly vetoed it.

The Republicans sighed as they thought of the alacrity with which the elder Theodore would have seized upon this weapon, and the fury with which he would have wielded it. Franklin sighed, too. He considered the incident closed. As a potential candidate for the presidency he did not look with relish on the prospect of a wholesale investigation of the Tammany office-holders in their own bailiwick. But as events came out the incident was far from closed.

Charles H. Tuttle, an ambitious United States Attorney for the southern district of New York now put his finger in the pie and pulled out a plum in the person of W. Bernard Vause, a county judge in Brooklyn who had collected a fee of \$190,000 for negotiating a pier lease for a steamship company, and had neglected to include the item in his income tax report. Tuttle also brought to light a veterinarian named Doyle who had amassed a huge fortune not so much by his skill in doctoring horses as by his luck in obtaining dubious building permits from the Board of Standards and Appeals. Charges against Magistrate Ewald and deputy

196 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA commissioner Martin J. Healy were also filed by Tuttle, who accused them of selling worthless mining stocks.

An attempt to have Governor Roosevelt initiate an investigation of these malefactors under the Moreland Act was met by the Governor with the statement that the act applied only to state departments, not to municipalities. And he temporized when the Republican legislature offered to extend the scope of the Moreland Act. Meanwhile the local district attorneys took up the leads developed by Tuttle and began a noisy cleanup campaign.

The Governor addressed a "state paper" to the legislative leaders saying he stood ready to send the State Attorney General to the City of New York for an extraordinary term of court whenever it should become apparent that "an investigation is not as complete and searching as it should be." He thought that he had deflated a dangerous political issue.

Tuttle, however, was not yet through with the Ewald case. He next turned up the payment to District Leader Healy by Ewald's wife of ten thousand dollars at about the time of her husband's appointment to the bench. Now Tuttle was beginning to get somewhere. The appointment of Ewald had been made by Mayor Walker.

Soon after this District Attorney Crain who had charge of the Ewald case announced that the grand jury had refused to indict. The howl of protest from both public and press brought home to the Governor the fact that his deflated issue was very much alive. He at once retaliated by calling on the Republican Attorney General and placing the case in his hands. He also called on the Appellate Division to make a general investigation of the Magistrates' Courts. The Appellate Division very promptly complied and selected ex-Judge Samuel Seabury to take charge of the investigation.

The court could not have chosen a more effective man. Naturally Tammany was irate. It was angry at the Governor for precipitating a general inquiry into its monopoly of the Magistrates' Court, and it was furious at Crain for not producing indictments in the Ewald case, although he had obviously been acting under instructions in an attempt to clear the Mayor's skirts.

Before Seabury, who was at the time abroad, had set the machinery of his investigation in motion another election had come on and Franklin Roosevelt had been reëlected for two years more. Though Tammany gave him no conspicuous help he carried the city by the largest vote in its history and swept up-state New York into the Democratic ranks. It was a strictly personal victory, for the Democratic failed to capture any of the twenty Republican seats in Congress. The Republicans also retained their majorities in both Senate and Assembly.

Soon after the election the Seabury investigation went into action and the scandals of the New York City government began to come to light. But public opinion was running ahead of Mr. Seabury and could not wait for him to build up his cases. The City Club filed charges against Crain and asked for his removal. Roosevelt first summoned Crain and Curry for a conference, still suspecting there was a Republican in the woodpile, though he eventually turned the case over to Seabury. A little later the City Affairs Committee filed charges with the Governor asking for the removal of Mayor Walker for cause.

The Governor presented the charges to Walker and gave him an opportunity to answer, which he did at great length—after spending a leisurely vacation at Samuel Untermyer's ranch in Palm Springs in California. But Roosevelt had not yet reached the point where he could look at wholesale corruption in New York City as anything but a political issue contrived to embarrass him. It must be remembered, however, that Seabury had not at this time unearthed the evidences of widespread corruption in the city government that he afterward brought to light.

Roosevelt had received the charges against Mayor Walker on his own wedding anniversary, the seventeenth of

March. And on the twenty-eighth of April he dismissed the charges on the ground that "sufficient justification in these documents, as submitted" to remove the mayor had not been found.

But the end was not yet. Seabury was getting his probe under the surface. He had a corps of assistants going over the bank accounts of all the prominent officials of the city, and soon interesting developments began to come to light.

Thomas M. Farley, sheriff and a Tammany district leader, was shown to have amassed a huge fortune presumably saved out of his modest salary as sheriff. Faced with the figures the sheriff smiled blandly and explained that the money had all come out of a "wonderful tin box" he kept at his home.

While the public was still holding its sides over this explanation another district leader, James A. McQuade, Register of Kings County, was reported to have made bank deposits far in excess of his salary. Mr. McQuade was no more embarrassed than Sheriff Farley at being dragged into the spotlight. He smilingly explained that the huge deposits he had made over a term of years were really the proceeds of loans which he had been forced to get from his friends to feed and clothe the "twenty-three McQuades" who were dependent upon him.

Harry C. Perry, chief clerk of the City Court, was also caught with a swollen bank account. But he, too, explained that he had been an industrious borrower of huge sums. Neither McQuade nor Perry had ever given any notes or other evidence of indebtedness and both were extremely hazy as to the identity of the careless lenders.

In the midst of the scandal McQuade was nominated as sheriff of Kings County, and to add to the hilarity of the situation, was overwhelmingly elected. The City Affairs Committee urged the Governor to remove McQuade and also John Theofel, the Democratic boss of Queens County, who was Clerk of the Surrogates' Court, and whose ex-

planation of his swollen bank account was about as con-

vincing as the explanation of Farley and McQuade.

With a timidity that must have made Theodore Roose-velt turn over in his grave the Governor refused to intervene in the case of McQuade, basing his refusal on what he called the "overwhelming verdict" of the electorate, and declaring that had he been a resident of Kings County he would have voted against McQuade because of the revelation of the Seabury committee.

The Governor pursued a hands-off policy in the case of Boss Theofel. If Theofel was to be removed, he said, it should be done by the surrogate who appointed him. The surrogate, knowing which side his bread was buttered on, told Mr. Theofel not to let it happen again, and allowed the matter to drop.

Perry was cleared by the justices of the City Court, practically all of whom were the creatures of the Wigwam, and the Governor accepted their verdict as a clean bill of health.

This left only Sheriff Farley and his "wonderful tin box" to be disposed of. Tammany was bending every energy to induce the Governor to let the matter drop, and in spite of all the clamor in the press the Governor held the findings of Mr. Seabury's committee for nearly two months before he could bring himself to act. Meanwhile Farley had been indicted by a New York grand jury for failure to account for the interest on funds left in his custody, which he had collected from the banks. This indictment seemed to give the Governor courage to go on, for soon after it was reported he summoned Farley to Albany to answer the charges.

The Governor gave the slow-witted blunderer an elaborate grilling, but still Farley was unable to give any better explanation than the "wonderful tin box." Three days later the Governor, to the great disgust of Tammany, removed Farley from office. But he hastened to make

200 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA amends by immediately appointing in Farley's place another Tammany district leader, John E. Sheehy.

Meanwhile Mr. Seabury had been continuing relent-lessly with his investigation. He found innumerable cases of individual graft, enough to keep Tammany on the anxious-seat, though he had not yet exploded any bombs under the Wigwam itself. Tammany, in a frenzy, tried to open a rift between Seabury and the Governor. Mysterious rumors were set afloat that Seabury aspired to the presidential ermine himself, and was bent only on destroying Mr. Roosevelt's chances. Mr. Seabury wisely made no response to these rumors but went vigorously about his duties. As time went on he came closer and closer to the throne—and suddenly in May he subpoenaed Mayor Walker for a public examination.

The grilling of the city's chief executive was the most sensational episode of the investigation—perhaps of the decade. The relentless investigator on the one hand boring in with his questions and the cocky little Mayor on the witness stand flashing back his answers and wise-cracks, entertaining the crowd one minute and evading the interrogator the next.

Walker defended his administration with more wit than wisdom. He stood up well under the ordeal, but Mr. Seabury had piled up a great mass of documentary evidence, some of which was known to the public, and much of which was not. This material was presented to the Governor in the form of a summary by Mr. Seabury early in June. If Mr. Seabury had any presidential ambitions he was very reticent about them. If he had any plans for ruining Roosevelt's chances he kept them very much to himself. He turned over his findings to the Governor and went about his own affairs.

The Governor, however, did not propose to come to a showdown with Tammany until after the Democratic National Convention. The pending charges, properly handled, could be held over Tammany as a club. He manipulated the

situation with great political sagacity. He took the case under advisement, but made no further move until the eve of the Chicago convention. Then he caused the fifteen Seabury charges to be formally presented to Mayor Walker and gave him ample time in which to return his answer. After that he went and sat by his radio to listen to the proceedings in Chicago.

This left Tammany in a very awkward position. Roosevelt had considerably more than a majority of the delegates pledged to him before the convention opened. But without the solid New York delegation he did not have the necessary two-thirds. Curry had rounded up sixty-two of the ninety-four votes of the New York delegation, and had them under his thumb. If Mr. Roosevelt's manager had come around to make a deal for them it could easily have been arranged although they were tentatively pledged to Al Smith. But Roosevelt's manager did not come around. He preferred to deal with California and Texas, and thus it happened that his nomination was secured without the support of Tammany's sixty-two votes.

It was some weeks after the convention when Mayor Walker filed his answer to the Seabury charges, but eventually he appeared at Albany and was arraigned before the Governor in person. It is the usual practice in such a case for the Executive to appoint an extraordinary term of the Supreme Court, and to designate a justice of the court to preside. But Mr. Roosevelt was too fond of being in the public eye to resist the temptation of sitting as the judge himself. And he was too good a showman to overlook the opportunity for such a spectacular piece of publicity while running for President. Nor did he care to share the stage with assistants or associates or interrogators. Mr. Seabury was on hand, but it was the Governor himself who examined the accused.

His grilling of Mayor Walker was not severe. Indeed, at times it was amateurish. Mr. Seabury must have squirmed more than once with anxiety to take a hand in the proceed-

ings. The Governor was earnest, but he was inept as a cross-examiner. No evidence that had not been in the newspapers for weeks was brought out by the Governor's questioning. So far as the record is concerned the case against the exsongwriter was no stronger than the case against McQuade. Had the Walker case gone through to a verdict it is quite possible that the Governor's decision would have been the same as in the McQuade case; he might have found Walker too guilty to vote for, but not guilty enough to remove from office. It is unbelievable that on the eve of an election he would have risked offending two-thirds of the Democrats in the state who still believed the charges against Walker had been "unproven."

Mayor Walker, however, did not put him to the test. He broke down under fire and resigned while the examination was still in progress. No doubt he had good reason; for soon after his resignation he went abroad to live. The supposition at the time was that Mr. Walker had no fear of the state authorities but was greatly perturbed by the deep concern of the Federal Income Tax Department over the unreported accretions to the Mayor's income that had

been unearthed by the industrious Mr. Seabury.

The Mayor remained on the Riviera for several years. He did not return to America until after the Department of Justice had publicly announced that it had no intention of prosecuting him. Even then he came no nearer home than England until after he had received the added assurance of a personal visit from Postmaster General Farley.

In the meantime the ruling stars and planets of Franklin Delano Roosevelt arose so meteorically in the presidential sky that his brilliantly conceived gubernatorial career went into an almost total eclipse. With the Walker case so neatly disposed of the 12th ruler of the House of Roosevelt tuned up his chariot of fire for a triumphal journey to the White House.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE

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WITHIN five minutes after the assassin's bullet had felled McKinley Wall Street was all aquiver. Fortunately the news came late in the afternoon after the market had closed so there was opportunity for measures to be taken before the trading began the next day. And by the time McKinley had begun to sink some eight days later the situation was well in hand.

If Roosevelt had appeared to be docile and restrained at Buffalo it was not so much because he was bowed down by the weight of grief and responsibility as that he wished to prevent a panic in Wall Street. While McKinley lay stricken the powers had been preparing a bit of advice for his successor which was sent by special messenger to Buffalo in the form of a letter from Douglas Robinson, Roosevelt's brother-in-law.

"... Give the feeling that things are not going to be changed," the letter said, "and that you are going to be conservative.... If the President's Cabinet tender you their resignations beg them to remain.... Assure the country that you intend to carry out the administration policy."

The new President followed this advice to the last word. He did not give the members of the Cabinet an opportunity to resign but requested them all to remain in office. For a time he remained docile, but not for long. And when once the youthful President—he was only forty-three—had begun to kick over the traces, he was never completely under control again. Elihu Root, his Secretary of War, was usually able to handle him, but John Hay, who remained as Secretary of State, was always under Roosevelt's domination.

It was not that Hay overestimated Roosevelt, but rather

that Roosevelt underestimated Hay.

"Teddy has been here," Hay wrote when Roosevelt was trying to shake off the tentacles of the Vice-presidency before his nomination. "It was more fun than a goat.... He came down to let McKinley and Hanna know once for all that he would not be Vice-president.... And Root said with his frank and murderous smile, 'Of course not—you're not fit for it.'"

What Hay must have been thinking as he penned a very handsome letter to Roosevelt on his ascendency to Chief Executive, would be interesting to know.

My official life is at an end... and so, in the dawn of what I am sure will be a great and splendid future, I venture to give you the heartfelt benediction of the past....

Of course his official life was not at an end. Hay may have regretted that it was not when, a little later, Roosevelt began to tangle him in the mazes of his fantastic scheme for cutting a waterway between North and South America. But there were other matters to come first. Roosevelt was anxious to try out the Big Stick on the money interests.

With the utmost secrecy, without taking any of his cabinet or his friends into his confidence, except the Attorney General of course, he suddenly attacked the Northern Securities Company under the Sherman anti-trust act. In a moment he had the whole of Wall Street buzzing about his ears.

Northern Securities was the first of the large holding

companies and a particular pet of J. P. Morgan. It was the product of the combined brains of Morgan, Harriman and James J. Hill. Morgan believed it was a constructive step forward; that no longer would there be the fierce competitive battles between railroads that had figured so conspicuously in the past. It was capitalized at \$400,000,000, but Roosevelt and his Attorney General bowled it over without the courtesy of a "by your leave."

The lower court found in favor of the Government, and in due time the case reached the Supreme Court where the judgment was affirmed by one of the famous five to four

decisions with Mr. Justice Holmes dissenting.

Roosevelt received the Holmes dissenting opinion with no little annoyance. He had only recently appointed Holmes to the Supreme Court after carefully sounding out the trend of his thought, and to have him on the opposing side with a powerful dissenting opinion was more than he could bear. Franklin Roosevelt has plenty of family precedent with him in his recent attitude towards the Supreme Court. It was Theodore's belief that the Supreme Court should, "so far as possible," reflect the convictions of the President. That this would have nullified the very reason for its existence did not seem to have carried any great weight with him. After the Holmes disappointment he was more careful in his choice of judges, not so careful about the judge's knowledge of the law as his sympathy with Roosevelt's own views.

Within six months after Roosevelt assumed the presidency there were ominous rumblings from the coal pits of Pennsylvania and Ohio and Illinois. The miners were hopelessly underpaid, and their working and living conditions were a disgrace to humanity. There had been a strike in 1900 which had ended in a compromise with a slight increase in pay. This time the miners meant business. They demanded further increase in pay, reduction of hours, and less cheating in weighing the coal. The concessions they demanded were not unreasonable and would probably have been granted to them but for the overbearing truculence of

the operators headed by George F. Baer of the Philadelphia

and Reading Coal and Iron Company.

The strike was called in May and 140,000 men walked out. There was little disorder and no sabotage to speak of, but the strikers were grim and determined. There were few if any defections in their ranks as the spring wore into summer.

Roosevelt wrote that though the Republicans had "no earthly responsibility" for the shortage they would be blamed for it if the strike was not ended before the coming of cold weather. He finally called in Morgan and Matt Quay. The President had a plan for seizing the mines and working them through the winter with the regular army handling the picks and shovels. But he wanted to make one last effort at conciliation. After much bickering an arbitration committee was agreed upon in charge of Judge George Gray. There was much senseless squabbling but finally the men went back to work. They were awarded an increase in pay and some of their other demands.

And the Republicans retained their hold on Congress in

the election.

As far back as 1894 Theodore Roosevelt had expressed the wish that "our Republicans would annex Hawaii and build an oceanic canal." It was the historic journey of the U.S.S. Oregon around the Horn during the Spanish War that really crystallized the need for a canal between the two great oceans. Up to that time it had been desirable; now it was regarded as a necessity for national defense.

For a number of years Roosevelt had favored the Nicaragua route, and even after he became President he still talked of Nicaragua. A new canal treaty was in process of negotiation with the British when President McKinley was stricken down, but it was not to Roosevelt's liking since it provided that any canal built by the United States should not be fortified. Roosevelt changed all that. He was perfectly willing to guarantee neutrality to ships of commerce,

but the canal must be in our control in a military sense. And that was the way the treaty was made.

A French company had already sunk nearly \$300,000,000 in an attempt to build a canal across Panama, but the venture had been a failure and the company was in bankruptcy. De Lesseps had died in disgrace and the tropical jungles were rapidly obliterating the work he had done. The fact that the great De Lesseps, after making a success of the Suez Canal, had met with failure in Panama gave the Panama route a bad reputation, and the probability is that the Nicaragua route might have been chosen had it not been for the unflagging industry of two persons. One was a New York attorney named William Nelson Cromwell; the other was a Frenchman named Philippe Bunau-Varilla who had worked on the canal under De Lesseps.

Cromwell had prevented the words "Nicaragua Canal" from being put in the Republican platform in 1900, and had caused the words "an Isthmian Canal" to be substituted. He also donated \$60,000 to the Republican war chest that year and thus put himself in the good graces of the party. It was Cromwell who, after the Canal Commission appointed by McKinley had reported in favor of the Nicaragua route, succeeded in cutting the price of the French company's Panama rights to \$40,000,000 thereby bringing the cost some millions of dollars below that of the Nicaragua route. And it was Cromwell who proposed that the United States buy those rights and thus have the advantage of all the work that had been done by the French.

But Congress hesitated, as Congress always hesitates. Meanwhile many advocates of the Nicaragua route came forward. However, Cromwell and Bunau-Varilla began an industrious propaganda against the Nicaragua route by distributing, to all members of the Senate, Nicaraguan stamps showing as a national emblem a splendid volcano in a state of eruption. The eruption of Mont Pelée on Martinique on May 6, 1902, came at an opportune moment, and about a week later while the canal route was under debate

in the Senate the volcanoes of Nicaragua spoke for themselves when Mt. Monotombo began to quake and rumble in a way that put the fear of God into the adherents of the Nicaragua route.

This was enough to satisfy Congress which immediately passed the Spooner Act designating the Panama route with the proviso, however, that arrangements must be made with Colombia "within a reasonable time." Otherwise the Nicaragua route was to be followed.

Then the Republic of Colombia took a hand in the proceedings. It began to show a decided reluctance to part with the canal concessions demanded by the United States for the price that the United States was willing to pay. The Hay-Herran Treaty was crammed down the throat of the Colombia chargé, Señor Herran, after the Colombian minister had refused to sign and had indignantly left the country.

Briefly the Hay-Herran treaty provided a cash payment of \$10,000,000 and an annual rental of \$250,000. But the \$40,000,000 to be paid to the French company rankled in the patriotic breast of the Colombian President. Colombia was perfectly willing to sell, but wanted a slice of the \$40,000,000 that its rich uncle in the North proposed to pay to the stockholders of the French company. Bogotá therefore began to delay and dicker.

Roosevelt was greatly annoyed by these dilatory tactics. He called our Colombian brothers "contemptible little creatures" in a letter to Hay. He also spoke of them as "dagoes" and "jack-rabbits" and in his anger he so far forgot his natural science that in a letter to Hanna he mentioned them as "cat-rabbits." And after the rejection of the treaty he described the situation as being "exactly as if a road agent tried to hold up a man." They should have been treated, he said, like "inefficient bandits."

A reasonable time had elapsed. More than a reasonable time, but Roosevelt made no move to acquire the Nicaragua

route. He now wanted the Panama route, and he intended to have it. The United States could not, he wrote to Dr. Albert Shaw in October 1903, "foment secession" or encourage the revolt of Panama against Colombia, but that he personally would be "delighted if Panama were an independent State."

In other words, he would not foment secession, but he would be delighted if somebody else would. Cromwell and Bunau-Varilla understood this perfectly and they proceeded to foment to the best of their joint ability—which was very good indeed.

The Republic of Panama was really born in room 1162 of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The constitution was written there. The proclamation of independence was there composed. Even the flag of our little sister republic was designed in that room by the versatile Bunau-Varilla.

By reading the papers and picking up a bit of news here and there the little Father of Panama was able to glean that the U.S.S. Dixie had sailed for Guantanamo; and that the U.S.S. Nashville was off Kingston, Jamaica, ready to steam for the Isthmus. He was able to figure that the Nashville could steam the 500 miles to the Isthmus in two days and a half. And he had learned from Secretary Hay that two naval vessels were on their way down from San Francisco. He was therefore able to cable to his confederates in Panama that they could count on one warship at Colon within two days, and that two would arrive at Panama City within four days.

On receipt of this heartening news the conspirators prepared to strike. But first it was arranged that all rolling stock of the Panama Railway, then in control of Cromwell's clients, should be at Panama so that the troops to be sent to Colon by the Colombian Government would have no means of getting across the Isthmus. When these troops were landed a special car was on hand at Colon to transport the commanding generals across to Panama City. The

troop trains, they were informed, would follow later. The Colombian generals were received by a large crowd at Panama City and were immediately clapped into jail. And Dr. Manuel Amador, the creature of Bunau-Varilla, became the newly acclaimed President of the infant Republic of Panama. His first official act was to appoint Bunau-Varilla minister to the United States.

Colonel Torres, who had been left at Colon in charge of the Colombian troops, finding that he was denied transportation to Panama City, lost his temper and threatened to kill every American in Colon. Thereupon the commander of the Nashville landed marines "to protect American life." This had a calming effect on Torres who within twenty-four hours sold out to the rebels for \$8,000. The revolution was over and the American-made flag of the new republic of Panama was floating in the breeze.

At 11:35 on the morning of November 6 President Roosevelt was notified that Panama had obtained its freedom. One hour and sixteen minutes later the American Consul at Panama City was instructed by Secretary Hay to recognize the de facto government. Similar instructions were sent to the consuls at Colon and Bogotá. And on November 10 commissioners were on the way to the United States to sign a treaty.

There were no reprisals by Colombian troops. The United States warships that had arrived so opportunely on both sides of the Isthmus, saw to this.

If Theodore Roosevelt had let the matter rest there and had merely gone ahead with the building of the canal all would have been well. But he was so pleased over the manner in which he had tricked Colombia that he could not refrain from bragging about it in his memoirs. He refers to the coup as "the most important action I took in foreign affairs." In another place in the memoirs he says, "I took Panama without consulting the Cabinet." It was his statement made during an address in California in 1911 which enabled Colombia to cash in.

I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it... I took the canal zone and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the canal does also.

His statement was literally untrue, as we have seen. He knew of the revolution though he took no actual part in it. But to have a bald statement made in a public speech by Roosevelt that while he was President he "took" a strip of land from a friendly nation was too much for the somewhat dyspeptic stomach of Woodrow Wilson, and soon after he became President Wilson drafted a treaty which offered an apology and \$25,000,000 to Colombia as balm

for mental suffering and impaired dignity.

The Colombians had been trying in vain throughout the Roosevelt and Taft administrations to recover indemnity for what they now regarded as a steal. With the election of Wilson they renewed their efforts, and though Wilson was more than willing the friends of Teddy were able to block the move as long as Teddy was alive. It was not until 1921 that the indemnity was actually paid. Harding was then President and the deal went through chiefly because of the discovery of oil in Colombia and the fear that American oil companies would be discriminated against. The \$25,000,000 was paid, but the apology was deleted from the treaty before ratification.

Thus only three years after Theodore was laid in his grave the coup that he considered his "most important action" was treated even by his own party as a transaction shady enough to require a cash restitution nearly as large as the original outlay. Any remaining crumbs of glory were swept away by Franklin Roosevelt who, in pursuance of his "good neighbor" policy, renounced our pompous guarantee of Panamanian independence, a clause in the treaty of 1903 that always rankled in the sensitive soul of the Isthmus republic, and surrendered our right to intervene to maintain order in territory adjacent to the canal including Colon and Panama. The new treaty also granted to Panama the

right to build a national road between the two cities. But perhaps the last straw was an agreement to pay the annual rental in Panama balboas instead of American dollars—the 59 cent variety.

About all we have left is the canal—and a reputation of

being a sharp trader and a big bully.

The identity of the stockholders of the French corporation which received the \$40,000,000 paid for the rusting machinery and the uncertain rights in the canal zone was never divulged. Payment was made to J. P. Morgan & Co. for the Bank of France, and there the trail ended. The New York World, always in search of good campaign material, ran a story to the effect that Douglas Robinson, Roosevelt's brother-in-law, and Charles P. Taft, brother of President Taft, were in the deal with Cromwell. Roosevelt promptly started a suit to prosecute the World for criminal libel. He lost the suit, of course, but Taft won the election. So the matter was dropped.

And the mysterious stockholders have been able to retain their anonymity to this day despite the efforts of Congress, the press and the courts to drag them into the light. Bunau-Varilla is still alive. He may be seen sipping an aperitif along the boulevards of Paris of an afternoon. He knows, and sometime he may tell. The inference is that either they were very obscure—or very important persons. Roosevelt could have bought the canal zone from Colombia for \$25,000,000; but he preferred to "take" it from Colombia in order that he might pay the French concessionary \$40,000,000 for it. The names of the stockholders might help to clear up this baffling deal.

As the end of his term approached Roosevelt became very pessimistic about his chances for reëlection. Even though he was acclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm on an extended western tour which took him to the coast he was privately morose. "I shall never be elected," he said. "I cannot hope to be renominated without the support of my own state." He was greatly depressed over the quarrel

between Odell and Platt, and blamed Hanna for the disagreement. The appearance of cordiality had been kept up between Roosevelt and Hanna, but he knew that at heart Hanna was not his friend.

Since custom had decreed that a President should do no active campaigning for reëlection regardless of the activities of his opponent Roosevelt thought it advisable to get out and show himself to his subjects a safe length of time ahead of the presidential year. That accounts for his long speaking tour in 1903. It also accounts for the mountain lion hunt in Colorado that was one of the big publicity events of the journey. Nor did he want to take any chances on the ridicule attendant upon the return empty-handed from a widely-heralded hunting expedition. As early as March of that year he was writing to friends asking if it would not be possible to have the mountain lion region "located in advance."

The same question came up two years later when he went on the famous bear hunt in the South. And he even insisted that it was essential that the first bear must fall to his rifle. "If I go it must be a success," he wrote, "and the success must come to me."

It was while he was on the western trip of 1903 that Mark Hanna was maneuvered into indorsing him for reelection. Senator Foraker who was ambitious to wrest the control of Ohio from Hanna put Hanna in a position where it would appear that Hanna was opposing Roosevelt. And once more Roosevelt was forced on Hanna without giving the Senator any chance to make a voluntary choice. He was spared the pain—if pain it would have been—of seeing Roosevelt reëlected; for he died in February, four months before the Republican National Convention was held in 1904.

And Roosevelt, the sentimental strain in him coming to the surface, wrote in a letter to Root a very handsome eulogy of his longtime friendly enemy. "No man had larger traits," he wrote. "Not merely I... but the whole party

and the whole country have reason to be grateful to him.... He stood by them (my policies) just as loyally as if I had been McKinley."

Roosevelt carried the convention, hands down, and was given Charles W. Fairbanks as a running-mate, largely because there was nobody else available. The Democrats, in somewhat of a dither because William Randolph Hearst was at the convention with a neat little bloc of 104 delegates instructed for him "bowed to conservatism," says Pringle, "with an obeisance almost as profound as that of their rivals." Instead of turning to the left where the perennial Bryan, no longer the Boy Orator of the Platte but none the less willing to lead the party to disaster, sat mulling over his speech of acceptance, the convention turned to the right and nominated the tall and handsome Alton B. Parker who had made a scholarly reputation for himself as Presiding Judge of the New York Court of Appeals. For Vicepresident the Democrats nominated Henry Gassaway Davis, a wealthy West Virginian then in his eighty-third year. The only reason that could possibly be assigned for the nomination of the venerable nonentity was that he might make a considerable contribution to the campaign. But in this he was also a disappointment.

Judge Parker was not an aggressive campaigner. He had plenty of usable ammunition to fire at Roosevelt, but he did not actually get his campaign well launched until the end of October when he began a denunciation of the large donations the corporations had made to the Roosevelt cause. George B. Cortelyou, who had stepped into the shoes of Mark Hanna as National Chairman, had gathered together a campaign-fund of gigantic proportions contributed almost exclusively from the large corporations and bankers. The gifts ranged from a mere \$3,000 donated by General Electric Company, to \$150,000 from Morgan and a round \$125,000 from Standard Oil. The total amounted to considerably over \$2,000,000. With any such ammunition as this against his opponent Roosevelt would have blasted

Parker or any other man completely out of the race. And even in the hands of Parker there were ominous reverberations when the charges were first hurled. There was nothing, however, for Roosevelt to say, and he wisely said it. But when on November 3 Parker went a step further and characterized the contributions of the corporations as "blackmail" and charged that the funds had been levied as tribute to prevent the prosecution of the corporations for illegal acts—he brought down upon himself the denunciatory thunder from Olympus.

He had given Theodore exactly the opportunity he needed and Theodore was not long in making use of it. He denied with fire and vehemence and all the wrath of just indignation that the funds had been levied as tribute for silence. He characterized the charge of blackmail as "infamous" and "monstrous," and hurled the word "falsehood" directly into the teeth of the Democratic candidate. He detonated and thundered and fulminated to such good effect that the delighted voters overlooked the fact that he had not denied that the donations were made.

If Parker could have come back with names and amounts he would have been in a very good position on election day. But alas the figures did not become available until eight years afterward when the late lamented William F. Barnes had advanced sufficiently into his dotage to sue Theodore Roosevelt for libel.

And so Theodore Roosevelt was elected, and during the next four years he was to demonstrate to the country that simply because he allowed a corporation to contribute to his campaign fund was no reason why he should not smite the corporation hip and thigh if he believed it to be a "malefactor of great wealth." If, however, Morgan and the Standard Oil believed that money had been obtained from them under false pretenses they did not say so.

Theodore Roosevelt was in a genial mood on the day before his inauguration as an "elected President."

"Tomorrow I shall come into my office in my own

216 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA right," he is reported to have said. "Then watch out for me!"

He might have said it—probably did. He was given to such utterances, often playfully made and seriously meant. He had made another such statement in his exuberation over the returns on election night.

On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years and this...constitutes my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form; and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.

This statement was serious at the time he made it. He meant it then, or thought he did. But the time was to come when he was to repudiate it with force and fervor and not

quite sound judgment.

It had been the New York World which had egged Judge Parker into action on the subject of corporate contributions, and it was the New York World which only two months after Roosevelt's first message subsequent to the election was pleased to observe that the President's position was an "open-almost a defiant-challenge to the railway interests.... The President's speech shows that he has no intention of compromising with the corporate influences within his own party."

With the World in its attitude of approval on the President's stand was no less dangerous a radical than William Jennings Bryan, the same Bryan that Roosevelt in the earlier campaigns had regarded as a fanatical maniac, the Bryan who was "much like" Jefferson Davis, the Bryan who had a "hold on the unintelligent and vicious alone," the Bryan who was "only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld the anarchist."

The commendatory remarks from the World came in 1905 more than a month before Theodore Roosevelt was

inaugurated as an "elected" President. The inauguration took place on March 4th. When he had stood on the Capitol steps to take the oath as Vice-president to McKinley he had been greeted with rain and the chill of raw winds. On his second visit to the Capitol steps the weather was bright and fair. It was a colorful and auspicious occasion livened considerably by the pranks of a large body of Rough Riders who had been in Washington for several days getting properly liquored up for the occasion. They had their horses with them this time and had been tying them to lamp-posts and fire-hydrants for a week while they patronized the saloons. But despite all this alcoholic preparation they showed up well in the parade, riding their horses at a gallop as they passed the reviewing stand. One of them, unable to resist the temptation, roped a bystander and hauled him out into the street in front of the President before the luckless fellow could be rescued and turned loose.

The "lame duck" Congress which had been making mincemeat of the Roosevelt program ever since it had convened in December went out in a blaze of destruction. It buried every measure under an avalanche of Nays, and went home. Many of them never came back. A new order had dawned and the Old Guard were not of it.

At a dinner of the Gridiron Club in Washington in 1905 Roosevelt and Bryan were present as guests. When Bryan spoke he accused the President of having borrowed a number of planks from the Democratic platform. But Roosevelt, who had the last say, came back at the Commoner with the wit that so often came to his aid in an emergency. Why should the Republicans not use the good things in the Democratic platform? he demanded. They were useless in Bryan's possession since he would never be in a position to put them into effect.

During the years 1905 and 1906 Roosevelt was at the crest of his fame and popularity. The World was wondering whether he and Bryan might not form the nucleus of a new party that would dismember and wreck the Republicans and

Democrats. It was not, however, an hallucination from which the World was to suffer for any great length of time. John Morley, the great English commentator, was to describe Roosevelt as an "interesting combination of St. Vitus and St. Paul," and to include him with Niagara Falls as a "great wonder of nature."

An avowed apostle of the "strenuous life" T. R. had a hand in everything. He was ready with an opinion on any subject that might come up, from prize-fighting to punctuation, from religion to race-suicide. His hold on the common people was tremendous. But for all his appeal to the masses he did not fail to make a profound impression on some of the best minds of his time. It was in speaking of T. R. that William James coined that immortal phrase about "the safety of his second thoughts." The great philosopher was so impressed, in fact, that he once desired to see Mr. Roosevelt made president of Harvard. This desire, James says in one of his letters, was later "quenched by a speech he made at the Harvard Union." However, it was no little achievement to have impressed even temporarily a man of the caliber of William James.

At the peak of his powers Roosevelt was more in the public eye than any man of his generation. In this respect few except Lindbergh have ever surpassed him in world wide adulation. Kings sought his advice. Potentates tried to enlist his aid. Every great power in Europe made overtures for his friendship or his backing.

At home he busied himself with the first steps to control the great corporations and put Big Business in its place, though he was not quite so successful with the "nature-fakers." He gave America its first lesson in "trust-busting" and demonstrated the impossibility of turning bad spelling into an art. His hold on the public survived a panic and carried him with flying colors through the subsequent depression. He heard himself discussed in Richmond, Virginia, as a possible nominee for President on the Democratic ticket.

The outstanding features of his second term as President were the legislation for railroad regulation; the chastisement of the Standard Oil Company leading to the \$29,000,000 fine which won fame for Judge Landis but cost the Standard Oil Company nothing as it was set aside by a higher court; the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan—to Russia's everlasting regret though Japan waived indemnity; and that grand piece of showmanship, the around-the-world tour of the United States fleet, which may easily have been the controlling factor in preventing a war with Japan.

Roosevelt was tremendously pleased with himself for having, at the instance of the Kaiser, prevented the partition of Morocco, as he supposed. Though it afterward turned out that Morocco had already been divided by secret treaties among France and England and Spain. The Kaiser had already missed his chance for a slice of Morocco back in 1899 when he failed to accept England's proposal for a "defensive alliance." Another failure of the German diplomacy. And by the time Roosevelt had succeeded in establishing the Open Door policy in Morocco, there was, alas, no door

to open.

The possibility of a war with Japan was not the product of the well-known Roosevelt imagination. The little islanders were troubled with an exaggerated ego because of their victory over the Russian Bear, which, though their fleet had triumphed, was in reality won at the conference table. Japan was bled white when Roosevelt made his peace proposals, and if the Russians had only held out against peace they could have dictated their own terms and ordered Japan to sign on the dotted line. But, alas for Russia, the Roosevelt proposals were accepted and a peace was made which left Japan in high feather and very conscious of her dignity and importance as a world power. So conscious, in fact, that she deeply resented having her nationals in California excluded from the public schools.

Then, too, with true mob logic the great mass of people

in Japan were bitterly hostile to America because the peace terms put through by Roosevelt had left Japan without indemnity. So little did they realize that his peace proposals had saved the Japanese skin from the claws of the Bear. Anti-American rioting broke out in Tokyo in September, 1905. American churches were burned and the legation placed under a heavy guard. Then there was trouble with Japanese seal poachers in Alaskan waters in which five Japanese were killed. The Hearst papers in California were howling for war, and secret documents coming to the President from all parts of the world seemed to indicate that Japan was seriously inclined towards a war with the United States. The Kaiser repeatedly sent word that his spies reported the landing in Mexico of large numbers of Japanese soldiers disguised as laborers.

It was a highly inflammatory moment. A single spark might have precipitated war. But it was Theodore Roosevelt the showman who saved the day. He displayed real greatness—though it was the greatness of a P. T. Barnum—when he put on the giant spectacle of American virility by sending the fleet on a gala "tour of friendship" around the world. Theodore Roosevelt himself thought this an accomplishment second in importance only to his handling of the Panama Canal situation.

The probability is that these somewhat flashy coups were of tinsel quality when compared with his achievements in the conservation of the national resources. Throughout his administration as President he fought for national parks and forests, for reclamation of desert lands by irrigation, and for the preservation of vast water power rights from the clutches of grabbers and exploiters. It may well be that his work for the conservation and reclamation of the natural resources of the nation will stand as his monument to achievement in the years to come—the greatest of the intangibles to come from his disastrous cattle venture in the Bad Lands of Dakota, for it was there in the West that his interest in conservation was born.

Roosevelt's attack on the "malefactors of great wealth" was part of a public awakening to the fact that the big corporations were really getting out of hand; that the laws meant to control them were grossly inadequate, and that the corporations were circumventing such laws as there were. If railroads really did charge a favored corporation the legal rate they slipped a large proportion of it back to the shipper in the form of a rebate. The age of "muckraking" was ushered in by the writings of Ida Tarbell and her History of the Standard Oil Company, and the disclosures of Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens. Even the word muckraking was of T. R.'s coinage.

The panic of 1907 was another of those financial upheavals that from time to time shake the confidence of the American public. The cause of this particular upset is still debatable. The financial interests blamed it on the President's crusade against big business, which, they said, had undermined public confidence.

Roosevelt was off bear hunting when the crisis became acute. But when stocks began dropping from ten to forty points and large New York banks and brokerage houses closed their doors and went into the hands of receivers, he came hurrying back. "I have had a delightful time," he is reported to have said to a nation nervously awaiting some reassurance from him. "I am extremely gratified that I got a bear."

But times were tight. Money was practically non-existent. It was impossible to break a twenty-dollar bill without getting a large part of the change in trade. Finally the Secretary of the Treasury agreed to place \$25,000,000 of government funds in the national banks. This news was reassuring and the price of call money dropped from one hundred per cent to ten per cent. There was a wide discussion of just where the mysterious \$25,000,000 had been deposited. The banks claimed that Wall Street received most of it, and Wall Street retaliated that what little had come to it came through the banks.

In the long run it was the United States Steel Company that benefited most from the panic, for under stress of the moment it obtained government consent to buy the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, a purchase that "would be of great benefit to financial conditions, and would probably save further failure of important business concerns." The President felt it no public duty of his to "interpose any objections." So Frick and Gary bought for \$45,000,000 a property estimated to be worth \$200,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. And the country slowly recovered from its fright and headed for the World War that was only seven years in the future.

It was none other than the scholarly Brander Matthews who lured Theodore Roosevelt into his abortive campaign for simplified spelling. Roosevelt was a ready convert. All his life he had been a fantastic speller and he saw or thought he saw some chance for relief in the Matthews idea. But the Matthews scheme like nearly all the other schemes for simplifying our orthography attempted merely to substitute a short manner of spelling for a longer form—thru for through, stept for stepped, thoroly for thoroughly. For those who had difficulty with the accepted forms it meant merely added difficulty in learning the new form.

The only simplification of spelling that will ever be a success will probably be the abolition of any specified form as "the correct form." A scheme which makes recieve as correct as receive, and incorruptable as correct as incorruptible, and extention as correct as extension, will certainly enlist a sympathetic following.

Roosevelt issued an executive order for the Public Printer to adopt some three hundred words in the Matthews scheme. But when he heard that Congress was preparing to debate the question seriously in the Forum he beat a hasty retreat and countermanded the order.

He likewise scratched a Tartar when he delivered a broadside on the "nature-fakers." All his life Theodore Roosevelt imagined himself a scientist, just as he had imagined it when he was traveling with his family in Egypt as a youth. And though as the years wore on the Latin names began to get away from him the scientific pose remained. In a letter to his son Kermit written from the White House in March, 1905, he notes the arrival of a winter wren, purple finches and tufted titmice. The interest is still there but the professional touch has vanished. The gardener or the stableman could have said as much, and perhaps more for they probably knew where the birds were nesting. But when the strenuous Teddy attacked as the "wildest improbabilities" some of the nature studies of William J. Long he at once found himself the target of the scientist who goes into the woods to observe and admire rather than to kill. That Roosevelt was at heart much more of a killer than a scientist is perfectly obvious to any one who has read his books on game and hunting.

The controversy furnished spirited reading in the papers while it lasted, in which Roosevelt came out second best; but he finally dropped the argument on the ground that it was as absurd as to expect "some genuine student of anthropology or archeology to enter into a controversy with the clumsy fabricators of the Cardiff Giant."

Roosevelt clashed with the courts. He clashed with Congress. He clashed with the Kaiser over the naming of David J. Hill as ambassador. He even clashed with the army and issued an order that the well-fed army officers must qualify to hold their jobs by riding horseback a specified number of miles in a day. The over-stuffed army officers murmured among themselves, but they began to get themselves into condition.

The courts for the most part took his diatribes in silence. The army made a pretense of obeying orders. The Kaiser knuckled under and accepted Hill though he did not want him. But Congress fought back at him with spirit. They hamstrung his program of final legislation and refused to interrupt so prosaic and uninspiring a bit of routine as read-

224 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA ing the Journal to receive a special message from the President.

There were hints that Mr. Roosevelt was suffering from a Messianic complex. He became overbearing and autocratic. Power had gone to his head. The man became greater than the office, and when friends remonstrated with him—he ruthlessly rode them down. It was thus that he ended a beautiful friendship with Nicholas Murray Butler—the "Nicholas Miraculous" of other days. Before the end came he had severed his friendship with Root, and even Cabot Lodge drew away from him.

He was not content when he reached the end of his reign as an "elected President" to step down and out and let the country worry along by itself. He was unwilling to leave the continuance of the presidential line to Destiny, but must settle the matter in person. He accordingly took upon himself the duty not only of naming his successor but of using the tremendous patronage of his office to swing Taft's campaign into line. It is just possible that had he not devoted his energies to the nomination of Taft, the convention might have been stampeded into nominating Teddy, and Teddy after his unfortunate third term declarations did not dare take the nomination himself.

Roosevelt had bitterly denounced Andrew Jackson for putting in Van Buren as his "political legatee." But this time it was another matter. The Taft campaign ran over the convention like a steam-roller. He was nominated on the first ballot. The blundering Democrats again nominated Bryan. But Roosevelt had extracted so many planks from the Commoner's platform that the poor Nebraskan had no place whereon to rest his feet as he went about campaigning. He had aged visibly since last he had offered himself for the Presidency. He had grown bald and corpulent, and the once silvery tongue had through excessive use on the Chautauqua become badly tarnished.

Taft won. But many of the states that had been Republican in 1904 swung back into the Democratic column. Ohio,

Minnesota, Indiana, and Montana elected Democratic Governors. Hughes barely eked out a victory in New York. Public sentiment was again swinging toward the Democrats. In another two years Taft would be hampered by a Democratic House. The gods, slow to anger, were storing up their wrath for a day of reckoning.

But Roosevelt, not being a soothsayer, knew nothing of this. He was "dee-lighted" with Taft's election. And he took his elephant guns and started for the big game trails of Africa, not only for the sport, but because he wanted to give Taft a "free hand" in the difficult task of starting an administration.

In spite of all the bad wishes that went to Africa with Theodore Roosevelt the lions did not eat him. Quite on the contrary he brought home the hides of nine splendid fellows to be stuffed for Smithsonian. He also brought the hides of five pachyderms, thirteen rhinoceros, and seven hippopotamus. He crowded the offices and mounting-rooms of the Institute with some 3,000 skins and was a bit wrathful when he learned a year later that only fifty of the best of the trophies were to be mounted and exhibited.

Even before he had started for Africa the Colonel had been invited to lecture at Oxford, as well as in Germany, France, and Norway on his return from the jungles. But he did not wait to get to Europe to begin his speechmaking after the hunting-trip was over. He began at Khartoum. Here he spoke so highly of Britain as to offend the natives of Khartoum, though when he reached England he spoke so harshly of their mismanagement of the African provinces that he offended England.

At Rome he had an "elegant row" with the Pope who "made a proposition that a Tammany Boodle Alderman would have been ashamed" of. The Holy Father offered to receive him only if Roosevelt would agree to see nothing of certain Methodists then in Rome whose conduct had offended the Vatican. Roosevelt refused to accede to such conditions. He did not see the Pope.

He was entertained with great pomp at the various capitals as he went along delivering speeches and freely giving advice as to the handling of difficult subjects of politics and diplomacy. He spoke at the Sorbonne in April and went to Christiania in May to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. His address before the Prize Committee advocated the formation of a "League of Peace" between the great powers "not only to keep peace among themselves, but to prevent, by force if necessary, its being broken by others." The suggestion caused very little stir at the time. Apparently Woodrow Wilson was the only one to take the idea seriously.

King Edward VII, who would greatly have enjoyed and appreciated Roosevelt, died while the ex-President was in Norway, and President Taft requested Roosevelt to represent the United States at the funeral. It was to be a huge state funeral and nearly three weeks elapsed while rulers and potentates gathered from all over the world to mourn beside the kingly bier.

Had Roosevelt worn his uniform he might have ridden a charger in the cortege along with nine mounted kings. But Mrs. Roosevelt, who was with him, insisted on civilian clothes, so he rode in a carriage with the French Foreign Minister and an obscure Persian Prince.

At a banquet the night before the funeral Roosevelt was the center of attention. Henry White recalls with amusement how the crowned heads clustered around him "scrambling for a share in his conversation."

Roosevelt said afterward that he had never attended a more hilarious banquet in his life. It was during his stay in London when the Kaiser sent word that he would be glad to give Roosevelt three-quarters of an hour of his time the next day. Mr. Roosevelt replied that he would be delighted to see the Kaiser, but could spare only twenty-five minutes.

Roosevelt's return to America was signalized by an enthusiastic reception that can be favorably compared with the greeting extended to Lindbergh after the completion of his solo flight to Paris. Until that time no comparable ovation had ever been given to a private American citizen. The only difference was that in the case of Roosevelt the cheering and enthusiasm along the line of march lasted all the way from the Battery to Oyster Bay.

And the day following his arrival when he came out of the offices of Scribner's Sons, his publishers, Roosevelt was greeted by an immense crowd which cheered him and even wanted to carry him on its shoulders. This worried Roosevelt, for he thought it carried an hysterical quality which boded ill for his future.

And he was right.

The breach between Taft and Roosevelt really occurred while Theodore was chasing lions in Africa. Taft aroused the enmity of some of Theodore's friends, and he gave comfort and aid to some of his enemies. The fat was really in the fire when Taft removed Gifford Pinchot as Chief Forester. Pinchot, though his dismissal was his own fault, ran to Roosevelt with the tale. He was indeed waiting on the edge of the jungle in Africa when the Roosevelt party returned to civilization from its safari. LaFollette also helped to sow the seeds of discord. He was among the first to confer with Roosevelt on his return to America, and he came from his conference delighted with the ex-President's attitude.

Taft invited Theodore to visit him at the White House, but Theodore refused on grounds that might well have been furnished by Emily Post. He said that it would not be good form for an ex-President to visit Washington. The two eventually met at Beverly Farms, but they were both ill at ease. Had they been alone together all difficulties might have been ironed out, though this is unlikely, for it would seem that the adulation showered upon Theodore by all of Europe had gone to his head. The Messianic complex was again upon him, and as time went on it was to increase an hundred fold.

Soon after Theodore reached home he went upon a long speaking tour throughout the West. The jaunt started out

simply enough, but after a little some 25 newspaper men had attached themselves to it. Already he had begun to talk about his New Nationalism. Soon there were demands to know whether he would be a candidate for President—and he wisely refused to say. He had made that error once, and he did not intend to repeat it.

At the request of Hughes who was then Governor of New York he came out for the direct primary law. He took the fight to the state convention of 1910, which he entirely dominated, though Stimson who was his nominee for Governor was completely overwhelmed by Dix. This was the year when Franklin Roosevelt was first elected to the Senate.

As 1912 approached two other Messiahs were grooming themselves for President. They were Woodrow Wilson and Robert LaFollette. Wilson's doctrine was called the New Freedom. LaFollette's was the New Nationalism. LaFollette invited Roosevelt into his party and Roosevelt accepted—only to emerge as its nominee. He even borrowed from the LaFollette group the use of the word Progressive as a party name.

Roosevelt engineered a demand signed by seven insurgent governors that he become the Republican candidate. He was writing his reply before the emissary to these governors had even started on the trip to collect their signatures. "I will accept the nomination if it is tendered to me," he solemnly told them.

This was, however, putting it a little mildly; for when the nomination was not tendered he tried with every resource at his command to wrest the delegates from the bewildered though unyielding Taft. But Taft by using the same methods and the same machine that Theodore had used four years before, and four years before that, was able to hold the line. Whereupon Theodore went into one of his towering rages and committed himself to a bolt.

He had been flirting with the idea for months, and when once the bolt had been made he threw himself into the fight with a zeal that was almost fanatical—and came the most magnificent cropper of our time. It was a cropper which ended Theodore's political career, wrecked the Progressive Party, and made mincemeat of the Republican organization in New York State; but it returned Franklin to the Senate with an increased majority and started him on the road to the White House.

Franklin Roosevelt was in 1910 an industrious young lawyer in New York City, who had never held an elective office. There was little reason to believe that he ever would. He had yet to attend his first state convention.

After his marriage to Eleanor in 1905 he went often with her to Washington, where he and Eleanor were guests of her aunt, Mrs. Cowles who lived on N Street. And there were occasions when they visited her Uncle Theodore at the White House. It seems strange that Franklin's name is never mentioned in the numerous letters that Theodore wrote to the members of his family. But it never was in any of the revealed correspondence.

What Franklin thought of all the governmental goingson in Washington at this time does not appear. The first
indication that he had any political leanings of his own occurred when he joined the two volunteer fire companies in
Hyde Park, the Eagle Engine Company, and the Rescue
Hook and Ladder Company. In a small community it is an
axiom that no man can succeed politically unless he is a member of the local fire companies. Nobody can be found in
Hyde Park who remembers ever having seen Franklin answering an alarm or parading with either the Eagles or the
Rescue Hooks on Fireman's Day. But soon after he became
a member in good standing his nomination for State Senator
was announced.

His election was a matter of course. And once he was launched into politics there was no stopping him. He moved rapidly from Senator to Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and thence into the governorship. And from the Executive

Mansion in Albany to the White House was only a short jump, as Franklin's distinguished uncle-in-law had amply demonstrated.

After the election of 1928, the year of the Republican party's greatest national landslide, as the vote for Franklin Roosevelt, the Democratic candidate for Governor, kept piling up to a greater and greater plurality it was freely said that Franklin Roosevelt probably thought he would be the next Democratic candidate for President. I heard this said while the returns were still coming in on election night. In fact I said it myself. I heard it said much more positively two years later when he ran up a plurality of 725,000 for Governor in an off year.

But in spite of the tremendous vote for him he was not a particularly popular Governor. His four years in the Executive Mansion were rancorous years. They were years of recriminations and hard feelings. During all the time he was Governor he had a hostile legislature to contend with, and much of the time he was embroiled with Tammany in one way or another. During his first term he thoroughly ruffled the legislature by hauling it into court over the proper method of making appropriations, and from that time on he kept the law-makers in a state bordering on homicidal mania over one thing or another. The Republicans openly detested him, and the best he ever received from Tammany was lip-service. There was a widespread feeling among the people who had property enough to be taxpayers that his stupendous bond-issues for his power program and other projects would keep them digging down into their pockets for the next two or three generations. He was regarded as honest and high-minded, but he was also regarded as pretty impractical in his ideas, and a wild spender of the people's money.

It was in the states which did not have him as Governor that his greatest popularity lay.

As the Presidential possibilities began to shape up for the campaign of 1932 two personalities of nationwide importance steadily emerged. William Gibbs McAdoo appeared to have real strength in the South and West, and Alfred Emmanuel Smith who had taken a severe drubbing in 1928, was still clinging to the wreckage of the party that was left in the North and East. Both were carry-overs from preceding Presidential campaigns and both were tightening their hold on what they had and preparing to resume the old deadlock in the party.

This deadlock was the dread of all thinking Democrats who took a real interest in seeing a Democrat in the White House in 1932. Roosevelt was a Protestant and still he had done his utmost to put over the Presidential campaign for Al Smith. He had played an important part in procuring the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, and had made a good record for himself in the Navy Department during the Wilson regime. He came from the East, and still he was not too closely allied to Wall Street. His small-town origin and his rural background, though both were more apparent than real, would be of immense advantage in the South and West where the city man was still viewed with a certain suspicion. Then too he represented by birth and education the finest American traditions. And the Roosevelt name in itself was a political asset of tremendous importance.

Nowhere on the scene was there a potential candidate who, capability aside, possessed anywhere near the political bargaining power.

Franklin still lacked experience in an executive position, but he was acquiring it rapidly as Governor of the Empire State. This is a man's-size job and in the two years that he had held it Franklin had demonstrated that he could be counted on in the pinches.

His name, however, was not presented with a fanfare of brasses from New York. When he was first mentioned for the Presidency it was in a still small voice from far-off Montana. Senator Burton K. Wheeler at a meeting of the Democratic National Committee held in the winter of 1930 said that he believed Franklin Roosevelt could do more to

bridge the gap between the various warring factions of the party than any other man, and that he personally was in favor of his nomination. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts was not far behind, for only a few weeks later he told an audience in Albany that what the country needed was not so

much a good five-cent cigar as "another Roosevelt."

Neither of these statements caused a stampede. In fact, nobody paid any attention to them. But when a few months after this Franklin Roosevelt blocked an attempt on the part of John J. Raskob, the Democratic National Chairman, to place the endorsement of the National Committee on a particularly drastic platform that Raskob had prepared, Democrats from all parts of the country began to look Franklin over with an appraising eye. A man who could muster enough strength in the South and West to unhorse the National Chairman would bear watching.

It was not the desirability of Roosevelt so much as it was the undesirability of the Raskob platform that brought the South and West to the Roosevelt side. But their alignment with Governor Roosevelt did much to bring him into the limelight and prominent Democrats were soon beating a path to his door. In August State Chairman Farley went to Seattle ostensibly to attend the Elks Convention, but on the trip out and back he managed to interview the Democratic leaders in some twenty states and to sound them on the Roosevelt sentiment in their various districts. By the time he had returned the Roosevelt movement was under

Governor Roosevelt was cautioned by friends and ridiculed by the opposition for allowing his candidacy to be launched so soon. But presently there were candidates aplenty from all over the land. Ohio alone had four possible contenders with Governor George White and Newton D. Baker in the van. Al Smith still had an enthusiastic following who clamored for his nomination, but he was in no hurry to announce himself as an active candidate.

The Hearst papers came out early in the campaign for

Speaker Garner of Texas, who under the skillful management of Hearst became one of the most dangerous contenders in the campaign.

After all the blarney that had passed between Smith and Roosevelt at Roosevelt's inauguration as Governor a certain coldness had come between them. It is natural to suppose that Smith resented Roosevelt's flirting with the presidential nomination without so much as a "by your leave" from the titular head of the party in New York State. But there was no open break until the reforestation amendment came up for submission to the electorate. This was a pet Roosevelt product which was to cost the state some \$20,000,000 for the purchase and reforestation of abandoned farm lands. Smith thought it an unnecesary and inadvisable excursion into the pockets of the taxpayers and put up a strong fight against ratification. To the naked eye this looked like the perfect opportunity to administer a stinging rebuke to the Roosevelt prestige. Times were hard and taxes high and it would have seemed that only a slight opposition would be needed to knock into a cocked hat a proposal for which there was so little immediate need. But that was where the opposition made a bad mistake. It underestimated the amount of work the gubernatorial machine was doing through its "news" bureau and otherwise to create a strong sentiment in favor of the amendment, especially in the districts which would benefit the most.

The amendment was carried by a vote of two to one. And it was the Smith prestige that received the setback.

Nowhere is the difference in the methods of Theodore and Franklin more plainly demonstrated than in this campaign. When Theodore went after a public office he went with a brass band and a troop of yipping Rough Riders. Franklin on the other hand did most of his work in rounding up the delegates and in getting out the vote with a threecent stamp. He is a strong believer in "direct by mail" advertising. To him the postage stamp is mightier than the brass band. And it was no accident that when he came to

name his Cabinet he handed his friend James A. Farley the

portfolio of Postmaster General.

If all the letters sent out by Farley and Louis McHenry Howe during the Franklin Roosevelt campaign had been placed end to end there is no telling how far they might have reached, but what they built was a broad highway leading straight from Crum Elbow to the front door of the White House. And it had all been handled so unostentatiously that his opponents did not realize what was going on. They were stunned when at a meeting of the National Committee in January 1932 the Roosevelt forces easily elected their man as secretary and again blocked the ratification of the Raskob platform.

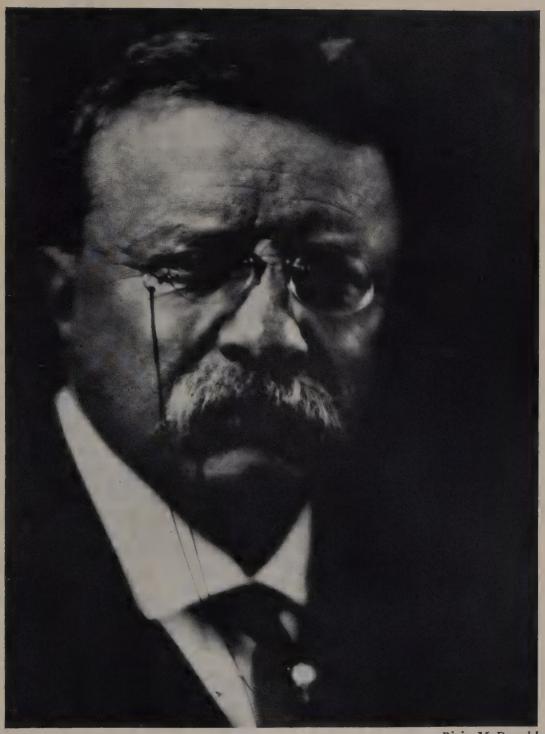
Soon afterward the outlying districts began to be heard from. On January 14 the North Dakota Democracy endorsed Roosevelt for President and asked permission to enter his name on the state primary ballot. Three days later Vermont came out with the same request. Early in February Washington adopted a resolution instructing her delegation for Roosevelt under the unit rule. Soon afterwards the

Southern states began to swing into line.

When the convention opened in Chicago Roosevelt had practically every delegation from the Solid South except Virginia. He had every state west of the Mississippi except California, Texas, Missouri and Oklahoma. He had Michigan and part of the Indiana delegation. He had Kentucky and West Virginia. And in New England he had Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. No candidate not a President seeking reëlection had ever gone into a convention with so substantial a phalanx of votes spread over so wide an area of the country.

Smith had instructed delegations from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, and a good share of the strength of New York and Pennsylvania. But he was in second place. Garner with Texas and California in his pocket was third.

Roosevelt's first vote showed a strength of 6651/2. On



Pirie McDonald

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT



Franklin Roosevelt as President

the second it rose to 6773/4. The third saw him reach 6823/4. No more and no less. Farley could not muster another vote. It had taken an entire night of oratory to place the nine names before the convention. The dawn was just breaking when the clerk began to call the roll for the first ballot. After the third ballot the weary delegates demanded an adjournment that they might catch a wink of sleep while the leaders negotiated.

Soon after the delegates had reassembled the break came. McAdoo announced that Garner delegates would be released. And Roosevelt, seated before his radio in the Executive Mansion at Albany heard the very heartening stampede that brought his vote up to the astounding number

of 945 delegates of a total of 1174.

Almost any other candidate would by that time have been ready for bed. But not Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Like Teddy of old he saw an opportunity for a gigantic piece of showmanship—as good showmanship as the charge up San Juan Hill or the midnight ride from Tahawus to North Creek, which may easily have been his inspiration. He could much more conveniently have been notified of his nomination on the front porch at Hyde Park with large delegations of admirers scattered about on the spacious lawn. But that would have been too tame, too colorless; and it would have deprived him of one of the greatest bits of publicity ever perpetrated in America—the cradle of publicity. He called for a telegraph blank and dictated a message to the convention.

I THANK YOU....IT IS CUSTOMARY TO HOLD FORMAL NOTIFICATION CEREMONIES SOME WEEKS AFTER THE CONVENTION. THIS INVOLVES GREAT EXPENSE. INSTEAD MAY I ASK THE CONVENTION TO REMAIN IN SESSION TOMORROW THAT I MAY APPEAR BEFORE YOU AND BE NOTIFIED AT THAT TIME?

When the reporters burst in upon the nominee and asked him whether he was going to fly to Chicago he replied with a broad smile:

"Well, I may have to go by submarine to get away from you boys."

And after that, according to a contemporary account,

Mrs. Roosevelt made scrambled eggs for the crowd.

Every delegate to the convention had received through the mail just before leaving home a mysterious package containing a phonograph record. When placed on a phonograph this record squawked out in a voice that though hoarse and metallic could still be recognized as that of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

My dear friend: I wish it lay in my power to talk with you face to face on the eve of one of the most critical conventions that our party has ever held... We are in a safe majority if we stand together... I hope history will point to your wise action at Chicago... I shall welcome any suggestions you may have to make and hope to see you in person very soon.

They were to see him much sooner than they expected. For the day after his nomination, while most of the delegates were still in bed and asleep, Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt left the Albany airport in a tri-motored plane. The morning mists were still hanging over the river as the plane took off and circled for height. To the east the rounded peaks of the Berkshires lay rimmed with the new light of a dawning day. To the south the wooded slopes of the Catskills rose faintly green above the low-hanging clouds. To the north the dark masses of the Adirondacks raised silhouetted shoulders towards the sky. The plane climbed rapidly up out of the valley and when it had reached sufficient altitude it straightened out and headed for Chicago.

In days to come some Longfellow may arise to sing the epic of this modern Paul Revere. But until that time we must be content with the tinny voice of the radio which blared forth announcements as the plane roared over each Middlesex village and farm.

"The Roosevelt plane is now passing over Utica, New

York. Cheering crowds are standing in the streets, heads uncovered, as it passes high overhead. The roaring of the engines can be distinctly heard....

* * * *

"...just been sighted at Rochester. It is high in the air and is going to pass north of the city...no, it is passing to the south. Great multitudes are lining the streets straining their ears to catch the drone of the motors as the plane speeds on and is lost to sight in the western sky....

* * * *

"... Great crowds of expectant watchers in Buffalo were disappointed when the plane bearing Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt to Chicago swung off to the south and headed for Cleveland. Residents of Hamburg south of here, reported hearing the hum of a passing plane but it was above the clouds and was invisible to the crowds thronging the streets...

* * * *

"... has landed safely at Cleveland and is being rapidly refueled while the police are struggling to keep the milling crowds off the field....

* * * *

"... was last reported while passing over Bryan, Ohio. It has not been reported since and some anxiety is felt that it may be off the course as it is bucking heavy head winds.

* * * *

"... still no news of the plane carrying Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his wife to the convention in Chicago. It was last reported... just a moment... The Roosevelt plane has been sighted by airmen sent in quest of it from the Chicago airport... It is now landing... Franklin Delano Roosevelt is being helped down the gang-

plank while a crowd of five thousand people are cheering themselves hoarse. Mrs. Roosevelt is following him. They are now being greeted by the Governor's children, James Roosevelt, Franklin D., Jr., and Anna Roosevelt Dall. The dense crowd is getting out of hand. It is milling around Mr. Roosevelt. There go his glasses, knocked off by the crowd. But he has caught them and is putting them back on again. The Roosevelt party is now moving towards the automobile of Mayor Cermak which is to take them to Convention Hall. The hero of the hour is now making a short speech. I will see if we can catch some of it... The crowd roars approval... I will try to get Mrs. Roosevelt to say something to the radio audience. One moment... Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, will now address you.

"... How do you do. I'm glad to get here. It was a rather trying journey. Thank you ... You have just heard Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Democratic nominee for President, who has come to Chicago to appear in person before the convention. Mr. Roosevelt's daughter, Mrs. Curtis B. Dall, is now coming to the microphone. Mrs. Dall... How do you do. Thank you ... You have just heard Mrs. Curtis B. Dall, daughter of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Democratic nominee for President..."

At the convention hall the nominee was received with the wildest acclaim. He made his way to the rostrum on the arm of his son, James, and was notified of his nomination by Chairman Walsh. But when he stepped forward to speak the pandemonium continued for many minutes. The delegates preferred to hear themselves rather than their nominee, but at length they quieted down and heard him promise to uphold every individual plank in the platform, and pledge himself to a "New Deal" for the American people. "This is more than a political campaign," he shouted. "It is a call to arms."

It was during this campaign that the famous Roosevelt

smile came into being. Franklin was a serious-minded youth. He was still serious-minded as a Senator. He took himself pretty seriously all through his years in the Navy Department. Even as Governor his face usually bore a somber and often harried look. But with his nomination for President the big smile came into being. He wore it all through the campaign. It was very much in evidence at the inauguration, and even during the dark days of the banking crisis and the moratorium he was never without it. Indeed it lasted unbroken through the first two years of his term, in spite of the efforts of Huey Long and Father Coughlin to obliterate it. The Republicans had long since given it up as a bad job. In the end it was the Supreme Court which turned the trick -but it required the unanimous court. Until the famous N R A decision had been rendered many of the correspondents had never seen him without that smile. It was nearly a month after the smile had been erased by the court before it slowly began to come back. Whether it will ever be the same again is still a question. But that decision when it was handed down seared across the soul of Franklin Roosevelt a scar which he will carry to the journey's end.

As soon as the photographers would let him go Franklin went off for a vacation with his sons in the Amberjack II. When he returned three weeks later bronzed with the sun and the salt winds of the North Atlantic he proceeded to wind up his affairs as Governor that he might hurl himself into the campaign. First among these were the charges against Mayor Walker, which, though the convention was now happily out of the way, were as embarrassing as ever.

If he should remove the Mayor he would lose the support of Tammany. If he failed to remove him he would lose the respect of the enemies of Tammany in both parties. But if he could badger the Mayor into resigning under fire—that would satisfy both sides. Whether this was or was not Mr. Roosevelt's intention it was the happy solution of his dilemma. It was a marvelous piece of political strategy if

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Once that difficult piece of business was disposed of Mr. Roosevelt quickly cleaned up the Governor's desk, put on the Big Smile and opened the campaign. Campaigning is something that he likes and enjoys. He is not a great orator. He can talk interminably and talk well. But his thoughts do not run to oratorical climaxes. He has none of the fury and little of the dynamic force that Theodore Roosevelt put into his public speaking. He tried to cultivate this during his days in the Senate. He laboriously worked himself up to the point of hurling invective at bossism and The Bosses, But it did not ring true, it carried no more sting than a stuffed club and he soon discarded the idea in favor of the non-emotional method of Woodrow Wilson who was at that time his hero. Of this debating-team method he is a complete master. Add to his super-ability as a debater an air of the utmost sincerity and a conviction of his own rightness, and you have Franklin Roosevelt the campaigner. In private he has a ready wit which is seldom indulged in before an audience. Newspaper men will tell you that he can on occasion become a bit robust, even bawdy, though there is never the slightest evidence of this in his public utterances. His fireside talks over the radio during his first two years in the White House exhibited a gift for getting into the confidences of his listeners that amounted almost to genius.

In his campaigning he had President Hoover at a terrific disadvantage. With the best intentions in the world the clumsy Hoover made a failure of his campaign from the start. He managed to be always on the defensive, and standing nobly on the ramparts of his record he made an unmissable target. His statement at Madison Square on the eve of election that "grass will grow in the streets of a hundred cities, a thousand towns; the weeds will overrun the fields of millions of farms if that protection be taken away," (meaning the protection of the G.O.P.) was the last resource of a defeated man.

Previous to the opening of the campaign Walter Lippmann had undertaken to tell his readers what he thought of Governor Roosevelt. He had said:

... His mind is not very clear, his purposes are not simple, and his methods are not direct. The people of the East have taken his measure. They just do not believe in him. They have detected something hollow in him... something pretended and calculated... Mr. Roosevelt does not ring true.... He is no enemy of entrenched privilege. He is a pleasant man who, without any important qualification for the office, would very much like to be President.

Mr. Lippmann took most of this back when the Roose-velt prestige was at its zenith. But he meant it when he said it, and there were a great many people who then believed and still believe that the original statement was very close to the truth. However, the country was avid for a change, and a great wave of popular confidence and affection swept Franklin Roosevelt into the White House with a huge vote of 22,813,786, completely submerging his waterlogged opponent who received only 15,759,266.

Business which had been marking time during the campaign now leaped back on the slide and started anew for perdition. The catastrophic deflation resumed. During his remaining months in office President Hoover was about as effective as a drowning man, clutching at every passing straw and protesting to the last that he was the best life-saver on the political beach. He tried in his expiring weeks as President to effect some sort of coöperation with the incoming administration, but without success. Even in the dire straits to which the country was reduced Franklin Roosevelt warily, and no doubt wisely, refused to deal with Hoover for fear his own effectiveness might suffer when he took the helm.

Meanwhile Mr. Roosevelt was selecting his cabinet with

typical sagacity. His appointments were distributed as far as they would go among the groups which had contributed most to his election. He even made a gesture of recognition to the Roosevelt-Republicans who had helped him to carry some of the most difficult states, by tendering to Harold L. Ickes, an Illinois insurgent, the battered portfolio of the Interior. Always after a victorious election Mr. Roosevelt has made an effort to consolidate his success by easing off the party lines, vocally at least. How far he is able to ease them off actually depends largely on Mr. Farley who is the official job promiser of the party.

Franklin Roosevelt was inaugurated on March 4 in the very vortex of the worst financial panic the country has ever endured. In the number of unemployed and the total amount of credit stagnated it was probably the lowest ebb in the country's financial history. Two years of hard times had followed the sensational collapse of the great bull market. Bank holidays had already begun in Michigan as far back as the middle of February, and had spread rapidly to other states. Indeed the very guns that acclaimed the accession to the presidential chair of another Roosevelt were almost drowned out by an ominous clanging from banks in every state which were closing their big bronze doors to prevent real or incipient runs from wiping out their refrigerated resources.

Not an auspicious setting for the jollification that usually culminates in the Inaugural Ball. It would not have been unexpected if the new President had approached his responsibilities with prayer and fasting. How much time he may have spent on his knees in private does not appear, but at least there was no fasting. After the inaugural ceremonies and the parade were over Mr. Roosevelt sat down to his first dinner in the White House surrounded by seventy-two members of the family.

He did not attend the Inaugural Ball, but while Mrs. Roosevelt and the younger generation made merry with the dancers he sat quietly at home talking with Louis Mc-

Henry Howe. A day of grave and momentous conferences followed—with an anxious nation sitting outside with its ear to the keyhole. It was a day of wild rumors of military coups and financial dictatorships, none of which came off. Indeed, no word at all issued from the White House until shortly after midnight on March 6. But when it came it was a ringing pronouncement.

All the banks in the country were ordered forthwith to be closed. Specie payments were suspended, and the export of gold and silver prohibited. All this was made possible by the resurrection of an unrepealed wartime measure known as the Trading With the Enemy Act. These measures took care of the banks and financiers, and a provision which made a penal offense of hoarding brought the proclamation home to every wallet and cracker-jar in the land.

This stopped the mad rush to perdition, but it also locked the brakes of business. If the country was going to eat it must have money to buy food. It was one thing to close the banks for the emergency, but quite another if they were not to be quickly opened again. For a day or two Secretary of the Treasury, William H. Woodin, ran in circles; then he thought of a simple plan. Why not open the reasonably sound banks and provide them with the currency to liquify their frozen assets so far as might be necessary? By March 9 Congress had put this idea into effect without even bothering to debate the question—and once again the wheels began to turn. Five days later the bars were coming down from bank doors, and soon the sound of the stock exchange tickers announced to the world that Wall Street was again open for business at the old stand.

The measures were bold and decisive, but they were not original or unusual. They were on the contrary orthodox—almost routine. The success of the stroke was due not so much to the novelty of the method as to the decisive leadership which had caught the public confidence. It is extremely doubtful whether Hoover, had he been reëlected, could at that time have made a success of the identical machinery.

Then, too, the overwhelming majority in both houses of Congress, completely at the new President's bidding, gave him the incalculable advantage of getting what he wanted without bothering to listen to congressional oratory.

Flushed with success the President proceeded to get in a few more quick blows while both Congress and the country were still groggy from his first onslaught. He rushed in with a bill to cut government salaries, and to shave half a billion from the nation's pension munificence. While Congress was still gasping over his audacity he slammed across his beer message. This done, he took up the cards which had been hastily stacked for the New Deal. The first pasteboard to strike the congressional table was the Agricultural Adjustment Act.

Up to this time Mr. Roosevelt had been preoccupied with emergency measures. But with the banks open and business once more under way he tossed aside the first-aid kit and came to grips with some of the fundamental disabilities of our economic system. The AAA came into being May 12, and the NRA followed a month later. After that the deluge.

The Alphabetical agencies came pouring out of the congressional spout in a flood that must have delighted the soul of the Chief Executive. Action is something that appeals to him, something that he understands. He took little part in the theorizing of his Brains Trusters. They could carry their speculations as far as they liked, but when they had things all threshed out and were ready for action—then he was right in his element. When he was Governor he had the reputation of hounding his state cabinet for action. It was his oft-repeated assertion that the thirteen million people of the state did not want "so damn many reports." What they wanted was less paper-work and more action.

Business and agriculture having been taken care of by the NRA and the AAA the Administration turned its hand to other pressing matters. There were upwards of fifteen million unemployed in the breadlines and elsewhere crying for attention and the FERA was brought into being for the colossal task of administering Federal relief. Soon the CCC was added to take the young men off the street corners and out of the soup-kitchens and set them at work in the woods, and the PWA opened its doors with over three billion dollars in the till and the announced intention of beating the depression by a prodigious promotion of public works. Muscle Shoals, long a political football, went streaking across the sky like a rocket hurled aloft by the revivified TVA. And even the Reconstruction Finance Corporation established by Hoover was brought in from the store-room and sent against the depression with money to loan to private borrowers.

There was little opposition to all this activity by the Congress. Indeed both houses of Congress mutely stepped aside and gave the President full sway. The machinery of government was placed entirely at his disposal—and he pressed the throttle completely down to the floor-boards.

Whether because of the codes or in spite of them business began to show signs of improvement during the fall of 1933. Unemployment figures dropped and for a time it looked as if the depression was at last on the run. Then quite unexpectedly strikes began to take place in various parts of the country. In the beginning these strikes were largely among the farmers, who as a class were in a deplorable condition, with the market prices of many of the commodities they produced far below the cost of production. The AAA worked frantically to raise the prices of farm products without a great deal of success until they hit upon the idea of creating a scarcity by killing off hogs and cattle, plowing under cotton, and curtailing the production of wheat, sugar and other crops. The farmer was to be paid for what he plowed under or did not raise, and the money with which he was to be compensated was, neatly enough, to come from processing taxes on farm products. This looked like bread cast upon the waters, but when it returned again after many days—it proved to be loaded with dynamite.

Even when he was in Groton the President had been a hard money man. "Gold is stable, silver is unstable," he had written as a schoolboy, "therefore gold is the only suitable standard of value." Franklin Roosevelt believed that at the time he wrote it. He believed it and reiterated it while a candidate for the presidency. But he found after he was elected that there were certain exceptions to the rule. Prices were dangerously low when he came into office, and already the inflationists were begging him to make use of the printing-press. Then, too the foreign exchange situation had this country in a very disadvantageous position. As early as May, 1933, a "controlled inflation" was placed in the President's hands by authorizing him to issue three billion in treasury notes and cut the gold content of the dollar in half. In June the gold payment clause was abrogated and the country went completely off the gold standard. In spite of the pressure from abroad we have never gone back on again.

The New Deal had started off in a blaze of glory with most of the country behind it, and even the skeptics and diehards in a non-aggressive attitude of giving the administration a chance to make good if it could. There was for a time every indication of a business pickup, and by midsummer the temporary measures designed to meet the emergency looked so good to the President that he began to talk about them as the framework of a new social order which, though it was to be nationwide in scope, was to be manipulated from Washington by a centralized system known to radio users as "remote control."

Industry did not take any too kindly to the generous labor policy of the NRA. But with General Johnson at its head its various codes were crammed down the public throat with a vociferous blather that recalled the castor oil campaign of Mussolini before he had pulled the tails of his black shirt over the entire Italian people.

By the beginning of 1934 the old-line Democrats who had supported the New Deal as an emergency program but who distrusted it as a permanent part of the national structure, began to feel a little uneasy. They even instituted a mild form of remonstrance. However, the political cycle had not yet completed its swing; the national catharsis was still in process. And in the election of 1934 the vast Democratic majorities in Congress were even further increased. Both houses were for all practical purposes unilateral. The results of this election removed the last lingering doubts of Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers as to the permanent value of the alphabetical device they had erected.

The original scope of the NRA had been limited to two years, and as the time of expiration approached the President requested the Congress to grant a two-year extension. It was thought that by the time the extension had expired the whole New Deal assembly-line would have been safely

ensconced as part of our substantive law.

The bill for the extension was passed in February, and in spite of the grumblings of industry from all parts of the country the NRA bandwagon went speeding on its way. For the next three months it swept everything before it. But in July the exhilarating joyride came to a sudden and disastrous end. The careening bandwagon ran into a stonewall and was completely demolished. That stonewall was the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court declaring the NRA unconstitutional.

Ever since Election Day in 1932 the photographers had been trying to get a picture of Mr. Roosevelt without the smile, but had not succeeded. Now they had their chance. For a week after the decision was rendered the President sulked and said nothing. And when he eventually presented his views on the decision to the press he lashed out so fiercely at the Supreme Court for its interpretation of the Constitution in the light of the "horse and buggy days" that the New York Times felt called upon to apologize editorially for the President's imprudent outburst. "Friends of President Roosevelt," said the Times, "will be the first to regret the address which he made to the newspaper correspondents

yesterday.... No one could have expected him to betray the pique that appears in his remarks.... It is to be feared that the bitterness of his attitude will frustrate the very purposes he has in mind."

Stocks broke on the publication of the President's interview and commodity prices tumbled sharply. The President indicated no way out of the difficulties, but argued that it was up to the American people during the next few years to bring about a reversal of the Supreme Court decision. The plain inference was that without the NRA the country was bound for the "demnition bow-wows." This gloomy prediction failed to materialize, however. The country got along just as well without the NRA as with it. Indeed, recovery came in at the door as the NRA went out of the window.

People on the inside had known for a long time that sooner or later presidential expedience was going to collide with the constitution.

"Have I a legal right to do this?" he is reported to have asked Senator Gore when the devaluation of the dollar was being discussed.

"Mr. President," Gore is said to have replied, "you could go on the street right now, knock down an old man, drag him into the White House and take his clothes. You could sell them second-hand. It would be just about as legal as what you are planning to do."

The President roared with laughter—and went right on with his debasement of the dollar.

Just how well-formulated an idea of the New Deal Mr. Roosevelt had before his inauguration as President is open to question. When he had first promised a new deal, which was in his speech of acceptance at Chicago, he obviously referred to the platform to which he pledged his unqualified support; though Mr. Raymond Moley is authority for the statement that the Brains Trust had already begun to function at that time, and that some time before the Chicago Convention Mr. Roosevelt had been leaning heavily on a

"Privy Council" composed of Samuel I. Rosenman, Basil O'Connor, and Mr. Moley. Mr. Rosenman was counsel to the Governor, and Mr. O'Connor his former law partner. It was Mr. Moley's task during the spring of 1932 to seek out people "expert in various subjects relating to policy," whatever that may mean.

General Hugh Johnson came into the picture while Mr. Roosevelt was still Governor, and Mr. Moley was "challenged by the obvious brilliance and sincerity of the man." Alas that so apt a characterization of the fulminating NRA administrator should have not have been saved for a later day. What bolts of fire might have been loosed by the proper use of that phrase "obvious brilliance" at just the right time and place. What "dead cats" it might have restored to life!

Many of the experts called to Albany remained for only a single meeting, though a few, Professor Tugwell and Professor Berle among them, assumed a more permanent membership in the group. It was not until September, 1932, when Jimmie Kieran, a newspaper man, first thought of calling them the Brains Trust.

The Albany Chapter of the Brains Trust never met again after election. Their only purpose had been to furnish the candidate with the economic ammunition to insure his election. This accomplished, the Albany Chapter dissolved, for now the second phase of the New Deal had begun: that of law-making, and—as Mr. Moley puts it—"a consideration of the means by which the promises of the campaign might be fulfilled by the actual making of laws."

This may have been the idea at first. When Mr. Roosevelt promised to support the platform he no doubt intended to keep his pledge. We have Mr. Farley's word for this. We also have Mr. Farley's explanation that after the election the rigors of the emergency caused Mr. Roosevelt to change his mind. It was not so much Mr. Roosevelt's mind that was changed as it was his whole theory of government.

Mr. Moley intimates that what was needed after elec-

tion was not so much a knowledge of economics as a trained operator of legislative machinery. Rough planks were all right for a platform, but they needed a deal of planing and intricate fitting before they could go into the statute books. This may account for the many members of the House and Senate who were now brought into the presidential councils, though it hardly explains the presence of Messrs. Corcoran, Landis, and Cohen, or Jerome Frank, or Professor Felix Frankfurter and his large congress of performing Phi Beta Kappas.

It was, as a matter of fact, the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Roosevelt to turn to scholastic channels when in quest of brain power. Hyde Park, Groton, and Harvard would of course lead him that way. He was a college man himself with a high regard for college men. And on the more practical side he had in his campaign called on the professors for economic ammunition to impress the electorate—and they had brought him through to victory. If a few bush-leaguers could take him that far, why not call in the big shots?

As George N. Peek has recently divulged, the AAA was the product of the professors, not the farmers. And it is equally true that the NRA and all of the rest of the New Deal emanated from the same source. Little if any of the program originated in the brain of Franklin Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is not an originator. He is willing to let those think who are paid for thinking. But when they have reached their conclusion and have turned it over to him—he is ready to act. He is said to be restless and inattentive while his thinkers are threshing out a debatable point. But once the point is settled—he begins to smile and roll up his sleeves.

And how he must have smiled, what optimism he must have radiated when one of Mr. Frankfurter's bright young men dropped the draft of the NRA and the other New Deal experiments on his desk. Franklin may not sprout ideas with the fecundity of a Theodore, but he is none the less stubborn and firm in his convictions. Sell him an idea and he will

promote it for public consumption with a gusto that should bring grunts of admiration from a toothpaste king or a purveyor of breakfast foods. Franklin Roosevelt has in him the stuff of which super-salesmen are made. Had he gone into trade instead of politics he would in all probability be head of the promotion department of one of our biggest industries. He would be selling skyscrapers and suspension bridges with no more effort than is required by Mr. Farley to sell a stamp.

What he reads far into the night nobody seems to know, though one of his secretaries intimates that it is probably stamp catalogues and books on ship models, for he still collects both with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. Philatelists will tell you in strict confidence that in spite of Mr. Farley's help the President's collection of stamps does not amount to much as such things go. But his collection of ship models is already taxing the storage facilities of the White House. He has almost as many different kinds as Davy Jones himself.

As a collector, however, Franklin is less of a burden to his friends than Theodore who was forever embarrassing people by presenting them with the heads and pelfries of the big game he brought down. He once nonplused Lodge with the gift of a large spraddling hide of a giant zebra. The Senator paid storage charges on it for years before he found a suitable way to get rid of it—then he presented it to Roosevelt House.

It is a curious conceit of Franklin Roosevelt that he is carrying out the ideas originated by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, which he believes to be basically the same. In private conversation he speaks often of them both, though the name of Theodore occurs more often than that of Wilson. And it has been remarked by those who have been on pleasure cruises with Franklin—where political discussions except those begun by the President are tabu—how frequently his conversation drifts to Theodore. In spite of the difference of their political parties he has the keenest

admiration for Theodore and often betrays an unspoken conviction that he himself is only a link in the greatest of our presidential dynasties.

Though ordinarily a most restrained and prudent man Franklin Roosevelt has his moments of buoyancy during which he is likely to do the most unpredictable of things. It is at such times that his counselors shake their heads with apprehension and wait for the lightning to strike. His peremptory cancellation of the mail contracts, obviously an error, was the result of one of these buoyant periods; and doubtless the launching of his "soak the rich" scheme of taxation was the upshot of another.

After the unanimous decision against the NRA the next major blow delivered to the New Deal by the Supreme Court was the invalidation of the entire AAA some seven months later. The latter, however, was not by the unanimous court, and the President extracted what comfort he could out of the fact that Justices Stone, Cardozo and Brandeis had delivered a dissenting opinion. But a steady sniping at the New Deal has been kept up by the Nine Old Gentlemen.

Government control of "hot oil" was denied 8 to 1.

Railroad pensions were thrown out 5 to 4.

Farm Mortgage Moratorium invalidated 9 to 0.

The Gold Clause was approved with a borderline decision of 5 to 4.

The Tennessee Valley Authority was sustained 8 to 1. The Guffey Coal Act was rejected by a vote of 6 to 3. The President had insisted upon the passage of this law despite what he described as "doubts" as to its constitutionality.

In the Rice Millers' case the government lost 9 to 0. The Municipal Bankruptcy Act was rejected 5 to 4.

In his early resentment towards the Supreme Court for blocking the New Deal Mr. Roosevelt entertained the idea of asking the people for a constitutional amendment that would enable him to establish a Planned Economy. But the howls of protest that arose on all sides, especially in the

Solid South, put an end to that—at least until after the next election. When in January, 1936, the Supreme Court declared the AAA unconstitutional the President countered with a soil conservation act to placate the farm vote, but the Planned Economy went into a pigeonhole and the President settled down to the decidedly agreeable task of getting himself reëlected.

The AAA decision, while it had irked the President beyond printable words, had really performed an invaluable service—for it had deprived the opposition of their most powerful issue. Though it was a good vote-getter among the farmers the AAA was decidedly an incubus on the Administration. The Republican spellbinders would surely have made a blazing cause of the \$1,067,665 paid to a single corporation for not raising sugar, the \$392,702 paid to an Arkansas company for not raising cotton, and the \$134,634 paid to a California wheat-raising concern for its idle acreage. And there were astounding sums paid for the butchering of little pigs to firms who were not even in the farming business, but who fed their stock on garbage.

Senator Vandenbergh has already made the halls of Congress resound with these staggering figures, and has made the most of the interesting case of the man who rented Indian lands for 50 cents an acre and received from the

AAA \$7 an acre for not growing wheat on it.

The opening gun of the campaign was really fired when former Governor Al Smith made his Liberty League speech in January. He took the Roosevelt Administration severely to task for scrapping practically all the major planks of the 1932 platform on which Mr. Roosevelt was elected, and threatened that if the New Deal policies were ratified by the Democratic Convention in June there would be nothing left for the old-line Democrats but to "take a walk."

Soon afterwards Senator Borah, the venerable warhorse from Idaho, announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination. At first the doughty Senator and Congressman Hamilton Fish were about the only Republicans to take his candidacy seriously, though the Idahoan's vociferous thunderings up and down the land warned the Republicans with a great pawing of hoofs that their only road to success lay in recapturing the progressive Republican elements in the West who had strayed off after the Roosevelt bandwagon. Until the Illinois primary election the reactionary Republicans were able to laugh off the dire predictions of The Gentleman from Idaho. But when Borah came within a narrow margin of beating a very active favorite son, Frank Knox, on the home grounds the Old Guard began to see the light. They quickly extinguished the fires in the steam roller and announced that it was anybody's fight. And forthwith the stock of Landon, Vandenbergh, Steiwer, and others began surging towards the top.

At the Republican Convention in Cleveland early in June the young western Progressives came back with a rush that knocked the ex-Senators of the Old Guard completely out of their easy chairs. A swing to Governor Landon had quite definitely begun before the convention opened, and under the guidance of the able and experienced hand of the Sage of Emporia, William Allen White, the candidacy of Alfred M. Landon went straight into the hat while the stage carpenters were hastily nailing together a platform on which the young prairie state executive could make an effective stand.

The New Deal was flayed unmercifully by the Republican spell-binders throughout the convention though most of this criticism came from the Steiwer-Snell sector before the supreme command had been taken over by western Progressives. Some observers had expected to see the entire New Deal blacklisted and branded as false and un-American; but when the smoke screen had lifted and the issues were finally discernible it was found that several of the New Deal creations had come through without a scratch. Doubts were expressed as to whether enough of a hue and cry had been left in the platform to arouse an apathetic electorate to the point of cleaning house.

Mr. Walter Lippmann was of the opinion that it had. He could see in the tenets of the Cleveland platform as supplemented by Mr. Landon's pronouncements, a sufficient opposition to the collectivist principles of the Roosevelt program to constitute a very real and debatable difference.

On the eve of the Democratic convention the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, long a thorn in the side of the New Deal, came out for a third party with Congressman William Lemke of North Dakota, a radical inflationist, as the head. This new group calling itself the Union Party, was composed of Father Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice, and the fragments of the late Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth organization. As a tail to this kite the pulpit-politician proposed to add the sadly discredited Townsend old-age pension-seekers.

Republicans and Democrats alike pooh-poohed the new party and suggested that the Veterans of Future Wars belonged with them, though the Democrats felt enough alarm to revamp some of their keynote speeches and to revise some of the provisions of a platform already leaning heavily to the Left. The Unionists having been thus disposed of the New Dealers had just begun to dust off the seats to make ready for the opening of the Philadelphia convention, when only two days before Mr. Farley was to sound the gavel calling the delegates to order—a group of old-line Democrats led by Al Smith, Senator Jim Reed, Governor Ely, et al., released a long telegram demanding that another candidate be substituted for Franklin Roosevelt.

Mr. Farley smiled when he saw the familiar names. He excoriated them as the paid servants of the Duponts, and turned his attention to the more engaging task of stage-managing the Philadelphia Convention. After a week of oratorical carnival the stamp of party approval was put on the New Deal and Franklin Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation with Mr. Garner as a running-mate. This was followed by a magnificent outdoor notification ceremony at

Franklin Field, rivaling in brilliancy the Army-Navy football games frequently staged on this same ground.

The issues were loosely framed. Only time would tell along what lines the big battle of the year would be fought. But whether Franklin Roosevelt was to win or go down in defeat—the Roosevelt Dynasty would go marching on.

THE ASSASSINATIONS

* * * * * * * * * *

ROOSEVELTS, it would seem, are not afraid to die. Or perhaps it is just that they don't think much about it. Franklin, when he was shot at in Miami, was the coolest man in the crowd. And Theodore, even after an assassin's bullet had entered his breast, went on and delivered his speech at Milwaukee. It was a curious twist of fate that Theodore after all the lead he had pumped into game large and small should spend the last six years of his life with a bullet in him.

There was not much sense to either of these attempted assassinations. Even less than is usually the case. To attempt political reform by slaughtering an individual is like shooting the dentist to cure a toothache. Just what John Chrank had in mind when he shot Theodore Roosevelt is not clear. It was alleged that he had shouted something about a third term just before he pulled the trigger. What he said was never definitely established, and in any event it is probably of slight importance.

Theodore was leaving the Gilpatrick Hotel to go to the hall to speak when Chrank brought him down. The crowd was in a frenzied mood and might have lynched the assassin had not Roosevelt intervened. He asked to have the fellow brought before him, and it was done. But one look was

260 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA enough. Theodore, who could see that his assailant was demented, turned away. "Poor creature," he said.

Physicians came, but when they ordered the victim to go to the hospital he thrust them aside. "I will make this speech or die. It is one thing or the other," he said.

Theatrics—even with one foot in the grave!

Nothing could have been more typical of Theodore the Big Stick man. And he went on and delivered the speech. He had nothing of importance to say, nothing that could not have been postponed for a day or a week or a month. The cause of Bull Moose-ism would not have languished if the speech had never been delivered. But Theodore carried on. He acted the hero in the best story-book tradition, with the audience almost swooning with excitement and perturbation as he rose to speak.

"It is true," he said in a low tone to the hushed assemblage, "I am going to ask you to be very quiet." He was speaking with an obvious effort. "And please excuse me from making a long speech. I'll do the best I can—but there is a bullet in my body... I am not hurt badly... I have a message to deliver and will deliver it so long as there is life in my body."

He went on with what he had to say, but it is doubtful whether a person in the audience could remember a word of the speech after the terrific effort and the risk he took in delivering it. I happened to be in California at the time, and while some of the Colonel's admirers were unstinted in their praise of his courage, by far the greater number of comments of the man on the street were to the effect that Theodore's conduct had been in the main histrionic and a play to the grandstand. Had he been a little less histrionic in Milwaukee the result of the election—which was closely fought—might easily have been different. Something about the Milwaukee episode reminded people of the distaste they had felt for Roosevelt at the end of his reign in 1908.

If the Milwaukee speech caught the public imagination at all the effect was momentary. Taft and Wilson both sent

messages expressing their regret and suggesting that the campaign should be suspended until the extent of his injuries could be ascertained. But a more complete examination at the hospital disclosed that though there was a bullet in his lung Roosevelt was not in serious condition. The velocity of the lead had been spent by passing through the material of an overcoat and a spectacle case. But it was probably the folded manuscript of his speech in an inside pocket which impeded it most.

"Tell the people not to worry about me, for if I do go down another will take my place," he said in a statement soon after the attack.

But the statement was a little superfluous, for the day after the shooting the doctors said that he was practically out of danger. Up to the time of the Milwaukee incident the campaign had been slowing down. Teddy was not as colorful as he had been, and he seemed to have lost touch. With his own trademark on Taft he found it difficult to arouse any considerable feeling against him. Then too his throat had been unequal to the strain. The lion was aging and his roar was beginning to lose its power and volume.

After Milwaukee he rested at Sagamore and made no more demands on his voice until just before election day when he faced a crowd of 15,000 people at Madison Square Garden. He had recuperated rapidly. As he came out on the rostrum he showed every evidence of his old vigor. His step was firm and sprightly. His color was good. And his voice, when finally it had stilled the clamor with which his appearance was greeted, was clear and strong. He was in fine form and swept the assemblage off its feet as in the old days of his inspired campaigning.

But it was the death-cry of the Bull Moose. The laurel wreath was destined to adorn the classic brow of the school-master. For Roosevelt the handwriting on the wall was: "This way out."

The popular vote for Wilson was 6,286,124 while Roosevelt had to be content with 4,126,000, and Taft came

lagging along behind with 3,483,922. The vote in the Electoral College presented quite another picture, however, for here Wilson received 430 votes to 88 for Roosevelt and only 8 for Taft.

Roosevelt accepted the result with entire good humor, but declared in the excitement of the moment that the Progressive cause in itself must triumph since "this triumph is essential to the well-being of the American people." But a little later, after he had cooled down he admitted that the fight of the Progressives was over. "We are beaten," he said. "There is only one thing to do and that is to go back to the Republican Party. You can't hold a party like the Progressive Party together... there are no loaves and fishes."

And Wilson went to Washington. And Taft went to Yale where he found his duties so delightful and so beneficial that after a few months of teaching he lost so much weight he had to have his thirty pairs of pants taken in by the tailor. And Roosevelt went to Sagamore Hill, the assassin's bullet still in his lung where it remained in harmless seclusion for six years before he died of natural causes.

For the attempted assassination of Franklin Roosevelt we have the words of Mr. Roosevelt himself given to the newspapermen aboard his special train the day after the attack which occurred at Miami February 15, 1933, in the interim between his election and his inauguration as President.

After I had finished speaking, somebody from the talking picture people climbed on the back of the car and said I had simply got to turn around and repeat to them what I said.

I said I would not do it. He said, "We have come one thousand miles for this."

I said, "I am very sorry, but I can't do it."

Having said that I slid off the back of the car and

into my seat. Just then Mayor Cermak came forward. I shook hands and talked with him for nearly a minute. Then he moved off around the back of the car.

Bob Clark (one of the Secret Service men) was standing right behind him to the right. As he moved off a man came forward with a telegram about five or six feet long and started telling me what it contained. While he was talking to me, I was leaning forward toward the left side of the car. Just then I heard what I thought was a firecracker; then several more. The man talking with me was pulled back and the chauffeur started the car.

I found that a bullet, probably the one that hit Cermak, grazed the top of Clark's hand. His hand was all bloody and scratched....

I looked around and saw Mayor Cermak doubled over and Mrs. Gill collapsing. Mrs. Gill was at the foot of the band stand steps. As soon as she was hit she must have got up and started down the steps. She was slumped over at the bottom.

I called to the chauffeur to stop. He did—about fifteen feet from where we started. The Secret Service men shouted to him to get out of the crowd and he started forward again. I stopped him a second time, this time at the corner of the band stand about thirty feet further on.

I saw Mayor Cermak being carried. I motioned to have him put in the back of the car, which would be the first out. He was alive, but I didn't think he was going to last. I put my left arm around him and my hand on his pulse, but I couldn't find any pulse. He slumped forward.

On the left of Cermak, and leaning over him, was the Miami chief of detectives. He was sitting on the rear mudguard. He said after we had gone two blocks, "I don't think he is going to last."

I said, "I am afraid he isn't."

After we had gone another block, Mayor Cermak straightened up and I got his pulse. It was surprising.

For three blocks I believed his heart had stopped. I held him all the way to the hospital and his pulse constantly improved.

That trip to the hospital seemed thirty miles long. I talked to Mayor Cermak nearly all the way. I remember I said, "Tony, keep quiet—don't move. It won't hurt you

if you keep quiet."

They rushed him to the operating room for examination. I remained in the hospital and later talked to Mayor Cermak for four or five minutes. I also saw the others, except Mrs. Gill, who was being operated on. They failed to extract the bullet. I remained at the hospital until about a quarter after eleven and then returned to the *Nourmahal*. I went to bed about 2 o'clock.

I didn't actually see the man who did the shooting. The second time the car moved forward I saw a mêlée down on the ground and I assumed he was in that.

The police did one quick and clever thing. When they got him up from the ground they saw the car in which Kermit, Vincent and Moley were riding, two cars behind mine. It had just started out. They threw the man on the trunk rack and three policemen sat on him all the way to the hospital. They had to go to the hospital because inside the car was the fellow who had been shot in the head.

As we started out there was a great deal of shouting and pressing from every direction. By the time we got to the gate, seventy-five feet away, the crowd there didn't know anything had happened. It was providential that my car went about thirty feet ahead before the crowd closed in. It would have been difficult to get the car out if we had not reached the corner of the band stand.

Mayor Cermak was thought to be out of danger. He hung on for several weeks and Joe Zangara, the assailant, was tried and convicted of attempted assassination. He was sentenced to eighty years' imprisonment. But upon the death

of Cermak he was tried for murder, found guilty, and executed.

Zangara had made a bungle of his attempt from the outset. At the first shot a woman fell. The next shot brought down Mayor Cermak. Zangara took a more careful aim. This time he meant to bring down Mr. Roosevelt, but a nervy woman, Mrs. Lillian Cross, deflected his arm and another woman fell instead. A final shot had felled still another innocent bystander before the dazed crowd recovered enough sense to leap upon the madman and pin him to the ground.

And Franklin Roosevelt thought all the shooting was firecrackers. And when he learned that his friend Cermak had been hit, he stopped his chauffeur who was rushing the president elect to a place of safety, and insisted on taking Cermak to the hospital himself.

That was how scared he was.

INDIAN SUMMER OF A ROOSEVELT

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The Progressive campaign over, Theodore Roosevelt took down his ax and began to chop wood at Sagamore Hill as an outlet for the energy that was still surging within him like a dynamo. But physical exertion was never equal to the task of keeping him diverted long. There must be mental activity as well.

He began to work feverishly on his memoirs and in December, 1912, he delivered a carefully prepared lecture on "History as Literature" before the American Historical Society—of which he happened to be the president. It was not, he confided to Lodge, that any of the members of the society actually did believe that history was literature, but at least it was something to keep him occupied.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, did not take gracefully to his enforced rustication. He longed again to be the center of the public gaze, and when the opportunity for a bit of publicity came along he snatched at it, though it was decidedly unimportant and would put him to the bother of making a jaunt to Marquette, Michigan, with a host of witnesses. During the Progressive campaign, and indeed for some time before that curious triangular contest, the press had been taking liberties with Mr. Roosevelt's reputation for temperance in the use of alcohol. Usually Roosevelt had ignored

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The truth was that he rarely tasted liquor at all, but during the campaign the charge that he was alcoholically inclined was bandied about so freely that he felt that something should be done to set the matter right before the public. And so it happened that when a good opportunity came he astonished his traducers by clapping one of them into court with a libel suit.

The offender was George N. Newitt, the editor of an unimportant little weekly newspaper published at Ishpeming, Michigan, a small mining town not far from Marquette. The action was based on an item published in Newitt's paper, the *Iron Ore* about three weeks before election day in 1912.

The article complained of contained some shrewdly pertinent comments on Mr. Roosevelt and his self-assumed prerogative to call his opponents liars and thieves and scoundrels generally. It then stated:

But if any one calls Roosevelt a liar, he raves and roars and takes on in an awful way; and yet Roosevelt is a pretty good liar himself... Roosevelt lies and curses in a most disgusting way; he gets drunk, too, and that not infrequently, and all his intimates know about it.

This was strong language. It was the charge direct. There was no innuendo here, no inference. Newitt was on the spot. There was no chance for evasion. Either he must prove the truth of his assertion—or he must take the consequences.

The case came on for trial in May, 1913, after the heat of the campaign had long since subsided. Never had the little court house in Marquette seen anything like it. An ex-President, members of his cabinet, noted newspaper men, members of Mr. Roosevelt's family and his domestic entourage, prominent statesmen, his associates and closest

268 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA friends followed one another on the witness stand in a steady

friends followed one another on the witness stand in a steady stream for five days on end. No one witness could be found to testify that he had ever seen Mr. Roosevelt drink except with the utmost moderation.

It was a Roman holiday for Theodore. The front pages of the papers carried a running story with flaming head-lines.

But the bewildered defendant, though he was making the headlines in a way to cause any country editor's head to swim, was unable to produce a single witness to support his case. And he finally broke down and admitted that he

was in the wrong.

Roosevelt quickly took another tack. He had not gone into the suit for money, he said, or for any "vindictive purpose." His only wish was to deal with these slanders so that never again would they be repeated. And at his request nominal damages of six cents were returned against the defendant. It was whispered about at the time that Roosevelt even paid the costs, which by law should have been borne by the loser.

That fall Mr. Roosevelt started on another of his exploring trips, this time in quest of the true source of the River of Doubt in Darkest Brazil. But he was injured in a canoe accident, and afterward contracted a jungle fever that caused him to abandon his quest. He recovered rapidly after his return, and as the campaign of 1914 approached he could not resist the temptation of taking a

hand.

It was a rather tame campaign and in an attempt to liven it up he made some slurring remarks about "Mr. Barnes of Albany" who as the political legatee of Tom Platt had succeeded to the position of Republican boss of New York. It was the fashion at the moment to hurl brickbats at political bosses and Barnes was already smarting from a scathing denunciation in Collier's. The Collier's article, however, had been handled with care and was airtight so far as legal consequences were concerned. But when

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Mr. Roosevelt issued a statement to the effect that Boss Barnes and Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall were joined in a corrupt alliance, he drew fire from Barnes who realized that if he allowed Roosevelt's statement to stand unchallenged his usefulness as a boss would be at an end.

Barnes acted swiftly, and the course he followed must have brought chuckles from the editor of the Ishpeming Iron Ore; for within twenty-four hours after Roosevelt had delivered his charge Barnes had filed a suit against him for libel. This did very well until after election, for with the crowded calendars it was impossible to bring the case to trial until the following spring. The venue was laid at Syracuse and as the time for the trial approached Roosevelt's enemies smiled with satisfaction. They well remembered that Roosevelt had worked in close conjunction with Platt and a number of other machine politicians with unsavory reputations, and it seemed inevitable that out of the welter of papers and letters and records that had been subpoenaed some very embarrassing and damaging evidence would be laid at the strenuous one's door.

His friends were worried and urged him to effect a compromise with Barnes, but he pooh-poohed the idea. His attitude was that a compromise with corruption would be ignoble as well as suicidal. The possibility that he might not only be discredited, but mulcted for heavy pecuniary damages, never occurred to him. As in the trial at Marquette he made a Roman holiday of the occasion and appeared before the tribunal in high spirits, ready to enjoy himself thoroughly.

The Barnes forces were in deadly earnest. They had been raking over the files and they were certain they had enough on him to drive him out of political life. William M. Ivins, counsel for Barnes and one of the leading criminal lawyers of the day boasted to Elihu Root that he was going to "nail Roosevelt's hide to the fence."

The crafty Root smiled. "Let me give you a piece of advice," he said. "I know Roosevelt, and you want to be

very sure it is Roosevelt's hide that you get on the fence."

From the moment the trial opened Roosevelt occupied the center of the stage. He was a willing witness who answered the questions of counsel freely and fully, often embarrassing and annoying the opposition with his opinions and orations. He admitted quite frankly his relations with Platt and Barnes and declared that when Barnes first came into power he believed Barnes was going to make an honest leader, and did all he could to bring out the best that was in Barnes.

Barnes, who had the oily appearance and wily manner of a political wire-puller was no match for the robust, outspoken, dynamic, noisy, wholesome Roosevelt who dominated the court room with his charm and his imagination and his sincerity in the rightness of his cause.

The verdict, which was rendered on May 22, 1915, was a complete exoneration of Roosevelt—and as Elihu had hinted, it was the hide of Barnes that was nailed to the fence. The outcome was that Barnes was eased out of his position as leader and was retired from political life, and once more Theodore Roosevelt began to recover some of the jaunty air that had been absent since the Bull Moose debâcle.

But there were dark days ahead that were to bring him bitterness and disappointment and disillusion. For already the drums of war were calling the man-power of Europe to arms for the greatest conflict of modern times.

In the early days of the war Roosevelt was severely criticized for his alleged pro-German attitude. This was a little unjust, though he did say things that he must have regretted later on. He was able to justify the German invasion of Belgium. His argument was that when giants are engaged in a death struggle they reel to and fro and are certain to trample on those who get in their way. He felt that disaster would surely have attended German arms had she not followed the course she did follow on the western

INDIAN SUMMER OF A ROOSEVELT 271 front. He was willing to accord "praise and admiration due a stern, virile and masterful people."

As a matter of "abstract right or wrong" he said that the invasion of Belgium was unjustified. But when a great nation is struggling for its existence her leaders contend that

there is no such thing as abstract right or wrong.

There was more along the same line, most of it written for publication in the Outlook. What Mr. Roosevelt may have said in his letters of the period has never come to light. For some reason the letters have been withheld, and until they are given to the public we must remain in doubt as to his private utterances during this time.

The truth seems to be that Theodore Roosevelt like all the rest of America was badly confused by the European situation. At first there was a general attitude of indifference as to the outcome—so long as the United States could keep from becoming involved. As time went on, however, the sympathy for Germany became less and less popular and within a few months it had become almost an act of treason to say a good word for Germany. In February, 1915, Germany announced her submarine policy, and in May, 1915, the Lusitania was sunk. This was the end of any sympathy Roosevelt may have had for Germany. "Murder on the high seas," he called it, and he demanded immediate seizure of all of Germany's interned ships and a cessation of all commerce with her.

Theodore Roosevelt was ready to go into the war at this point. But Wilson felt that the breaking point had not yet come. Roosevelt raged and roared. He demanded universal military service, and started his campaign for preparedness.

By this time Roosevelt's contempt and hatred for Wilson had escaped all bounds. He took Wilson's proposal for a treaty with Colombia offering an apology for our dealings with Panama over the canal zone and granting an indemnity of \$25,000,000 as a personal affront. Roosevelt still regarded the Panama Canal coup as his greatest accom-

272 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA plishment, and to have Wilson even considering the idea of an apology to Colombia made him see red. From this time on all his dealings with Wilson were tinged with a hatred and bitterness that Roosevelt could not entirely conceal. Only once did he fully restrain his feelings and that was when he was pleading for a command after we had entered the war.

He was crushed and mortified when Wilson refused. And though the contemporary press passed some scathing rebukes on Wilson's refusal on the ground that it was personal and political, no doubt now exists that Wilson was entirely in the right. Roosevelt was not a military man. He had been in only one battle in his life, and that little more than a skirmish. With the best intentions in the world he would not have been able to take orders from Pershing. He could not have been subservient to orders from the high command. His natural bent for notoriety would most certainly have made endless trouble. What Wilson's real motives were in denying his application no man can say. Nor can any man deny that he was right.

Theodore Roosevelt had been particularly bitter against Wilson during the Hughes campaign in 1916. That was when Wilson was running for reëlection on the ground that he kept us out of war. Wilson was summering at Shadow Lawn at the time, and though Hughes campaigned with more logic than emotion Roosevelt did not. Roosevelt was all for war and he had gone up and down the land sounding the tom-toms and arousing the nation to arms. It was at the final speech of the campaign that he swept aside his manuscript and gave an immense crowd at Cooper Union the thrill of their lives. He said:

There should be shadows now at Shadow Lawn: the shadows of men, women and children who have risen from the ooze of the ocean bottom and from graves in foreign lands; the shadows of the helpless whom Mr. Wilson did not dare protect lest he might have to face INDIAN SUMMER OF A ROOSEVELT 273

danger; the shadow of babies gasping pitifully as they sank under the waves; the shadows of women outraged and slain by bandits.... Those are the shadows proper for Shadow Lawn; the shadows of deeds that were never done; the shadows of lofty words that were followed by no action; the shadows of the tortured dead.

This did very well for campaign material to use against the President who was seeking reëlection on the ground that he had Kept Us Out of War. It was very effective in a country that had not yet gone into the war. But it was not so good after America had gone in on the side of the Allies and Roosevelt, hat in hand, was appealing to the President for an overseas command.

Roosevelt, of course, could see Wilson's refusal as nothing but politics. He had told Wilson during their interview—while he still thought it highly likely that his request for a command would be granted—that he would never come back from France.

"If you can convince Wilson of that," said the irrepressible Root when Roosevelt happened to mention the matter afterward, "he will let you go."

It was through Franklin Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, that Theodore made his first direct assault in person on the powers in Washington. He had been corresponding with the War Department since early in February, 1917, when he asked permission to recruit a division for use overseas. Part of this division was to be mounted of course, after the manner of the Rough Riders. America had not yet declared war and Secretary Baker accordingly offered him little encouragement. But the day after the declaration of War, which occurred April 6, 1917, Franklin Roosevelt stepped from his office in the Army and Navy Building to that of the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, and informed Mr. Baker that Theodore Roosevelt was in town and would like to arrange a conference.

Mr. Baker was quite affable and readily agreed to see

the former President at the home of Mrs. Longworth, his daughter, where he happened to be staying. Baker found the house full of people when he arrived, and Theodore took him by the arm and led him off upstairs for a private talk. Roosevelt renewed his offer to raise a division. Baker assured him that the offer would have careful consideration, but gave him to understand that it could be accepted only with the consent of President Wilson.

Then it was that Colonel Roosevelt pocketed his pride and took the matter directly to Wilson. When at length word of Wilson's refusal came the Colonel tried to accept it gracefully. "As good American citizens," he said, "we loyally obey." But this mood of resignation soon wore off and the bitterness and wrath within again boiled over. In August, 1917, with America plunged into the conflict he published the text of the correspondence with Baker the net result of which was to embarrass the government at a time when it could ill afford such embarrassment.

Within a month, however, he was touring the country in behalf of a vigorous offensive and the utmost speed in preparations. There is no doubt that his efforts at this time were of real importance in arousing the country to action. He was ready to give his all for his country, and took great pride in the fact that four of his sons were fighting in France. But Woodrow Wilson he never forgave.

That much of the tremendous energy shown by Franklin Roosevelt in preparing the Navy for war ahead of the declaration, emanated from his distinguished uncle-in-law cannot be doubted. Nor is there the slightest doubt that even after the break with Wilson many of Theodore's ideas filtered through to the Executive by means of the young Assistant Secretary whose energy and initiative were highly regarded by his chief.

Documentary proof is missing. Perhaps no documentary proof exists though it is highly probable that when the private files of Franklin Roosevelt are thrown open the fine Italian hand of the Colonel will be found in many

INDIAN SUMMER OF A ROOSEVELT 275 place where Woodrow Wilson least suspected it, though he was not at all averse to borrowing ideas from the fecund mind of his strenuous enemy.

Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest of the four sons, was killed in action in July, 1918. He was shot down in aerial combat and fell behind the German lines. It was a heavy blow from which Theodore Roosevelt never completely recovered. With the death of Quentin the old exuberance, the boyish side of the Colonel disappeared never to return.

As he had done in the case of Alice Lee, he did with Quentin, and wrote a heart-rending tribute to his son. "Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die," it began. It was more a message to the firesides of America which were beginning to feel the inroads of the casualty lists from the front. "These are the torch-bearers," it said in conclusion; "these are they who have dared the Great Adventure."

Theodore Roosevelt had been treated for abcesses in February, 1918, and when he left the hospital he had lost the hearing in one ear. But he recovered his strength rapidly and made speaking tours in May and November. He was now demanding an unconditional surrender and denouncing a victory to be won at the peace table. On the day of the Armistice he was again in the hospital, this time with a form of inflammatory rheumatism, but he improved and was home for the holidays. He dictated an editorial on January 5, 1919, and went to bed in the early evening. At four o'clock on the morning of January 6, he died from an embolism in the coronary artery.

News of his death reached Woodrow Wilson as he was returning from his pre-peace conference trip to Italy. The royal train of the King of Italy on which he was traveling had reached the frontier station of Modane in the Italian Alps. It was early evening of January 6. There was some delay here while passports were examined and cars and engines changed. The night was cold with a thin layer of snow on the ground, and after the engines had been detached from the train the cars became very chilly. The

author, who was one of a group of correspondents attached to the presidential party, suggested leaving the train which was some distance down the yard and walking to the station to get warm. Montague Glass, late author of the inimitable Potash and Perlmutter tales, was the only one to accept.

"If you don't come back," the others called after us, "we'll know that you have found a warmer place than this."

We let it go at that and made our way out through the snow to the station. We had come up beside the Presidential car which was standing in the station when a messenger came out of the door with a telegraph blank in his hand.

"Roosevelt is dead!" he said. "The news just came over the wire."

"Does the President know?" I asked.

"Not yet. I'm just taking the message in to him."

We turned and looked through the window and could see President Wilson sitting at a small table inside. We were looking directly at his face from a distance of only a yard or two when the telegram was handed to him. As he glanced at it a look of pleased surprise flashed across his lean intellectual countenance. But it was gone almost as quickly as it had come. For a moment he stared at the message, then slowly lowered it.

"Roosevelt is dead," he said.

A moment later we saw him scribbling at the desk. He was writing a message of condolence to the bereaved wife.

If Theodore Roosevelt had lived he would no doubt have done his utmost to slaughter the League of Nations. He had said in the last words that he was ever to write that a League of Nations was desirable but he could see no reason for not making use of the Hague tribunal which was already in existence. In any event, a league which emanated from Woodrow Wilson could not under any circumstances have satisfied him.

His ideas on the subject had changed materially from those he expressed in his speech at Christiania in 1910 when INDIAN SUMMER OF A ROOSEVELT 277 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his success in ending the Russo-Japanese War. And within a few days after the signing of the Armistice he had voiced his distrust of the Wilson conception. How he would have gloried in the rebuke that was administered to Woodrow Wilson on his return from Versailles!

But even that satisfaction was denied him, for when Wilson came back from France Theodore Roosevelt was sleeping the long sleep in a simple grave on a hillside at Oyster Bay beneath the tall trees that he loved to climb with his children, and loved even better to "beaver down" with his ax, to borrow a descriptive phrase from his friend Bill Sewell, a Maine guide who really knew how to use an ax.

The King was dead. But the Dynasty was marching on.

THE ROOSEVELT FORTUNE

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The first Theodore Roosevelt had amassed from his glass importing and the banking business considerably over \$800,000 before he died. This was shared equally by the four children, each inheriting something more than \$200,000. The elder Theodore had died while young Theodore was in college, so the youth must have had at the time when he was running for the Assembly an income of about \$10,000 a year. At that time he was a notoriously bad manager. It was a case of easy come, easy go. Money never meant a great deal to him.

Among his early investments was the \$20,000 he put in Putnam's with the idea that it might add to his prestige to be a publisher. This proved not to be the case. It was a poor investment either way. Major Putnam found the young man a good deal of a nuisance, and the fact that he was a publisher had little or no bearing on his political career. A little later he "invested" a total of \$52,000 to make the Bad Lands of Dakota into a cattle country—and lost every dollar of it. Pringle says he never regretted the venture and that the dividends were paid in intangibles. In health, perhaps, and the pleasure he derived from the chase, and from the wearing of the most decorative and outlandish of cowpuncher costumes.

"I wear a sombrero," he wrote his sister, "silk neckerchief, fringed buckskin shirt, sealskin chaparajos or riding trowsers, alligator hide boots; and with my pearl hilted revolver..."

His vanity over these cowboy trappings was almost unbelievable. Not only did he pose for photographs in them repeatedly, but he could not wait until he was west of the Alleghenies before putting them on. He was once seen wearing them on a ferryboat crossing the river to Hoboken where he was to board a train for the West. A little later the cowboy trappings were to give way to a uniform. But the uniform in Theodore's mind was only an adaptation of the cowboy rig, his conception of a Rough Rider being a cross between a top-hand and a top-sergeant. The cow venture was costly, though he did get some fun out of it.

It was in 1893 while Theodore was Civil Service Commissioner at \$3,500 a year that he ran behind more than \$2,500 in a single year. This on the heels of the cattle debâcle looked dreary indeed. The family began to think he was a bit of a ne'er-do-well. His fortunes rose again when he became Governor at \$10,000 a year, and then suddenly he was thrust into the Presidential chair with the neat stipend of \$75,000 annually. After seven years of that he again dropped back to a mere \$12,000 salary for his editorial position on Outlook. He received a check for \$50,000 from Scribner's for the first serial rights to the story of his experiences hunting big game in Africa, though he rejected an offer from Collier's for \$100,000 for the same material, because he felt that Collier's was not a "sufficiently dignified" publication for so important a contribution to science.

But in spite of this Micawber-like gesture he managed to leave an estate of \$781,082.83 when he died. How much of this may have come through market speculation, and how much from the careful management of a thrifty wife can only be guessed.

Franklin was out of a job at the time when he and Eleanor were married. He was, as a matter of fact, a student at the Columbia Law School. He had an income of about \$5,000 a year from the inheritance of \$100,000 left him by his father. Eleanor's income at this time amounted to about \$7,500 from her father's estate. Of course Franklin then as now had the financial resources of his mother to fall back on, a well invested estate falling a little short of the million dollar mark, inherited largely from her father Warren Delano who had been forehanded with his holdings in Pennsylvania real estate and coal mines.

For a time the young couple managed to worry along on their joint income of \$12,500. But gradually Franklin's income from his legal work crept up to \$15,000 a year which fattened the family purse to the point of \$27,500 per annum. When Franklin became Governor his earnings rose to \$25,000, and the family income reached \$37,500. Mrs. Roosevelt had not at this time begun to earn any considerable amount by her own efforts. When once she really turned her hand to it she rapidly ran her earned income into big money.

The first year in the White House the joint income of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt added up to \$125,000. But this was only a beginning; for the next year she had a commercial program on the air from which she received some \$36,000 in a little over six months. With the addition of her returns from magazine articles and her syndicated material in the newspapers, together with the royalties on her books and her fixed income, it is more than likely that her earnings exceeded those of the President. Their joint income for the year must have been between \$175,000 and \$200,000—a little more than Jackie Cooper earns, but not so much as Mae West.

It was Franklin's great-great-grandfather, Isaac Roosevelt, who laid the foundation for the fortune of his branch of the family. He it was who built the first American sugar refinery in his own backyard when Pearl Street was still in

the residential section of Manhattan. It was a successful venture from the start and made him one of the most prominent moneyed men of his day, as well as an early president of the Bank of New York.

When Isaac died he left a nice fortune to his son James. But James, though he continued the sugar business with success, could see beyond the confines of a hogshead. He realized that the future of the country lay in its agriculture. So he bought a farm within easy reach of the city where he bred fast horses and enjoyed the miracle of growing things. His rolling acres extended all the way from what is now Fifth Avenue to the East River. It was on his land that Nathan Hale was captured. The southern boundary was where 110th Street now lies, and the land ran in an unbroken sweep to the present boundaries of 125th Street. Not all of it was plowland. There was a good stand of timber, enough to insure fuel and lumber for home needs for years to come. But some of the land was stony. In places it was too shallow to plow, and there were low spots that were difficult to drain.

James Roosevelt was a shrewd businessman. He realized quite well the importance of having a farm so near to market. But he also realized that the city would never grow out that far, and that much better farming land was to be had for less money up the river. The city limits at that time were somewhere in the neighborhood of the City Hall. He could drive from the front door of his farmhouse to the Pearl Street refinery with a good span of horses in an hour. Of course in rainy weather it would take longer because of the deep muddy roads. James knew the value of his place, and when a buyer came along he drove a sharp bargain and sold the farm for \$25,000.

Today the Roosevelt farm is divided into 120 city blocks. The land could probably be bought back for somewhere between \$100,000,000 and \$500,000,000. Perhaps a little less. Probably a little more. The land near Pough-

282 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA keepsie in which James reinvested the purchase money could probably be bought today for \$200 an acre, or could have been had the state not bought it as the site for a State Hospital.

ELEANOR

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THERE comes a tremendous fanfare of bugles which finally resolve themselves into such a salute as might welcome the arrival of Edward, King of Britain, Marie, Queen of Rumania, or one of the other rapidly vanishing crowned heads of Europe. Surely such a salute must herald one of the blood royal—and indeed it does. For as the sound of the bugles dies out the voice of the announcer is heard proclaiming that the Selby Shoe Hour is on the air. The startled listener is then told that Selby Shoes are sponsoring a series of fifteen-minute talks by Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

After a brief pause, the voice of the wife of the President is clearly heard. It is a familiar voice, almost as familiar as the voice of Graham McNamee or Micky Mouse. If there is a person in America who is not familiar with the voice it is because that person is hard of hearing. But though sponsored by a firm of shoemakers Mrs. Roosevelt does not confine herself to the subject of footgear. Indeed, during none of her broadcasts on the Selby Shoe Hour that I heard did Mrs. Roosevelt ever mention the subject of shoes. Once she discussed the presence of rats, mice and other vermin in the White House. Another time she devoted her full fifteen minutes of costly Selby time to a discussion

of the amount of mail received by a President's wife, where it originates, and how it is disposed of. And once I heard her explain to the great unseen audience of the air how the President's wife spends her time on a "typical day."

The President's wife does not do this broadcasting just for the fun of it. She does not do it for the much-needed education of the people who tune in on the national hookup. Nor does she do it as a duty; for after all she is under no obligation to tell the public how Presidents' wives spend their time. At the proper point in the broadcast the listeners are told that she is doing it for money. Quite a good deal of money if the gossip that is going around is true. It is carefully explained, however, that the money will be paid by the Selby Shoe Company not to Mrs. Roosevelt, but to a charity to be designated by her. Another fanfare of bugles—and the President's wife ceases to be a paid radio entertainer and goes back to her unpaid job as First Lady.

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt was born in New York City October 11, 1884, the only child of Theodore's brother Elliott. In common with her husband she is a direct descendant of old Nicholas Roosevelt, though she stems from Johannes, son of Nicholas, while her husband stems from Jacobus, brother of Johannes. And it came to pass that Johannes begat Jacobus, and Jacobus begat another Jacobus, and the second Jacobus begat Cornelius, and Cornelius begat Theodore the father of Teddy and Elliott and Anna and Corinne.

Just where the matchless energy of Teddy and Eleanor comes from is not apparent. Some of it may have come from the first Theodore who, though he was no such dynamo of energy as either Teddy or Eleanor, was for his day and age a very aggressive go-getter. He was, however, a more conventional type. He struck out blindly into no uncharted seas of business or politics or ways of thinking. He was strictly conformist. And he was a successful man. Teddy adored him. He thought that nobody ever had so wonderful father as he—but he never was like him and never wanted

to be like him. Eleanor never knew her paternal grand-father. He died before she was born.

Uncle Theodore, however, she had before her as a living example and she was vastly influenced by him. She still is.

Teddy was fond of his niece. He always made a great deal of her though he did not take her into his home when her parents both died in her early childhood. He had plenty of children of his own. Perhaps he thought he had all he could take care of. In any event Eleanor was brought up by her maternal grandmother who lived at Tivoli, which as the crow flies, is only a few miles from Hyde Park.

Until she married Franklin Eleanor was as avidly Republican as she is now avidly Democratic. This was only natural. How could she have been anything but staunchly Republican with her favorite uncle at the head of the party and occupying the highest post in the gift of the American people?

But it is not only in her well-nigh perpetual motion that Eleanor resembles her Uncle Theodore. She has much of his wide-range interest in everything and everybody. She is perhaps not so much of a know-it-all as the Teddy of the Big Stick Days, but she is equally careless about tossing off half-formed and ill-considered opinions on any question that happens to come along. Teddy was perpetually in hot water over the "horseback opinions" that he used to promulgate. And while the hasty utterances of Eleanor do not carry the import or the political significance of some of the pronouncements of her distinguished uncle she occasionally finds that quite unwittingly she has (shall we say?) spilled the beans.

Her hapless remarks about the verdict in the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the murder of the Lindbergh baby threw the press into restrained convulsions, not because of what she said so much as the fact that it was the First Lady who said it. For the ordinary citizen to disagree with the decision of the court was quite all right. But for the wife of the President to voice an offhand dissent was all 286 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA shades of heresy from "lack of good taste" to a "silly blunder."

Another way in which Anna Eleanor Roosevelt closely resembles her Uncle Teddy is her fondness for "flaming causes." Emotion per se she disapproves of. And where Teddy backed up his "flaming causes" with resounding oratory, Eleanor backs hers with the cold light of reason, keeping always, it must be added, within the strictest bounds of nicety. Come what may she is always the lady. Her enthusiasm may run away with her good sense, but it never runs away with her good manners. She is not averse to a fight, though she does not like her uncle insist upon a cause for which she can bleed and die.

Physically she bears little resemblance to her distinguished uncle. She is inclined to be tall whereas he was slightly under medium height. And while she is slender and shows little indication of ever being anything else Teddy, though slim in his younger days in the legislature, was thick and stocky in his Presidential years and showed little tendency to fall off with the passage of time.

Franklin Roosevelt is more the doer than the advocate. Flaming causes have little appeal for him. If there is anything to be done he does it if he can, but he is not given to working himself up to a white heat just for the pleasure derived from blowing off steam. It may be the old Jacobus in him and it may be something else, but he has not the hair-trigger temperament that was the delight and the despair of his uncle-in-law and that is possessed in a lesser degree by the charming Eleanor.

In spite of the difference in politics Eleanor's relations with the family of Theodore Roosevelt were most cordial until Franklin made that unfortunate and disastrous attempt to get himself elected Vice-president in 1920, and was publicly disowned by Teddy, Jr., who in the heat of a political campaign had described him as a "maverick."

Of course the story was widely circulated in the papers. And the Roosevelt issue having been clarified, Calvin Coolidge was elected Vice-president. Harding was elected, too, although that is another story. For four years Eleanor is said to have nursed the grievous wrong that had been done her husband. What she may have said to her cousin Theodore in private does not affect the situation one way or the other. Perhaps she did not speak to him at all. In any event, if she was watching for a chance it came in 1924 when young Theodore had just been nominated for Governor of New York, on the Republican ticket of course. The Democrats nominated Al Smith on the following day to oppose him. And when Eleanor rose to second the Smith nomination she said:

"Of course he (Smith) will win! How could he help it, when the Republican convention yesterday did all it could to help him?"

The prediction proved to be correct. Al Smith won by a narrow margin. That's the way the story goes, but it is hard to believe that the amiable Eleanor Roosevelt would harbor a grudge in her heart for four long years, and then take the family linen to the mangle of a Democratic state convention for cleaning. No doubt Franklin was rather enjoying the confusion caused among the electorate by his name, but this hardly seems an adequate reason for his own kin to denounce him as an unbranded calf with a shady reputation—which is the commonly accepted meaning of the word "maverick," though the term is said to have originated with one Sam Maverick who lived on an island in Texas and did not have to brand his cattle.

As for Eleanor's statement at the Democratic convention—it was a natural. And the returns on election day proved how right she was. That question of relationship between Franklin and Teddy cropped up again in 1932 and this time Alice Longworth and her stepmother, Edith Carow Roosevelt, took great pleasure in explaining that even Eleanor was a closer relative of Theodore than Franklin. But who knows that in the years to come the question

will not be asked the other way and people will be inquiring whether Teddy was any relation to Franklin?

It was not so long ago that Eleanor went off to live at the Rivington Street Settlement while doing her bit for the betterment of the masses. She even marched in a demonstration of striking paper-box workers, though she was not personally involved in the strike. That is, she never worked in a paper-box factory. Indeed she never even owned one.

Some of those who have written about her see in her a streak of austere responsibility, a sense of civic duty that is "a shade British." There may be a trace of this, but it is not, in my opinion, much more than a trace. She is after all a Roosevelt, and being a Roosevelt it is not in her to shun publicity. She is as good a showman as her husband though she belongs to a slightly different school. No important women's gathering is complete without her, and she is especially active in any movement having to do with bettering the conditions of working girls.

She has tried her hand at almost everything. Until her husband was incapacitated by infantile paralysis she had taken little interest in politics. But she felt that some member of the family ought to keep a hand on the tiller if Franklin's career—should a political career be possible was to thrive. So she began to take an active part in the women's division of the Democratic State Committee, Once in politics, however, she found it hard to get out. She has done teaching, editorial work, furniture manufacturing, magazine writing, radio broadcasting, among other things. The Alphabetical Administration was just getting under way when Eleanor decided to try her hand at aiding the unemployed by colonizing at Reedsville, West Virginia, certain so-called "subsistence homesteads." The enterprise turned out to be so much of a bungle that it was "exposed" in the Saturday Evening Post in a manner quite embarrassing to the Administration, though the exposé brought chuckles of glee from the editorial section of the Herald Tribune, the most bourbon of all the anti-Administration papers.

On another page of the issue of the Herald Tribune containing this editorial was the announcement that Mrs. Roosevelt had accepted an invitation to be one of the principal speakers at the impending Herald Tribune Conference on Current Problems, an affair of nationwide importance held annually in the main ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria. The programs had already been printed and widely distributed, and there was gossip among the ungodly newsgathers of the other papers to the effect that the Herald Tribune was about to lose the most prominent of its speakers on the very eve of the conference.

What may have happened inside the offices of the board of strategy of the *Herald Tribune* has never leaked out. But in any event results showed that Eleanor Roosevelt was a good soldier; for when the time came for her to speak—she walked calmly out on the rostrum.

Her appearance must have caused some consternation to the honorary guard of Girl Scouts waiting at the main elevator to escort her to the platform, as the guest of honor had slipped into a freight elevator and made her way into the auditorium through a service entrance.

Mrs. Roosevelt has probably ridden in more freight elevators than any woman in public life. She abhors a jam and never misses an opportunity to avoid getting into one if there are any freight elevators around. It is, however, an inescapable conclusion that Mrs. Roosevelt enjoys occupying the center of the stage. The applause of the multitude must be music to her ears else she would not listen to so much of it. She flies about from one public affair to another, from conference to conclave, from meeting to convention, speeding from one appointment to another with a celerity that would put the Fuller Brush Man to shame. Her mileage during the first year of her husband's term of office as President totaled nearly 40,000 miles. But that was when she was a novice. What her annual mileage has amounted

to since then can only be conjectured, though it must be in the neighborhood of 75,000 miles. She has her own press conferences, and so crowded are her hours with appointments and interviews that she keeps right on with her work during both luncheon and tea. Luncheon guests who have business with her are expected to talk as they eat so that no time is lost. The presence of other guests is politely disregarded. They are supposed not to hear what does not concern them.

If, as is sometimes the case, there are no pressing appointments, Mrs. Roosevelt may be seen with one or both of her close friends, Miss Nancy Cook, who manages the furniture factory, and Miss Marion Dickerman of the Todhunter School where Mrs. Roosevelt was formerly a teacher. And not seldom her personal car is seen speeding unofficially towards Glens Falls for a brief visit with her friend Sally Schermerhorn whose voice is not unknown to radio audiences.

Stories are forever floating about Washington poking good-natured fun at the President for his inability to keep track of her. But he would have to be more of a superman than he is if in addition to the hundreds of appointments of his own to keep track of, he could even make a pretense of knowing what she is about.

For a time after the repeal of prohibition the White House table was still run on the non-alcoholic basis. Wine finally appeared on the menu, however, but when the women of the Anti-Saloon League demanded that the use of wine be discontinued in the White House, the First Lady politely suggested that their attention to their own affairs might not be undesirable. And wine continues to be opened for State dinners. No cocktails, whisky, or other spirits have as yet darkened the White House doors though the Roosevelt boys have served beer there to the members of the younger set. Pringle recalls an earlier occasion when another Roosevelt wanted to make Prince Henry and his suite feel at home in the White House by serving them with beer.

There were no steins in the White House china closet, so Teddy arranged to borrow some from a near-by German restaurant. The guests were delighted at the compliment. But when the steins were lifted in a toast, the legend blown in the bottom of the glass could be plainly read: "Stolen from Gerstenberg's."

"How delightfully American!" one of the guests was heard to murmur.

After a state dinner in the present régime the ladies go with Mrs. Roosevelt into a near-by drawing-room for coffee and cigarettes, though Mrs. Roosevelt does not smoke. The gentlemen remain at table for their coffee and cigars and a bit of male conversation. Usually the conversation is of a light order though there have been occasions when pretty weighty questions were settled amid the ash-trays and empty coffee-cups.

As a public speaker Mrs. Roosevelt is only moderately effective. Naturally her presence adds a certain note of importance to any program though her oratory may or may not be at its best. That she is charming and tactful as a speaker all will agree, but her speechmaking is too lacking in emotional content ever to swing an audience one way or the other. When she does manage to work up some of the old Roosevelt steam it is usually of a critical or perhaps sarcastic vein.

"Regarding the much discussed prosperity," she is said to have remarked acidly in one of her speeches, "I should like to ask whether the devastated Northwest is still a part of the United States."

It was Eleanor Roosevelt who, during a campaign between Wadsworth and Wagner for the United States Senate, branded the delightful gentleman from Genesee County as a "country squire of the seventeenth century" so far as politics went. And she added that he possessed "the Marie Antoinette type of mind." The intent of the phrases is obvious, though their effectiveness might be open to question. But how Mrs. Roosevelt could keep her face

straight when saying such things has always been a source of mystery. For the words, apt as they are in hitting off the eccentricity of Jimmie Wadsworth, are even more apt as a description of the Dutchess County Roosevelts.

Formality is not unknown at the White House though the Roosevelts are not formal people. Being of the real aristocracy they have no need to kow-tow either to society editors or to socially prominent parvenues with more bathrooms than brains. The First Lady is very much bored by the exigencies of rank and precedence. She knows the ropes, and has seldom had to call upon the social secretary in the State Department to settle the seating problem for state dinners, though she would much prefer to tell the White House guests to "just sit anywhere."

A truce of sorts has been patched up between Eleanor and her cousin Alice Longworth. The old rancor of political campaigns has for the time being been laid aside, and Alice is seen at the White House for both State dinners and informal occasions. But as one commentator puts it, "Alice is always sharpening her wit at the expense of her cousin in the White House, and some of it is pretty savage." This is quite understandable. It is never pleasant to eat crow, and Eleanor must get a subtle satisfaction out of seeing Alice gorge herself on the black-hued bird every time she comes to the White House.

Little wonder she tells everybody that she finds Alice "delightfully amusing." How could it be otherwise?

Of the last three First Ladies Mrs. Hoover might be described as the most gracious, and Mrs. Coolidge as the most clever and charming; but all must admit that Mrs. Roosevelt is the most articulate, the most versatile—and the most ubiquitous.

HEIRS APPARENT

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multiplies and ramifies. A statistical-minded genealogist has computed that there are no less than 17,000 living persons whose relationship to Theodore is as close as that of Franklin. This number is small in comparison with the number of persons constitutionally eligible for the presidency. But if we are to judge the future by the past, somewhere in the Roosevelt family tree is the name of one of the next three Presidents to follow Franklin. Were we to base our forecast solely on the science of numbers we should predict without hesitation that the name would be found among the collaterals, whose number is legion but whose name is not Roosevelt.

If, on the other hand, we are unscientific enough to believe that political destiny is commonly the offspring of mass psychology and showmanship, or if we are to take any stock at all in the magic of a name, we might well look for our man of destiny among the male descendants of that grand old progenitor of Presidents, Nicholas, son of Claes. But as the lawful issue of Nicholas must by this time have run well into the millions perhaps we had best confine our speculations to the offspring of the two Presidents who bear his name.

Theodore, 26th President, had six children—four sons and two daughters. Were he living today he would have fourteen grandchildren and one great-grandchild—for already Teddy, Jr., is a grandfather, his only daughter, Grace Roosevelt McMillan, having recently produced an heir.

Just how great an asset the name of Roosevelt will be in a political campaign in 1940—or even 1936—no man can say. It has, though given every encouragement, brought no laurel wreaths to the brow of Theodore, Jr. Young Mr. Roosevelt (he is not yet fifty) has in his day held a number of offices, but they were in the main of appointive, not elective origin. He carried his district in the state Assembly elections of 1919, though he has never since succeeded in

being elected to any office.

He campaigned diligently for Warren Gamaliel Harding in 1920 and was rewarded by a berth as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. This must have suited Teddy, Jr., very well, for it was moving him along in his father's path. The next step was in the right direction, too; for he resigned from the Navy to accept the nomination for Governor of New York. But there his plan ran into difficulties, for instead of being elected as his father was, he was beaten by a combination of Al Smith, Albert Fall, and Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny. His mere presence in the Navy Department when these Jack Horners of the oil business were sticking their thumbs into the naval oil reserves was enough to furnish the opposition with the ammunition to defeat him.

Sadly chastened, Mr. Roosevelt attended strictly to business for the next few years, but eventually his desire to fill his father's ample shoes overcame his modesty to such an extent that he turned his eyes once more towards the presidency, though this time he chose a different route. Taft had gone to the White House through the Governor Generalship. Why not try that way? So Teddy, Jr., set out on the long trek to Washington by way of Puerto Rico and the Philippines.

For three years he sweltered in the tropical humidity of

CHART SHOWING ISSUE OF Theodore Roosevelt (26th President)

Alice Lee (1) Theodore (26th President)	Alice Nicholas Long- worth Theodore II	Paulina Theodore III Cornelius V. Quentin	
	Eleanor Alex- ander	Grace William Mc- Millan	William II
	Kermit	Kermit II	
		Belle	
	Belle Willard	Joseph W.	
	Ethel	Richard II	
		Edith	
		Sarah	
	Richard Derby	Judith	
	Archibald	Theodora	
	Grace Lockwood	Archibald	
Edith Carow (2)	Quentin (deceased)		

San Juan, sweating fully as much over the mastery of the Spanish language as the governing of his subjects. Meanwhile the country was flooded with pictorial material showing young Mr. Roosevelt resplendent in snowy linens and pith helmet as he dealt out executive justice to the dark-skinned proletariat of the Indies.

In 1932 he was promoted by Mr. Hoover to the Philippines. The well-oiled plan was working perfectly. In 1936 Mr. Hoover would be through with his second term, and by that time the ambitious young Governor General would so have demonstrated his executive and governmental capacity that he would be not only the logical candidate, but

the overwhelming choice.

But, alas, the dream was to be sadly shattered by another Roosevelt who had not been defeated for Governor of New York. For Franklin Roosevelt was not content to sit placidly in Albany while Mr. Hoover enjoyed a second term; and without so much as saying a by your leave he summarily moved Mr. Hoover out on the sidewalks of Washington in one of the greatest political upsets the country had experiencd in a hundred years...leaving the young gentleman from Oyster Bay marooned on an atoll in the Pacific twelve thousand miles from Washington, all dressed up in his white ducks and pith helmet with no really desirable place to go except home.

Again Teddy, Jr., plunged into business leaving his father's shoes still unfilled. He was quite promptly made chairman of the board of directors of the American Express Company. And still he was not happy. Then he remembered how his father when in doubt usually went hunting, so he oiled his guns and started for South America. For some weeks he stalked big game in the Brazilian jungles and at length came back with the hide of a 250-pound jaguar and that of a tapir which had weighed nearly half a ton. The two ex-denizens of the jungle were to be stuffed for a tableau piece at the Museum of Natural History.

Not long afterwards he was reëlected President of the



Theodore Theodore, Jr. Archie Alice Kermit Mrs. Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND FAMILY AT OYSTER BAY Quentin



Curtis B. Dall Sara, mother of Franklin

Franklin, Jr. Anna Eleanor Dall "Buzzie" Dall

James Eleanor "Sistie" Dall

John Franklin

National Republican Club and delivered an itemized broadside against the New Deal containing some fourteen points. The occupant of the White House took the attack calmly and went off to the Pacific coast on a leisurely vacation.

In the fall of 1935 the young statesman from Oyster Bay made a little more complete his emulation of his distinguished father when he joined a publishing house. His father has been what he described as a "silent partner" of Putnam's. Just how silent a partner the son will be in the vast printing house of Doubleday, Doran & Company remains to be seen.

"We feel," Mr. Roosevelt is quoted as saying, "that a publishing house is more than a money-making business and that it has a responsibility to carry on in giving the people knowledge of government and public affairs in a way that will be comprehendable." The people? Once a politician, always a politician.

Mr. Nelson Doubleday when questioned about the new alliance replied in a vein a little less on the transcendental plane. The firm, he said, had known for some time that interest in public relations and government affairs was growing among the reading public. He felt that Colonel Roosevelt with his wide experience with people and international affairs would bring "what was needed" into the firm. Certainly this is not in agreement with Mr. Roosevelt's attitude that a publishing house is more than a money-making business. Nor does Mr. Doubleday say anything about educating the people. Once a publisher, always a publisher.

Colonel Roosevelt is the author of several books, though he falls far short of the thirty volumes needed to encompass the writings of his father. In 1919 while the embers of the great conflagration in Europe were cooling he brought out Average Americans. This was followed seven years later by East of the Sun and West of the Moon which was written in collaboration with his brother Kermit. Two years afterwards came Rank and File followed by an intimate little

volume called All in the Family.

The Colonel has three sons, Theodore III, Cornelius Van Shaack, and Ouentin, in addition to the daughter previously mentioned. Quentin, the youngest, is in Groton preparing for Harvard. Theodore III is at Harvard, and Cornelius who was in Harvard from 1933 to 1935 is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Cornelius was recently in the toils of the law for sniping at motorists with an air pistol from the window of his room in the Delta Psi fraternity house in Cambridge. He made the mistake of shooting at a car in which two policemen were riding. Pictures of the young man being frisked for weapons by the Cambridge police were sent broadcast over the land by the news photographers. These pictures may or may not help his candidacy if Cornelius ever runs for President. Just what principles of engineering were involved in the experiments with the air pistol was not disclosed. That Cornelius is a good shot was readily admitted by the victims, though he seems to lack the killer instinct of both his father and his grandfather.

Theodore III has been many times in the toils of the law, but this was because of his speed, not his marksmanship. Though not greatly given to quizzing his professors or wearing red sideburns after the example of his grandfather, he is an impetuous youth who likes to get where he is going in a hurry. He has accordingly made a practice of driving his car faster than the stodgy authorities regarded as prudent and proper. Red lights were nuisances with which he could seldom be bothered.

He moved at high speed but eventually justice caught up with him. After fining him repeatedly the lawgivers lost their patience and revoked his license. Soon after his return from college for his summer vacation a year ago Theodore III was burned about the hands while extinguishing the flames on the clothing of a maid in the Roosevelt home at Cove Neck. She had been cleaning clothes with naphtha when suddenly she found herself enveloped in flames. Her screams brought the young man to her rescue. He promptly

smothered the flames and called his uncle, Dr. Derby, to come and dress the girl's injuries. Then he lighted a cigarette, and by the time that the reporters and camera men had arrived—he had gone for a walk.

No theatrics. No posing. No Carnegie medal for heroism. And he had really burned his hands—slightly. But is it reasonable to suppose that such a lack of showmanship as this will ever land the young gentleman in a barouche on Pennsylvania Avenue on his way to be inaugurated as President?

Kermit Roosevelt, the second son of President Theodore, was much more interested in his father's hunting than in his politics. He accompanied his father on the big game expedition to Africa while Taft was President. And he was also with his father on the ill-fated journey in quest of the source of the River of Doubt. He attended Groton and went to Harvard. He was graduated the year of the Bull Moose débâcle, and two years later was married to Belle Willard of Richmond, Virginia. He joined the British army in 1917 and fought through the Mesopotamia campaign. He was later transferred to the A.E.F. and stayed with the First Division until the end of the War.

Immediately after the War his book, War in the Garden of Eden, came out. This was followed the next year by The Happy Hunting Grounds. Then there was a brief biography of his brother Quentin who was killed during the war, and a book or two on hunting in strange places with his brother Theodore. His last book was Cleared For Strange Ports published in 1927. After that he abandoned literature and went in for shipping. He is now at the head of the Roosevelt Navigation Company and is said to prefer ships to sealingwax. He views the political yearnings of his elder brother with an amused tolerance, and is politically so lukewarm that he can forgive Franklin for being a Democrat. He can even forgive him for being President, and has on more than one occasion accompanied his cousin on a vacation trip on the Astor yacht Nourmahal.

The Kermit Roosevelts have three children. There is of course the conventional Kermit, Jr. And there is a Belle, Jr., too. A second boy is named Joseph W. It is also in accordance with the family convention that Kermit, Jr., has been to Groton and is now in Harvard; and one is able to predict with assurance that Joseph will travel the same way. Whether these two young men will turn out to be Republicans or Democrats is still open to conjecture. It would seem that with their father's political lassitude they might be as inclined towards Virginia as Oyster Bay. But in either case the Virginia heritage will be no embarrassment should they aspire to the mantle of their grandfather.

Archibald Roosevelt, the third son of Theodore (père), is no more political-minded than his brother Kermit. He went through Groton, Harvard, and the A.E.F., and though not so enthusiastic a hunter as either Teddy, Jr., or Kermit, he is not averse to taking a pot-shot at big game if it is at a safe distance. Archibald belongs among the money-changers rather than the politicians. He was once interested in a South American banking venture with his brother. This however was in the days when there was banking to be done in South America. The Roosevelt banking house was as such things go, short-lived. The venture languished, but Archibald has remained among the money-changers and those who sell doves. He is in bonds. And his business is at an address from which he is much more likely to be rich than be President. The number is 40 Wall Street.

Archibald waited until after the war before he was married to Grace Lockwood. He is the father of two children, a daughter Theodora, and a son. Need it be added that the son is Archibald, Jr.? To date Archibald, Jr., has the distinction of being the only one of his generation to be actually mentioned in print as a candidate for President. When his mother's slim volume, We Owed it to the Children, in which the author described a motor trip in the Balkans with young Archibald and Theodora, was published year ago, a reviewer was so taken with the lad as to

nominate him for President. The nomination has not yet been seconded.

Quentin, the youngest of the sons of Theodore (père), followed the well-worn family path through Groton, Harvard, and the A.E.F. He went into the air corps and was shot down by the Germans while engaged in aerial combat. Quentin never married.

Alice Roosevelt who became the wife of Nicholas Longworth is the oldest of the daughters of Theodore (père). The wedding occurred while her father was President and treated the country to one of the most colorful of its White House weddings. While her husband was Speaker of the House she was a person of some political consequence in Washington. Since his death she has become more or less of a tea-table politician. Her last real feat of party yeomanry was the task of reading Franklin Roosevelt out of her father's family during the Hoover campaign. She has since described the New Deal as resembling "a pack of cards thrown helter skelter, some face up, some face down, and then snatched in a free-for-all by the players." Of our thirty-second President she says, "He has the name of Roosevelt, marked facial resemblance to Wilson, and no perceptible aversion, to say the least, to many of the policies of Bryan." It must be that Mrs. Longworth is mellowing a bit towards Franklin. Otherwise the concession that his name is Roosevelt would be hard to understand.

Theodore's second daughter, Ethel, was not married at the White House. Indeed, when she was ready to approach the altar Woodrow Wilson was President. So she took the vows with Richard Derby at Oyster Bay in 1913. Dr. Derby, a young New York physician, served in France with the A.E.F., but after the War moved his family to Oyster Bay and now confines his practice to the big houses of Long Island. The Derbies have one son and three daughters. Like many other soldiers in the A.E.F. the doctor rushed into print at the conclusion of hostilities. His literary opus, published in 1919, was called *Wade In Sanitary*.

It will thus be seen that the children of Theodore have followed the teaching and preaching of their father in their own marital affairs. They married young and are oldfashioned enough to stay married (to date, at least) and raise large families of children. Not large perhaps in the sense that the families of old Nicholas and Johannes were large, but quite generous for this day and age.

On the other hand the five children of Franklin and Eleanor are cast a little more in the modern mold. In the first two years in the White House the family regaled the

CHART SHOWING ISSUE OF

country with two divorces and remarriages.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt (32nd President) Franklin Sara (32nd President) James Kate Betsy Cushing Curtis Dall (1) Curtis II Anna Eleanor Anna Eleanor John Boettiger (2) Elizabeth Donner (1) Elliott Ruth Ruth Googins (2) Franklin II (deceased) Franklin II Eleanor John (niece of Theodore. 26th President)

Elliott, who is 24, had been in California on an aviation job for an airline owned by Congresswoman Greenway. The company folded up, and when at length it put up the shutters and hung out a For Rent sign Elliott hopped to Reno with the idea of getting himself a divorce from Elizabeth Donner whom he had married in January 1932, and who had borne him a son a fortnight after his father's election as President. A telephone plea from his father failed to deter the impetuous young man, though his mother took what satisfaction she could out of assuring the press most emphatically that Elliott had no intention of marrying Ruth Googins, a young lady from Forth Worth, Texas, whose name had been rather conspicuously linked with his.

The divorce was granted July 18, 1933. Five days later while the divorced wife and the baby were visiting at the White House, Elliott was married to Ruth. And that was that.

At this point William Randolph Hearst came into the picture. He gave Elliott a job writing an aviation column for his papers. This was all right while it lasted, but at the end of a year Mr. Hearst came to the conclusion that people were no longer interested in aviation and gave the young man the air in a way that had nothing at all to do with flying.

By this time the family disapproval of the hasty divorce and remarriage had abated somewhat and a job was found for him with the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce in Washington. Elizabeth and little William quickly decided upon a trip abroad. They sailed on July 24. Rather close connections; for on July 29 Elliott and Ruth called at the White House and brought with them a baby girl born May 10, 1934. Hard feelings quickly vanished when the President and Mrs. Roosevelt saw this newest of the grand-children.

Elliott and Ruth leased an estate in Leesburg, Virginia, and all went well, or reasonably well, until the spring of 1935 when Elliott's job with the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce vanished as suddenly as it had come into being,

and once more he found himself among the great army of the unemployed. He had good connections in Washington, however, and soon found a position in the department of Air Transport. That year he bought a farm in Texas and began to till the soil for a living instead of flying over it at a hundred miles an hour. He carried on his agricultural pursuits in a very elegant manner and made a fine impression on the natives of the Lone Star State. But the New York Social Register was not impressed, and without a word of explanation dropped Elliott's name from its cherished columns. Elliott's comments when the news was brought to him by the gentlemen of the press were quite as impulsive as his marital digressions. It may have been his comments and it may have been something else that turned the trick, but he was reinstated the following year, also without a word of explanation. Perhaps the Social Register just made a mistake, or possibly the editor is one who will listen to reason.

A political row in Fort Worth resulted from the naming of Elliott as one of the vice-presidents of the Texas Young Democrats. It was felt by some of the members that he was not enough of a "dyed-in-the-wool Texan" to have a guiding hand in the politics there. Elliott laughed this off and went on with his ranching and aviation. He also smoothed out any differences he may have had with Mr. Hearst and was made a vice-president of Hearst Radio, Inc., an operating company with several broadcasting stations in Texas, with headquarters in Ft. Worth.

James, the President's eldest son, was still in Harvard when Al Smith was running for President, but he espoused the New Yorker's cause so noisily—and some thought so offensively—that appeals were made to his father to call him off. Later he aroused his mother's ire by opposing certain child-labor legislation; nor did he back down when his mother demanded that he reconsider his position.

James further annoyed the staid old New Englanders by his campaigning for his father in 1932. They thought it quite unnecessary and hardly dignified. And Bay State politicians began to be a little uneasy because they feared that Tames was planning to capitalize his position and demand the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. He had an interest in a lucrative insurance business in Boston, and they hoped that he would attend to it. But Iames did more than that, for he moved himself and his family to New York. Like Elliott James does not remain long on any job he undertakes. And almost before the rumors have reached the papers that he is to take over the management of his father's blooded stock and the forestry experiments at Hyde Park-James is found at work with a yeast company in New Jersey. At the end of four months with the fermentation outfit he resigned after a stormy scene with the board of directors and gave out that he was on his way to Washington to serve his father in an advisory capacity.

An unsavory incident flashed in the newspapers in the spring of 1935 when the name of James Roosevelt was mentioned in connection with the efforts of one R. S. McGrath, an insurance man, to obtain navy contracts for the Bath, Maine, Iron Works. An indignant denial on the part of James put a temporary quietus on the affair, though the incident has no doubt been tucked away as future campaign material. James is not endowed with his father's rugged health. He has a weak stomach, and according to press reports "most mornings he gets up feeling wretched and spends several hours in acute discomfort."

James, like most of his kin, went to Harvard by way of Groton. He liked Harvard so well that he remained there for five years, though he finally emerged without a degree.

The second divorce in the presidential family came in July 1934 when Anna Eleanor, the only daughter, went to Reno to free herself from the matrimonial fetters which bound her to Curtis B. Dall, the father of "Buzzie" and "Sistie" who have been featured so extensively in the White House news. The amiable Mr. Dall was not at all unreasonable about the matter, and the decree was obtained with only a minimum of delay. But in establishing a residence in Nevada for the purpose of the divorce it was claimed that Anna Eleanor had forfeited her voting residence in New York State. For a time Dutchess County buzzed with the affair. Then the local authorities concluded that it would not be the good neighbor to deprive the President's daughter of her vote on a ground so purely technical. So Anna Eleanor was allowed to cast her vote in spite of the angry mutterings of the outraged opposition who were thoroughly disgusted by such illegal goings-on.

There were hints and whisperings about Anna Eleanor's plans for remarriage at the time of her divorce. But Anna Eleanor was not so precipitate as her brother Elliott. Out of consideration for the exigencies of the parental situation to say nothing of convention she waited what she considered an appropriate length of time—a little over ten months—and then was quietly married to John Boettiger, a former newspaper reporter whom she is said to have met in Chicago while her father was campaigning for President. Mr. Boettiger is now an assistant to Will Hayes, the great factotum and fumigator of motion pictures. His office is in New York.

The two younger boys, Franklin, Jr., and John are in Harvard with an assortment of Roosevelt cousins which brings the present enrollment up to the point where it can be reckoned by the half-dozen.

Young Franklin ever since his father became President has kept up an unabated warfare with the news photographers. He has smashed several cameras and has engaged in fisticusts with the camera men on a number of occasions. This probably started in a spirit of exhibitionism, though he has since come to blame the camera men for his abandonment of an attempt to make the football team. No man, he says, can play good football if he is in danger of tripping over a tripod or stumbling into a camera man on every play. The camera men snort at this and say that young Franklin dropped out because he could not make the grade. But in

spite of the camera men Franklin has pulled an oar on the JV crew.

In his first year at Harvard young Franklin was elected vice-president of his class. He was also one of the business managers of the Freshman Red Book. He is a social-minded lad and is said to have received more than 200 invitations to parties during his Freshman year, most of which he

accepted.

He was seen so much in the company of a certain Miss Dupont of the munitions Duponts that the newspapers, ever alert to detect the existence of a budding romance, began to take an avid interest in snapping a picture of the two together. With the young man's known propensity for smashing cameras and slugging photographers this was no mean assignment. But at last one day a camera man for one of the large metropolitan dailies walked in and threw a print on the chief's desk. It was slightly askew, but it was an unmistakable likeness of the two.

"I took my life in my hands to get this," he said. "It's the only shot of the two together that's ever been taken. It cost me a lot of jack to get it, but believe me it's dynamite—Dupont's best!"

The chief shook his head sadly. "No dynamite in that."

"Whadda you mean, no dynamite?" the camera man demanded.

"The girl's father says it's a dud—and he ought to know."

He shoved out a dispatch stating that Dupont père had denied the engagement and departed with his daughter for

parts unknown.

Next in number to Franklin's encounters with press photographers are his strictures with the traffic police. His arrests cover a number of states and cities, and in one of his motor-car escapades he caused serious injuries to a woman named O'Leary. A spirited session in court followed, in the course of which Franklin was absolved of blame for the woman's injuries. A smile was just beginning to break

over the defendant's face, when the learned court made a further pronouncement fining the youth for careless driving.

John, the youngest of the President's sons, is like his father in one respect: he is careless about his dress and is not really comfortable unless he has on his old clothes. He was looking pretty shabby the first time he went to Washington and parked his battle-scarred flivver in the driveway of the White House. A uniformed guard had watched the proceeding with some interest and barred the youth's way with more than the customary rudeness as he approached the door to go inside.

"You can't get in here. This is the White House."

John smiled good-humoredly. "I guess you don't know--"

"Sure I know. You came to Washington to see the sights, and you want to go back and write it all up for your school paper. Am I right?"

"Only about half." John was still smiling. "I did expect to see the inside of the White House, but I wasn't going to write anything about it."

"Well, you can't go in. And now you better beat it and take that tin can of yours along with you. You can't leave it there!"

A crowd was beginning to gather and John was becoming a little embarrassed. "I guess you don't know who I am," he said.

"I certainly don't, and you needn't tell me you're the President's son neither. That's been tried before, and it don't go."

"Well, that's just what I am going to tell you!" John was losing his temper. "And this time it goes!"

He tried to shove his way past the guard, but was intercepted. The guard hurriedly pressed a button which called out reinforcements, and John would in all probability have gone to the station house in a patrol wagon had not one of his father's secretaries, Stephen Early, come along at just that moment and recognized him.

John is even more rabid about the camera men than his brother Franklin, if such a thing is possible. He has been hounded and harried by misguided politicians and cranks who have sought to use him as a means of access to the President. There was a time when the flood of letters and telephone calls from this source threatened to interfere with his college work. He is a class behind Franklin at Harvard. His mother finally arranged to have the trouble-some correspondence sent on to her. With the passage of time, however, John became accustomed to the hardship of being a President's son. He now handles his own mail. If the letters from his unsolicited correspondents are amusing enough he pastes them in his scrapbook. Otherwise they go into an ample waste-basket.

While at Groton John was operated on for appendicitis. The operation was performed March 21, but John was well enough in April to attend the races at Bowie. All the Roosevelt boys are fight fans, and John and James are particularly enthusiastic over the manly art of self-defense. They seldom miss an important fistic encounter, usually attending in company with Postmaster General Farley who was long at the head of the New York State Boxing Commission.

When young Franklin was being initiated into Hasty Pudding he was subjected to the usual amount of refined horseplay that passes for humor in the Yard. He was decorated with a placard bearing the legend, "I'm the nation's leading capitalist's boy." John was enjoying all this hugely until he saw a camera man approaching to take Franklin's picture. Just why he should object to sharing the fun with the reading public is hard to understand, but a single glance at the photographer was enough to throw him into a rage. He rushed at the fellow, knocked his camera to the ground and was trying to trample on it, when a proctor intervened and rescued the camera man from his predicament. The proctor also disciplined John for his wholly unwarranted attack by sending him to his room.

If John continues to see red every time a camera man

312 THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY IN AMERICA points a lens his way, it should be self-evident that his chances of ever becoming President are exceedingly slim.

Franklin, Ir., holds the family record for arrests for traffic violations, though Theodore III and John can not be far behind. Franklin has been arrested for speeding five times, and has been up for careless driving at least once. No complete compilation of the motor delinquencies of Theodore III is available, though he has been in traffic court many times for speeding, two or three times for careless driving, and has received any number of summonses for passing red lights. He is the only member of the family, however, to have his license suspended. John and his brother James had a lot of explaining to do last fall when the car in which they were speeding to a landing field crashed the gates of a railroad crossing and barely missed derailing an electric train with which it collided. The automobile was demolished, and the boys were fortunate indeed to come through with only slight injuries.

Their mother who has been active in the safety campaign, when notified of the accident said she hoped the boys would profit by their accident and be more careful in the future.

But Mrs. Roosevelt is not wholly without traffic delinquencies of her own. It was not so long ago that she was in court to answer for damages to person and property as the result of a collision between her car and that of another motorist who claimed that she was guilty of great negligence.

Kermit, Jr., tops the list with a ticket for speeding at 70 miles an hour, with John in second place. John received a summons in Irvington-on-Hudson last summer which charged him with a speed of 54 mph. Kermit's mother did not do quite as well as that though Oyster Bay was scandalized when she was brought in recently by a traffic officer for speeding. And only a short time back Archie Roosevelt (père) sat dazed in his car by the side of the road gazing at a ticket he had just received for passing a red light.

Daughters predominate among the presidential grandchildren. The eldest is "Sistie" (Eleanor) Dall, daughter of Anna Eleanor and her ex-husband, Curtis B. Dall, Little Sara, daughter of James and Betsy, comes next. Then there is Ruth, daughter of Elliott and his second wife, Ruth Googins, and little Kate born to James and Betsy last February. Of the grandsons, "Buzzie" (Curtis B.) Dall was first to come on the scene. Little William Donner, son of Elliott Roosevelt and his ex-wife Elizabeth Donner, followed after some interval. William is a handsome young man but he is only three, a bit too young to determine with any great accuracy his qualities as presidential timber. His one big advantage over his cousin Curtis is that his name is Roosevelt. But what a campaigner young Mr. Dall would be with his publicity in the hands of an Ivy Lee or a Dexter Fellows!

"BUZZIE" WAS MEANT FOR PRESIDENT!

One can almost see it beaming from the billboards or fluttering from bulging transparencies.

"BUZZIE" DALL
THAT'S ALL

Alas that young Mr. Dall's campaign should be so far in the future. How many of us will be here to enjoy it when it arrives in 1968 or possibly 1972?



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